Dual Cultivation or Date

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by acernor

Summary

“Shizun said I made you feel so good,” Luo Binghe says, “that I could fuck you any time I wanted.”

Liu Qingge stops breathing for a second.

“What,” he blurts out.

Shen Qingqiu could tell he’d been into it?!

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

- Translation into Українська available: Dual cultivation or date by akshiji

Chapter 1

Liu Qingge flips off his sword outside the bamboo house, the wind of his arrival flattening the grass as his robes billow out behind him. He strides forward, sword sheathing itself, but before he reaches the door, that demon body thief comes out.

Liu Qingge's eyes narrow.

Luo Binghe's eyes narrow.

"Where is he," Liu Qingge says.

The wind rustles through the bamboo.

"Shizun is resting at home," Luo Binghe says, a smug glitter in his eyes. Implying that Shen Qingqiu's home isn't and won't always be Qing Jing peak.

"You are not welcome on this peak," Liu Qingge says, planting his feet.

Luo Binghe *laughs at him.* Liu QIngge's teeth grind together.

"Is this your peak now, Bai Zhan Peak Lord? Is Shizun no longer in a position to send his disciple to do his errands here? Shizun hasn't been informed of his change in status." Luo Binghe, despite the mere two centimeter different in their height, somehow manages to look down at Liu Qingge.

This man is so irritating. Liu Qingge resolutely chooses to not remember the last time that Luo Binghe looked down on him from above. That time, when…

He glares to shake the thought out of his head. “Get out,” he barks, sword unsheathing two inches.

Luo Binghe is watching him, and his face suddenly twists in a smirk.

“We both know you can’t make me,” he says.

Liu Qingge feels his breath speed up with rage, and he takes a step forward, sword flying out, when Luo Binghe’s gaze, fixed on him, suddenly freezes.

“What’s that,” Luo Binghe says sharply.

He’s staring at Liu Qingge’s neck, where a fine cloth scarf is barely visible, tucked against his skin under the collar of his robes.

It’s the scarf that Shen Qingqiu gave him after… the last time they saw each other, to hide some of the worst marks left on his neck while they healed. The marks had lasted a few days, even with Liu Qingge’s cultivation speeding up his healing, since the demon in front of him apparently didn’t know what restraint was.

Liu Qingge doesn’t let himself swallow, remembering the lingering pain on his neck and back and chest and… elsewhere, the days following that encounter.

He definitely hasn't been remembering it since then.

Since he'd worn the scarf for those few days of his healing, he'd gotten used to it. And after the bruises and bite marks were gone, he'd just… kept wearing it.

"Take that off," Luo Binghe says angrily.

"No," Liu Qingge snaps.

"That's Shizun's," Luo Binghe says. "You should return it!"

"I will return it when he asks," Liu Qingge says tightly.

He has no intention of letting this unfilial disciple take it from him.

Luo Binghe glares at him with a look that promises death, but glances back at the bamboo house, as if reminding himself of where they are, and shakes his head. When he turns back to Liu Qingge, his gaze is calculating.

He smiles.

The smile is somewhat malicious.

"Still remembering last time, huh?" he says.

Liu Qingge draws himself up in affront. He would prefer to go his whole life without ever thinking about this again! Not that he's managed that so far, but it would be his preference!

"..." he coldly does not respond.

"Shizun said I did a good job with you," Luo Binghe continues conversationally. "He told me he was proud."

"..." Liu Qingge doesn't need to hear about Luo BInghe's weird fetishes! He remembers how Luo Binghe kept reacting Shen Qingqiu's words, he doesn't need to be reminded of how much he likes praise! Especially since that time, he'd been feeling that effect inside of…

Not thinking about it!!

"He said I made you feel so good," Luo Binghe continues, gaze narrowing into laser focus, "that I could fuck you like that any time I wanted."

Liu Qingge stops breathing for a second.

"What," he blurts out.

Shen Qingqiu could tell he'd been into it?!

...

Of course he could. He despairingly remembers the useless noises he'd been making, and how he let Luo Binghe do increasingly filthy things to him, even going so far as to encourage him with his body…

He ignores the heat of embarrassment on his face, and snaps at Luo Binghe.

"Preposterous!"

Luo Binghe laughs at him, arms crossed.

Liu Qingge's mind races. If Luo Binghe is telling the truth, what does that mean? Shen Qingqiu said the he wouldn't mind the two of them having sex…?

Surely he didn't mean the same way as last time, where they did it in front of him…?

Liu Qingge just can't imagine Shen Qingqiu saying that!

Maybe Luo Binghe is lying? This sneaky demon is surely the type to. Maybe he's trying to offend Liu Qingge enough that he leaves, or even takes off the scarf token that Shen Qingqiu gave him.

Liu Qingge's eyes narrow.

Without a word, he turns his back on Luo Binghe and jumps on his

sword, taking off in the direction of Luo Binghe's palace.

If Luo Binghe was lying, confronting him about it in front of Shen Qingqiu would be the best move.

Only a few seconds later, though, he feels the energy of Luo Binghe's pursuit.

Luo Binghe only took that long to calculate his trajectory and figure out where he was headed? How annoying. Liu Qingge dodges an incoming strike, and sends out a wave of energy back.

Shen Qingqiu has been luxuriating in the life that he had dreamed of when he first transmigrated. Nothing to do but while away the hours, relaxing and spending his time however he wishes.

As if!!!!!!

The fact that Luo Binghe doesn't have his plot-destined harem seems to do nothing at all to reduce the amount of inexplicable scenarios he encounters. Now, it's just all centered on him and Shen Qingqiu! All in all, poor Shen Qingqiu has barely had a week go by without some big disturbance or emergency situation rearing its head.

Luckily, since the last… situation… with Liu Qingge, a month ago, there's been a period of relative quiet. He's finally able to sit and read a book, drinking tea and enjoying the peace.

Ah, relaxation.

That's why he feels almost resigned when he hears the loud footsteps slamming through the hallway approaching his room. He knew it couldn't last.

He barely has time to put down his book before the door opens, and Luo Binghe and Liu Qingge, both panting and disheveled, tear their way into the room, Luo Binghe chasing just behind Liu Qingge.

"Shizun!" Luo Binghe says, coming to a stop and running his hands quickly over his hair and clothes to pat off the dust in an attempt to look presentable. His hands do nothing to fix the tears in his clothing, obviously left by a sword. "Shizun, he just came running in without even announcing himself!"

Liu Qingge ignores him, still breathing hard as he adjusts his collar. His white robes are covered in grass stains and one sleeve is in tatters. "Is it true?" he says to Shen Qingqiu.

"Is what true?" Shen Qingqiu asks, befuddled.

"He said-" Liu Qingge starts, and then pauses, chest still heaving.

He opens his mouth.

Closes it again. A complicated look comes over his face.

What… what does he want to ask…?

Luo Binghe pushes past him and comes over to Shen Qingqiu, taking his hand where he sits. “Shizun, he-” he glances over at Liu Qingge, who’s still frozen and unspeaking, and his eyes take on that light that Shen Qingqiu knows too well.

This is trouble.

Luo Binghe’s attitude shifts. “What did you want to ask him, Liu Shishu?” he says, with affected humility.

Luo Binghe, can you at least try to be more respectful?! It’s obvious from your face that you’re mocking him!

Liu Qingge opens his mouth, and closes it once more.

“Oh,” Luo Binghe says with false cheerfulness, “could it be that you wanted to ask about what I told you? That Shizun said I could have you any time I wanted?”

Shen Qingqiu feels his soul leave his body, but Luo Binghe just smirks triumphantly at Liu Qingge.

Liu Qingge reins in his reaction in a masterful show of discipline, and merely turns to Shen Qingqiu, looking at him silently.

Oh no… his face looks…

...Questioning, maybe? He's not saying anything, just looking at Shen Qingqiu, waiting for a response.

Luo Binghe!!!!!! Why would you phrase it like that!!!!!

Okay, it's true that Shen Qingqiu had probably said something to that effect during one of his… sessions… with Luo Binghe following his mutual cultivation with Liu Qingge. Once Shen Qingqiu's leg had healed, Luo Binghe had decided he had to make up for his infidelity- even though it had been by Shen Qingqiu's request!- and had subjected him to hours of strenuous lovemaking, sprinkled with teary apologies about having stuck his dick in another man, while absolutely wrecking Shen Qingqiu's poor old back. Shen Qingqiu, ever the pragmatic, had been thinking about how easy it had been on his body when Luo Binghe took out all his energy on Liu Qingge. He definitely recalls saying something related to that… he doesn't remember his exact phrasing…

He was too out of his mind with the sex! Luo Binghe needs to learn some restraint!

But he feels his face heat up. He should have been more mindful of his words. He never thought that what he said in the heat of the moment would get back to Liu Qingge's ears... Have some discretion, Luo Binghe! Things in the bedroom should stay in the bedroom!!!

Why does he have to bring it up now??

He belatedly uses the hand that Luo Binghe isn't holding to open his fan and hold it in front of his face. Thank goodness for this body's calm demeanor; his face probably hasn't been showing the heat that he can feel on it. He draws in a breath to steady himself.

“I must apologize, Liu Shidi,” he says. There. Appropriate. Respectful. Not sounding like he’s dying inside. “I am afraid I did say something to that effect. It was quite thoughtless, and disrespectful to you.”

Liu Qingge is still staring at him, silent. His gaze sticks for a few seconds, and then he shakes his head.

“Fine,” he says. His eyes shoot to Luo Binghe and narrow in a glare. Shen Qingqiu turns his head to look back and forth between the two men standing in the room, whose eyes are meeting, some weird communication passing between them. Luo Binghe’s eyes narrow as well.

“You want another round?” he says, releasing Shen Qingqiu’s hand and moving to stand in front of him.

Liu Qingge sneers at him. “I can handle it,” he says.

Are the two of them about to fight again?! They better not wreck Shen Qingqiu’s room!

“Fine,” Luo Binghe says. “Get on your knees and I’ll fuck you.”

Shen Qingqiu misheard. Surely, Luo Binghe said…

Said…

He can’t even come up with something, it was obviously that!!!!!!!!!!!

What's happening?!!!!! What's happening??!!!!!!

"You really think you'll be in charge this time?" Liu Qingge says contemptuously.

"I was last time," Luo Binghe says, cocky. "But I'll let you be, if you can manage it. Start," he says, hand on his sword, "by defeating me."

Liu Qingge's eyes narrow.

"Too much? I'll even give you a handicap," Luo Binghe says, smiling mockingly. "I won't use my left arm at all, how's that?"

"You disrespectful-" Liu Qingge snaps out, and his sword unsheathes itself. "Outside! No handicaps!"

He slams the door open, and Luo Binghe strides out after him, both of them disappearing immediately in a swirl of fabric, leaving Shen Qingqiu still sitting in shock.

Shen Qingqiu is still sitting in the same place 30 minutes later, when Luo Binghe storms back into the room, slightly bloodied and clothing even more artfully torn, dragging Liu Qingge by the hair.

Liu Qingge stumbles when he stops abruptly, and Luo Binghe throws him to the ground. Liu Qingge is breathing hard, favoring one arm, and radiating violence.

But strangely, Shen Qingqiu feels like he's giving off a feeling of… excitement, too?

He fights the urge to cover his face.

All these men in his life…

Is there some kind of requirement that all top-level cultivators secretly be masochists?! Shen Qingqiu certainly isn't!

"Shizun," Luo Binghe says, voice heavy with triumph. "This disciple has won again."

Have some humility, Shen Qingqiu thinks despondently. Liu Qingge is right there, there's no need to brag so openly in front of the losing party! We all know you can beat him, Luo Binghe, why rub it in his face!

Luo Binghe plants one of his feet in Liu Qingge's chest, pushing him heavily on his back into the ground. Liu Qingge starts, and grabs at Luo Binghe's leg in anger, but fails to dislodge him. He hisses out a pained breath between his teeth as Luo Binghe pushes down harder, forcing him flat on his back.

Luo Binghe ignores his struggle completely, and looks at Shen Qingqiu.

He says, "may I have permission to fuck him?"

Liu Qingge's heart hammers in his chest under the weight of Luo Binghe's foot on him. Each time he tries to breathe in deeply, he feels a slight pain from a cracked rib, already starting to heal from his cultivation. The pain does nothing to reduce the heat in his veins.

He heaves again against the weight of Luo Binghe's step, and fails to move him.

Swallows.

Luo Binghe's attention above him is fully on Shen Qingqiu, who watches them, fan tapping against his thigh.

"What does Liu Shidi think?" Shen Qingqiu asks, eyes not leaving them.

What does he think?

"I agreed to the terms," Liu Qingge replies stiffly. He's no coward; he won't back out.

"Then…" Shen Qingqiu says, fan tapping more slowly. He looks like he's thinking hard.

Liu Qingge feels a sudden sinking sensation. Is it possible that Shen Qingqiu might not want Luo Binghe to sleep with someone else? If it

was him, he wouldn't give a single thought to what the beast did the rest of the time, but Shen Qingqiu has always been… fond of him. Might their relationship be slightly more exclusive than Liu Qingge had assumed?

Now that he's thinking about it, he does have trouble picturing the annoying demon ever making eyes at someone besides Shen Qingqiu.

Maybe he's the one out of line here.

He frowns, and steels himself to withdraw, but Shen Qingqiu speaks first.

"Don't hurt him," he says, eyeing Luo Binghe's foot on Liu Qingge's chest doubtfully.

"Yes, Shizun," the demon says, voice excited. "Does Shizun have other instructions? This disciple will make sure to only hurt him a little."

He openly declares his intentions to ignore his orders! Shen Qingqiu did not say "a little," he said not at all! Unfilial disciple!

Liu Qingge cannot, however, find it in himself to be disappointed that Luo Binghe plans to…

Plans to...

...

Shen Qingqiu merely shakes his head behind his fan, and Luo Binghe directs his gaze down to Liu Qingge at his feet.

“You,” he says, voice flat. “Disrobe.”

Liu Qingge heaves a deep breath as Luo Binghe’s foot lifts off his chest, and sits partway up, suppressing a cough. “Disrespectful,” he says, voice slightly hoarse, but he barely manages to come up onto his elbows before Luo Binghe is kneeling on top of him, hands yanking roughly at the collar of his robes.

“You-” Liu Qingge says, raising a hand to shove at him, but Luo Binghe rips both layers of his robe open in a single pull, shoving the robes down his arms to the elbows and exposing his chest, already beginning to bruise from the earlier strikes. The robes restrict Liu Qingge’s arms enough that he can’t punch him, so he aims a knee up into his crotch- not hard enough to prevent him from using his equipment, but enough that it’ll make Luo Binghe rethink his strategy if it connects.

It does not connect. Luo Binghe senses the shift of his weight before his leg even leaves the ground, and uses the momentum of it to flip Liu Qingge over, pushing him face-first into the floor. The move rattles Liu Qingge’s bones, and he makes an inadvertent noise as Luo Binghe grabs the back of his neck, pressing his head down.

The scarf flutters to the floor next to him; he has no idea if Shen Qingqiu sees it.

Luo Binghe leans over him, and grinds his hips against Liu Qingge’s ass.

Liu Qingge hisses in a breath in indignation. Twisting his head to see Luo Binghe behind him, he catches a glimpse of Shen Qingqiu, whose eyes are watching from behind his fan.

He shivers, and immediately turns his head back to face the floor.

He can't look at him like this. Face down, Luo Binghe holding him by the neck as he ruts against him… it's too humiliating.

He can feel himself getting hard.

Luo Binghe, meanwhile, is using his free hand to rip Liu Qingge's robes the rest of the way off his torso, only succeeding in getting them off one arm, leaving them hanging from the other. Not stopping at all, he moves to work on his pants.

"Will Shizun please pass me the oil," he says, voice still slightly breathless from their fight. Shen Qingqiu wordlessly tosses him the vial.

Liu Qingge's pants are summarily yanked off, leaving him completely unclothed on the floor, Luo Binghe still fully clothed above him.

"Binghe, the bed?" Shen Qingqiu says, a strange note in his voice.

"Here is good enough for him," Luo Binghe says, voice heavy with intent behind Liu Qingge's ear. Liu Qingge can feel the heat building in his face, his neck, his whole body.

“Binghe,” Shen Qingqiu says in quiet protest, but he doesn’t insist.

Luo Binghe’s voice comes low in Liu Qingge’s ear as he leans his weight against his back, quiet enough that Shen Qingqiu can’t hear it. “I won’t allow you to dirty Shizun’s bed,” he murmurs, hand digging into Liu Qingge’s side out of Shen Qingqiu’s line of sight. He’s ruthlessly targeting one of the deep bruises he left earlier.

Liu Qingge can’t stop himself from twisting under him, body reacting to the stimulus. His cock is pressing into the rough surface of the floor, and the way his hips twist in response to Luo Binghe’s hand makes him grit his teeth.

“Someone as filthy as you,” Luo Binghe continues quietly, “isn’t fit to even tough a sheet on his bed. Look at you, face down and humping the dirty ground just because I beat you earlier. Is this what the Peak Lord of Bai Zhan really is?” He laughs.

Liu Qingge feels the breath leave his lungs like he’s been punched, his cock twitching against the rough wood of the floor. His hands grip uselessly at the ground, unable to grab anything.

He doesn’t think he’s ever gotten hard this fast in his life.

A shift, and Luo Binghe’s fingers are on him, wet and slightly cold against his entrance. Liu Qingge freezes, muscles jumping at the sensation, and is barely able to relax in time as Luo Binghe pushes the first finger in, slick with oil. He feels himself tighten immediately, then forces his body to relax. His heart is hammering in anticipation; he knows that Luo Binghe won’t slow down if he tenses up.

Breathing deeply to calm himself, he considers turning his head to the side, over to where he can feel the air moving slightly from the wave

of a fan.

Thinks about it for a moment, and then presses his forehead harder into the ground. His face feels like it's in flames.

He can't look over there.

Meanwhile, Luo Binghe's fingers are working their way roughly in, the slickness of the oil easing the sting of the stretch only slightly. Liu Qingge shifts below him, biting his lip to concentrate on relaxing as he knows he has to.

What's coming next is going to be bigger than these fingers.

Or so he assumes. They didn't actually talk about it.

That Luo Binghe… he better be planning to put it in him. If he gets him all worked up and then just leaves him to squirm on the ground…

Liu Qingge can feel his breathing speeding up. Luo Binghe's fingers fuck roughly in and out of him, almost careless, though if he really was careless, he would have hit the spot that he targeted so ruthlessly last time at least once or twice, even if only by accident.

He must be avoiding it on purpose.

Liu Qingge makes an annoyed noise, and the fingers withdraw.

A low laugh comes from behind him, and the hot breath on the back of his neck makes him shiver despite himself. “Impatient, Shishu?”

“Binghe, is he ready?” Shen Qingqiu’s voice comes, doubtful, from the side. Liu Qingge bites his lip to stay quiet, but his mouth is suddenly covered by Luo Binghe’s hand, graceful but impossibly strong, preemptively muffling any noise that he could make.

“He’s ready,” Luo Binghe says arrogantly. “Shizun, shall I disrobe before taking him? Or shall I just do it like this?” He grinds his hips into Liu Qingge’s ass again, and Liu Qingge realizes that Luo Binghe has pushed down his pants just enough that his cock is exposed, hard and hot and huge in the curve of his ass.

Liu Qingge shudders. This is so humiliating. Luo Binghe is really planning to take him with such minimal preparation, just push him down on the floor and… he shivers again.

“He’s eager,” Luo Binghe says, smug. “Shall I make him wait while I disrobe? Teach him some patience?”

Liu Qingge attempts to twist under him, but the position doesn’t let him. Luo Binghe laughs, and grinds his cock again against his entrance, still fully clothed.

“Is there something you want, Shishu?” he says, self-satisfied. “Be patient, now, wait for Shizun’s decision.”

“Binghe!” Shen Qingqiu’s voice says, sounding scandalized. “Don’t torment him! If you’re going to do it, just do it!”

“Look at that, Shizun is being so generous to you,” Luo Binghe says,

leaning forward to bite Liu Qingge's shoulder, hard enough that it breaks the skin. Liu Qingge makes a noise, muscles twitching, but the noise doesn't escape the barrier of Luo Binghe's hand. "Shizun, it's really all right? I can have him now?"

Liu Qingge can feel from Luo Binghe's body weight that he's twisted his head around, looking at Shen Qingqiu, and can tell from the change in the coiled tension in his body that he's received permission.

Did Shen Qingqiu gesture his assent? Did he nod? Did he give a graceful wave of his fan?

Liu Qingge finds himself unable to wonder, because he feels pressure at his entrance, which must be Luo Binghe guiding that monstrous cock to enter him. The memory of last time makes him break out in a sweat.

Last time, it hurt, the overwhelming pressure forcing his walls open until he was shaking with it.

...He hopes it hurts this time too.

The head starts to push in, and it's already too much. He can't help it; his lips part on a gasp. Luo Binghe's fingers, tight around his jaw, immediately push into his mouth, forcing his tongue down. Luo Binghe's thumb presses into the underside of his jaw with enough force that he can feel it start to bruise, and Liu Qingge barely keeps from biting him in retaliation.

Maybe he should bite him, maybe it would get him to...

He loses his train of thought as Luo Binghe's cock pushes in another few inches. It feels even bigger than it did last time, and when Luo Binghe draws out a little and pushes back in, he can't stop the helpless noise that he makes.

Luo Binghe barely gives him time to adjust, a few slow thrusts to get himself fully seated, before he starts moving for real. His weight, heavy against Liu Qingge's back, forces him down onto the ground, pressing all the sensitive spots on his chest against the rough wood of the floor. His cock is trapped, leaking between his body and the ground, the press of the unforgiving wood toeing the line between painful and brain-meltingly hot.

The stretch of Luo Binghe's cock inside him hurts just like last time. He clenches his hands into fists, nails biting into his palms, to keep from making a noise, but he can't stop the way his cock twitches on the ground.

At least he's face down this time, so Luo Binghe can't feel his traitorous cock reacting against his body.

Luo Binghe keeps fucking him, hips speeding up until they're slamming into him, and Liu Qingge feels himself losing more and more control over his muscles, his hips going loose and pliant, his shoulders limp.

It hurts. It hurts, and he's so, so into it.

He loses himself for a few minutes, the sensation of being taken so roughly driving all other thoughts out of his head. The way he presses face first into the ground, there's nothing stopping the spit in his mouth from dripping down Luo Binghe's fingers as they force their way in and out of his mouth in time with his cock, his mind too empty to keep himself from making a mess.

This is…

He gathers himself, keeps his control, doesn't let the noises out of him that he hadn't been able to stop last time. He'll be able to keep some of his dignity this time, at least.

But the press of Luo Binghe's cock begins to slow down, more and more. Soon he's moving his cock leisurely in and out of Liu Qingge, never quite pressing in at the angle that he wants.

"What are you doing," Liu Qingge says, voice slurred by Luo Binghe's fingers. He tosses his head, and frees his mouth. Luo Binghe wipes his fingers, dripping with spit, along Liu Qingge's face, and laughs behind him. Liu Qingge feels his eyes narrow in anger.

"What are you doing," he repeats, directing his glare into the ground in front of him.

"Surely Shishu isn't willing to let me do all the work?" Luo Binghe says, smugness audible. "Would he like to help?"

His hands come to grip at Liu Qingge's hips, and drag him into an arch that rocks back on Luo Binghe's cock.

Liu Qingge swallows a gasp. This man…! He's trying to get Liu Qingge to fuck himself on his cock? He just wants to humiliate him- there's no way that Luo Binghe, who fucked the living daylights out of him for two hours straight last time, is tired from five minutes of this!

He wants to make Liu Qingge arch his back for him like an animal in heat? Preposterous! And all the more preposterous, because sitting right next to them is… is…

Liu Qingge swallows, head shaking back and forth where it presses against the ground. “No,” he says hotly.

“Hm,” Luo Binghe says, cock still moving in him almost unbearably slowly. Liu Qingge grits his teeth, trembling. He doesn’t know what he’ll do if this keeps up.

“Like this, then,” Luo Binghe says, and his arm wraps around Liu Qingge’s waist, lifting his hips bodily up off the ground. Liu Qingge’s head jolts up, only for Luo Binghe’s hand to come to the back of his neck, forcing his head back to the ground.

“Wh- what-” Liu Qingge gets out, as Luo Binghe pushes in at the new angle. His cock pushes directly into the spot that makes Liu Qingge’s body light up, and Liu Qingge jams his own arm under his still-wet mouth to muffle the noise that escapes from him, his other hand gripping uselessly on the floor.

“Much better,” Luo Binghe laughs, slowly picking the speed back up. Liu Qingge, head pressed into to the ground, can only listen to the noises of Luo Binghe’s thighs against him getting louder, and he bites his arm in hopes that he can keep quiet.

This… this feels…!

That’s definitely Luo Binghe’s hand on the back of his neck, so he’s only using the one arm to hold Liu Qingge’s body up. Liu Qingge doesn’t have any weight on his knees, his weight is completely resting on Luo Binghe’s arm. He doesn’t have any traction with which to

control the pace; he can only hang there from Luo Binghe's arm and take what he gives him.

He wasn't controlling the pace when he was lying fully down either, but somehow like this… it feels even more…

Luo Binghe's hand pushes up the back of his neck into his hair, careless of the hairpiece he wears, and grabs him tightly, jerking his head to the side so that his cheek presses into the ground. Liu Qingge grits his teeth, determined not to make more noise now that his arm isn't muffling him, even ask Luo Binghe's teeth sink into his shoulder where it meets his neck.

Luo Binghe only bites him for a moment, hard enough to bruise, before sitting back to fuck him hard and fast, kneeling between his spread knees. Liu Qingge lets himself sink into it, body helpless to do anything but take the sensation, though he stops almost all the noises that want to leak from his mouth through sheer force of willpower. His pleasure is building fast, though; he can't stop his body from shivering as Luo Binghe slams into him.

Like this, he's completely helpless. Much though he is loathe to admit it, Luo Binghe has completely overpowered him, and now he's just holding him down and relentlessly using him for his own pleasure, and all in front of-

Liu Qingge suddenly realizes that his face, pressed sideways into the ground like this, is facing Shen Qingqiu. All the expressions that he's been making for the last few minutes could have been completely visible to him, all the helpless twitches of eyebrow and poorly muffled groans and wanton breathing…!

His eyes jerk open, and immediately meet Shen Qingqiu's. Shen Qingqiu's eyes dart away politely, but it's certain that he had been

watching his face.

Liu Qingge's whole body flips from burning hot to icy cold and back in a single second. He doesn't know what to do, he doesn't know what he *can* do- how, how should he react to-

Luo Binghe suddenly presses his whole body tight against Liu Qingge's, the angle forcing his cock in more deeply and making Liu Qingge's cock leak an embarrassing amount of precome, a moan making its way out of his throat despite his best efforts. Luo Binghe presses his warm, sweaty face into Liu Qingge's neck, and mutters smugly into his ear, "now he knows just how much you love getting fucked by me."

The heat crawls through Liu Qingge's veins so wildly that he feels like it will make its way out through his skin. He doesn't think he's ever blushed like this before in his life, but there's no way he can tell himself that the heat isn't showing through to his face.

There's really- there's really no way that he can hide the fact that-

He can feel himself tighten around Luo Binghe, who bites him AGAIN, high on his neck where there's no way he can hide the mark he leaves, and then leans back up away from him. The hand comes off the back of his head, and Liu Qingge is considering despairingly whether he would be able to lift his torso up from the ground, when-

A loud noise, and a flash of bright pain on his rear.

What-

“Binghe!” Shen Qingqiu’s voice comes, scandalized.

That- that monster just…! Did he just slap him?!

“YOU-!!” Liu Qingge shouts, making to get up, but Luo Binghe huffs in amusement and starts giving it to him for real, the brutally thorough fucking that he barely made it through last time. Liu Qingge can feel his traitorous body compliantly leaning into the burn, his legs spreading themselves without his intent and his waist rolling to take the force of his thrusts. And this time, Luo Binghe’s hand grabs his cock, and Liu Qinnge is suddenly unable to do anything but make needy noises and scramble his hands against the ground as his previously untouched cock leaks messily into Luo Binghe’s almost painfully tight grip. The burn inside him feels so, so good, and Luo Binghe has started hitting that spot inside him on every single thrust, dragging the thickness of his cock against it on the way in and out, driving every thought out of his head. Luo Binghe isn’t holding his head down any more, but Liu Qingge can’t even imagine picking himself up, and stays where he is, completely supported by Luo Binghe’s arm as his cock drips embarrassingly all over Luo Binghe’s fingers, moans leaking out of his mouth.

“I’m going to make him come, Shizun,” Liu Qingge half hears Luo Binghe say somewhere over his head. “Would Shizun like me to finish, as well?”

Liu Qingge doesn’t hear the answer, because he finds his pleasure peaking and peaking but not quite able to be released. He’s stuck balancing at the edge for an excruciatingly long period of time, while Luo Binghe’s tight grip moves back and forth on him. The blood is rushing in his ears, he can’t focus on what’s happening through the drag of the cock inside him, he can’t hear Shen Qingqiu, but suddenly Luo Binghe’s hand moves to rub circles on the tip of his cock, releasing the tight grip he hadn’t noticed it had at the base. Liu Qingge bites his lip hard enough that he tastes blood and whites out, coming hard enough that all he can hear is his own voice, embarrassingly loud and needy, unable to even form words.

When he comes to, he's lying on the settee, settled on his back. Someone dressed him, and when he moves slightly, the pain in his lower back isn't accompanied by the gluey stickiness between his legs of last time.

He covers his face with a hand, eyes still closed. He doesn't know what embarrasses him more- imagining that Shen Qingqiu cleaned him, or imagining that he made Luo Binghe do it.

Both are excruciating.

He lets his hand slide down his face, and glances at the rest of the room. The sun hasn't moved that much, so he imagines that he wasn't out for that long. He's never lost control of himself like that, unable to even keep himself conscious, so he doesn't have much experience with waking up unaware of his circumstances after such…

Such a…

His eyes catch on green, and he turns his head slightly. He sees Shen Qingqiu sitting at a desk, writing.

He watches him for a moment, emotions deep, before Shen Qingqiu glances up, notices he's awake, and smiles at him.

"Liu Shidi," his melodious voice says. "How are you feeling?"

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

shorter update... the whole scene is way longer than i anticipated so i broke it into parts, lol

stay tuned for more

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Liu Qingge has still not recovered from the time that Shen Qingqiu spoke to him serenely in his rooms about various unimportant matters of peak management, asking for his opinion on this and that topic, while Liu Qingge was still aching on the inside from the thorough fucking Luo Binghe gave him less than an hour before. He'd somehow managed to respond coherently to Shen Qingqiu's questions, and had made his escape as soon as he felt his legs would hold him.

Liu Qingge is not a man who runs from things. But certain occasions call for tactical withdrawal.

Mortifyingly, Shen Qingqiu had called him back when he was halfway out the door, and handed him the very scarf that he'd been wearing prior to Luo Binghe's disrobing him.

"I'm afraid you may need this again," Shen Qingqiu had said, gaze lingering on Liu Qingge's neck. "Sorry about that."

Liu Qingge had barely managed to snatch it out of his hand and get a few steps down the hallway before his face had turned a mortifying hot shade, which only the long flight home on Cheng Luan had been able to reduce.

Unfortunately, he had not been able to return the scarf after that,

because the next time he saw Shen Qingqiu, Luo Binghe was also present. He ended up needing to borrow the scarf once again.

And once again after that.

And the next time, as well.

All in all, Liu Qingge has had an extremely strenuous few weeks. It's been hell on his dignity, but coincidentally, he's noticed that the people on Bai Zhan peak have been significantly less annoying these past few weeks, and also less scared of him.

Most likely unrelated.

The real issue, though, is that he's been distracted enough by all the sex that he's been letting more and more things slide from Luo Binghe.

That's probably what has led the demon to being so presumptuous today as to openly hold out the item in his hand, as if Liu Qingge would be anything but outraged at the insult.

"As if I would let you bind me!" Liu Qingge snaps, face flushed. The Immortal Binding Cable sits guilelessly in Luo Binghe's hand, the red loops trailing between his fingers with a hint of suggestion.

Luo Binghe's face doesn't smile, but an unmistakeable air of satisfaction appears, as though Liu Qingge's words have fallen exactly into his plot.

“Did you hear that, Shizun?” he says to Shen Qingqiu, who sits beside them, fan in hand.

“I heard him, Binghe,” Shen Qingqiu responds. “If he doesn’t want to be bound, you obviously may not bind him. You already know that,” he says briskly, fan moving swiftly through the air.

“Shizun,” Luo Binghe says, “he said he doesn’t want to be bound by *me.* ”

Liu Qingge feels his breath stop. The room is suddenly so silent that the soft rustle of the wind outside is deafening by comparison.

Shen Qingqiu’s fan moves faster for a moment, and then slows to tap against his mouth. He looks at Liu Qingge consideringly.

The back of Liu Qingge’s neck is getting hotter and hotter. He can tell that he’s starting to sweat.

“Liu Shidi,” Shen Qingqiu says, slightly uncertain. He pauses, and taps the fan against his lips again. Liu Qingge feels his pulse beating hard in his neck. “Would, ah- would you like for Shixiong to…”

Liu Qingge stares at the ground. His ears are burning. Even though he can’t see Luo Binghe’s face, he can tell from his smug air that he’s smirking.

He literally can’t bring himself to say no to this, and he’s sure that Luo Binghe is already aware of that. He shoots a glare at the other man.

Yes, he's smirking.

He… doesn't want to say no to this. But he's not sure how he's going to be able to keep himself together, if Shen Qingqiu is the one who… who…

He feels his breath catch.

"It's obviously fine if not!" Shen Qingqiu says hastily, hand coming up. "Shixiong just thought he would offer, since Liu Shidi seems to sometimes enjoy… being…"

His voice trails off.

Liu Qingge feels a wave of mortified heat roll through his body.

What was Shen Qingqiu going to say? That he can tell he likes being held down? Can tell that he likes it when Luo Binghe pins his arms behind his back and fucks him while he can't move? That his moans always get louder when Luo Binghe shoves his limbs where he wants them and then forces him to keep them there, the weight of his body subduing Liu Qingge's?

His cock is starting to get hard.

"I…" he says, and stops.

Can he say it?

...He's not going to be able to say it.

"Go ahead," Luo Binghe says, voice rich with amusement. "Tell Shizun what you want."

If he can't say it he can't say it!!! This demon should shut his mouth!!

"Would Liu Shidi like to nod to show his decision?" Shen Qingqiu's voice offers, kind and smooth.

Liu Qingge feels his heart start to beat a little faster.

He glances at Shen Qingqiu, and immediately has to look away. He breathes in to steady himself. Closes his eyes.

Nods once, jerkily.

Shen Qingqiu breathes in deeply to steady himself, looking at the Immortal Binding Cable in his hands.

How did he get roped into this?!!

He doesn't know anything about bondage!! Everything he knows is from tying Luo Binghe up, and it's basically impossible to injure him,

so he never had to worry too much! He just ties a few knots here and there and tightens the ropes when Luo Binghe cries and begs him to, and thanks the lord that his ass is getting a break when Luo Binghe comes from just the friction of the ropes and a handjob.

But here Liu Qingge is, sitting ramrod straight in the chair, head tilted down slightly. Shen Qingqiu doesn't think he's ever seen Liu Qingge without his chin raised brashly in the air, so this contrast is…

Hm.

"Take the robes off," Luo Binghe says, tugging roughly at Liu Qingge's collar. Liu Qingge shoots him a glare, but raises his hands slowly and takes off his belt. Then, his outer robe.

Shen Qingqiu has seen Liu Qingge naked a lot over the past few months, but this is the first time he's seen him take his clothes off himself. When Liu Qingge's hands come up to slide his inner robe apart and down off his shoulders, Shen Qingqiu's mouth feels a little dry.

The contrast of Liu Qingge's beautiful face with his broad shoulders and narrow waist… He and Luo Binghe are really designed from the same mold. Airplane bro… you did a really good job!!

Liu Qingge is still looking away, as he places his folded clothing to the side, but he sits up straight, with his shoulders back and his hands by his side. His face is slightly obscured by his hair, but Shen Qingqiu can make out a slight flush on it.

This poor guy… he's embarrassed. Well, he's been through much more embarrassing things at Luo Binghe's hands in recent weeks. But Shen Qingqiu imagines that for someone as proud as Liu Qingge, asking for

something like this must be really difficult; Liu Qingge certainly wouldn't be able to ask for it from Luo Binghe, who he despises.

Shen Qingqiu feels his heart soften. That Liu Qingge was able to ask for this from Shen Qingqiu, doesn't that mean that he really trusts his shixiong?

Feeling good about the situation, Shen Qingqiu brings his attention back to the high-quality red ropes in his hand.

"Does Liu Shidi want his hands behind his back, or in front?" he says affably.

He sees Liu Qingge's adam's apple work up and down.

Hm.

"Behind him, Shizun," Luo Binghe's voice comes lowly. Shen Qingqiu looks at Liu Qingge consideringly, moving a half step closer to him, close enough that he can easily touch his arms and shoulders. Liu Qingge tilts his head further down, and slowly moves his arms behind his back, the muscles pushing into definition.

Behind it is, then.

Shen Qingqiu hums to himself. He begins tying his arms, hands working between the back of the chair and Liu Qingge's back. He loops the rope around his wrists gently, careful not to brush his hands against him, and tightens it to a degree that he thinks would be comfortable. Still a little loose, enough give that he could get out of it if he really wanted to.

“Tighter, Shizun,” Luo Binghe says from the other side of Liu Qingge. Luo Binghe can’t even see what he’s doing, Shen Qingqiu thinks with exasperation, but he supposes he’s probably got a better understanding of what Liu Qingge likes. He tightens the ropes a small amount, so that they press just a little into the skin of Liu Qingge’s wrists.

“How is this, Liu Shidi?” Shen Qingqiu asks, and after a beat, he gets a shaky head nod in return. He can’t see Liu Qingge’s face from behind him, but his ears look a little red.

The strong and martial Bai Zhan Peak Lord, blushing on his ears. Isn’t that… a little cute?

Shen Qingqiu hides a smile, and keeps working on the Immortal Binding Cable, lacing up each of Liu Qingge’s arms with knots here and there, until he comes halfway up his biceps, which strain against the red of the cords. Tying here won’t do much to stop his spiritual power, but Luo Binghe always seems to appreciate the extra pressure around his arms, so he imagines Liu Qingge might also enjoy it.

As he leans forward to begin looping the cable around Liu Qingge’s front, his hair falls forward annoyingly, brushing against Liu Qingge’s bare shoulder. “Sorry, Shidi,” he says absently, swinging it back over his shoulder. Liu Qingge doesn’t respond, but his hands twitch within the binds at his back.

Is he ticklish, perhaps? Shen Qingqiu thinks, amused. He can’t quite picture it- Liu Qingge is always so unaffected by most things.

Well, there are certain things that he’s affected by. Shen Qingqiu has seen a number of them, in recent weeks. But Shen Qingqiu’s

aggravating hair shouldn't be something he has to put up with in order to get to those things.

With that in mind, Shen Qingqiu carefully keeps his hair behind him as he continues to tie knots onto Liu Qingge's front, looping the cord around his back and sides meticulously, hands careful never to touch him. He occasionally brushes Liu Qingge's long, dark hair aside so as to not catch it in the cable, and at Luo Binghe's urging, he tightens the rope in certain places. Now and then, he feels Liu Qingge's breath catch through the tautness of the cord.

After a good amount of time has passed, Shen Qingqiu stands back, satisfied with his work, and circles to the front to look it over.

The knots look good and solid; the ropes are taut, but don't dig tightly into Liu Qingge's skin, and simply frame his impressive martial chest. With his hands tied behind him, there's a slight arch to his back.

Liu Qingge keeps his gaze to the side, and now that Shen Qingqiu has stepped away, he shifts his arms within the bind of the cord. His eyes widen slightly.

He must be testing his cultivation, realizing that it's blocked. Shen Qingqiu can only imagine what it's like for someone as strong as Liu Qingge to suddenly find himself helpless, even though he knew the properties of the cable beforehand. He might feel a little anxious; it's a good thing that Shen Qingqiu and Luo Binghe are here to look out for him. Shen Qingqiu, feeling a surge of good will, reaches out to comfortingly pat Liu Qingge on the shoulder.

The man's muscle tightens under his fingers, shoulder like a rock.

Shen Qingqiu, used to Liu Qingge's standoffishness, slides his hand to

test the give of one of the ropes. Hopefully this will be good enough to last for a few hours; he has the feeling that Luo Binghe is going to take his time and draw it out today.

Good luck, Liu-juju's ass! Thank you for taking one for the team!

Just as he thinks this, Luo Binghe's voice comes purring behind him. "Shizun's work is beautiful," he says silkily.

Shen Qingqiu feels warmth spread through his body. Why is Luo Binghe is using his sex with Shizun voice...?

"The immortal binding cable is very elegantly knotted," Luo Binghe says, hand coming forward to wrap around a stretch of rope as his weight leans into Shen Qingqiu from behind. His voice is right against Shen Qingqiu's ear, breath warm on the shell of it.

"Liu Shishu's cultivation seems to be blocked well," he notes, tugging harshly enough that Liu Qingge almost slides off the edge of the chair. Liu Qingge, who would normally be able to brace himself quite effectively against Luo Binghe's rough treatment, merely sways forward, unable to keep his balance. He bites out an "insolent!" at Luo Binghe, who ignores him, still leaning his weight warmly against Shen Qingqiu.

"This is just right, Shizun," Luo Binghe says, voice low in his ear.

Shen Qingqiu can feel his face heating up, starting to respond to that voice. Why, Luo Binghe?!

"And now that he's tied up and can't do anything, let's have Liu

Shishu wait for a while," Luo Binghe says.

Liu Qingge's head snaps up to look at him. Luo Binghe, however, is turning Shen Qingqiu's face so that he can only look at him, and looking deeply into his eyes. Expression hot with arousal, he speaks.

"Let's do it, Shizun."

Chapter End Notes

some kind of GOD of art drew this for us, enjoy

twitter.com/solusbane/status/1115382008614617090

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Liu Qingge has never been so grateful to be wearing pants as the stretch of time that Shen Qingqiu spent tying him; if he'd been completely naked, he doesn't think he could have handled the shame of how fast he got hard.

Shen Qingqiu had done nothing but slowly and precisely wrap the Immortal Binding Cable exactly where it needed to go, adding knots in just the right places to add pressure, and Liu Qingge had still been barely able to keep from… from…

From what, he thinks, frustrated. Jumping up and demanding that Luo Binghe relieve the arousal he was feeling that very moment? Luo Binghe would have just laughed at him. Taking care of himself? His hands were tied, he wasn't able to.

Asking Shen Qingqiu to help...?

No. No no no, he wouldn't dare presume.

So he'd just sat there, feeling his cultivation drain away and be replaced by the stimulation of pressure on arms and chest, as Shen Qingqiu took his time and tested each knot, hands never touching him even as his sleeves brushed along his chest and shoulders.

When Shen Qingqiu would lean forward to check his work, he was close enough that Liu Qingge could smell the fragrance of his soap. Once, his hair draped forward over Liu Qingge's shoulder, and Liu

Qingge almost forgot himself and tried to pull against the unfinished knots. How disrespectful, to almost undo Shen Qingqiu's hard work; he had barely managed to control himself in time.

And now he sits here, fully tied, the Immortal Binding Cable firmly fastened to the back of the chair so that he can't stand, or even turn around, and behind him…

Behind him is Shen Qingqiu's bed, hidden behind a screen, and on that bed, Luo Binghe is using that monster cock to fuck Shen Qingqiu. And whatever he's doing seems to be working, because the normally composed Shen Qingqiu is making soft noises like he can't help it, gasping "Binghe!" in a flustered voice in time with the noise of thrusts and Luo Binghe's moans.

Liu Qingge's whole body is on fire, his hands twisting at the knots behind his back. His cock is straining at his pants, but there's no way for him to do anything about it. He can't stand this, knowing this much about what Luo Binghe does to Shen Qingqiu, but not being able to see the rest of it. Is Luo Binghe being respectful to his Shizun? He'd better be! Could Shen Qingqiu be… encouraging him with his body, like LIu Qingge does? Does he also like the way that Luo Binghe's huge cock stretches…

Liu Qingge bites his lip, trying to keep himself from making a noise.

"Binghe!" Shen Qingqiu's voice comes again, this time scandalized. "No no no, not while- ah- ah, Binghe-"

Liu QIngge feels his ire spike as the moans on the bed behind him get louder. If Shen Qingqiu said no, then it's a no! How dare Luo Binghe keep going!

He's about to yell and stand, chair and all, lack of powers be damned, when Luo Binghe's low voice starts murmuring from the bed.

"Shizun," he says worshipfully, and his voice gathers on a sigh. "Shizun looks so good like this. Please don't worry, this disciple knows what Shizun likes, just let this disciple take care of it. Just like that, Shizun, so lovely-"

Shen Qingqiu's breaths are getting louder and louder, and a single "yes" gasps out of his mouth. Then, suddenly, his voice is muffled, as though a mouth is over his, and Luo Binghe's deep baritone moans over the wet sound of their lovemaking as the strokes speed up. There's a noise on the bed, as though Shen Qingqiu is tossing his head to the side, and then that elegant scholar's voice breaks on a moan, an unbelievably hot "ah, ah, ah-" leaving his lips as he…

As he…

The noise on the bed slows, Luo Binghe's motions slowly coming to a stop, as Shen Qingqiu's hard breathing slows down.

Did… did Liu Qingge just hear him…

Liu Qingge's body is covered in sparks, the very tips of his fingers hypersensitive where they brush against the ropes around his hands. He's desperate for some kind of contact, anything, to press against that electric feeling and settle it into his skin; he strains against the ropes around him to get some pressure on his body.

It barely helps.

“Shizun,” Luo Binghe is saying reverentially behind him, the sound of soft kisses barely audible.

“Binghe,” Shen Qingqiu says, breath still fast, and after a moment, Luo Binghe hums happily. Is Shen Qingqiu embracing him? Stroking his head? Kissing him back?

Liu Qingge shifts in his chair, a shiver going through him. He can’t see!

After a few moments, Shen Qingqiu sighs contentedly.

That Luo Binghe… Liu Qingge is surprised that whatever he does actually manages to satisfy Shen Qingqiu. He hadn’t thought that the two of them together would actually be…

Would be so…

He sits there, nothing but his own thoughts running through his head, as a few more moments of almost imperceptible sounds come from the bed, as of a hand soothingly stroking over skin or hair.

Liu Qingge’s body is still electric, but the bright need starts to fade to a dull thud of want, his thoughts reduced to imagining the stroke of hand on his own hair and skin.

He knows that the screen Shen Qingqiu and Luo Binghe are behind has enough small openings in the wood carving that they can see him through it, that they know he’s fine. He lets his mind drift, momentarily content to wait.

Minutes pass, and he forgets to be impatient, forgets to long to be able to see, just settles into a calm space without thoughts. He's no longer waiting, just existing, body still painfully aroused, but mind detached from it.

Eventually, Shen Qingqiu's voice murmurs something on the bed, and Luo Binghe responds. Liu Qingge comes back to himself as he hears the rustle of fabric. Luo Binghe stands up, picks something up from beside the bed, and hands it to Shen Qingqiu. His clothing, most likely.

A final noise of a kiss, and Luo Binghe's steps approach.

Liu Qingge jolts back into full awareness as Luo Binghe comes near, the desperate need of his cock returning full force. He pulls his arms against the cable again, twisting within its knots.

It's well-tied; he can't move.

Luo Binghe pushes the screen out of the way behind him, so that they'll both be visible from the bed. When he steps in front of Liu Qingge, he looks… tousled, naked, self-satisfied, powerful. His cock is jutting out in front of him, as thick and intimidating as ever.

He didn't... come… earlier?

Liu Qingge knows well that Luo Binghe's stamina is excessive. Did he just go until Shen Qingqiu came, and then come over here to…

Liu Qingge feels his ears heat. To use Liu Qingge like a thing to finish getting off with? His hands flex in the cords, his breath catching a little.

He's...

Excited.

Luo Binghe looks him up and down, lingering on the obvious hardness in his lap. He smiles.

"What about now?" he says. Liu Qingge glances up at him, frowning despite the heat on his face. Now? What about now?

Luo Binghe smiles down at him.

"Now do you want to suck my cock?" he says lewdly, and Liu Qingge feels the breath leave his lungs in a gasp.

He immediately closes his eyes tightly, refusing to look at Luo Binghe. That… that's…!

His body is trembling. How dare he say...! Put his mouth on- on- and on Luo Binghe's, no less! The very idea is…!

The heat in his body won't let him respond.

A moment later, he feels his brain stop.

Luo Binghe's cock was just in...

His hands flex helplessly in the ropes, arms shivering against the ties.

"Answer," Luo Binghe says, and Luiu Qingge can hear the sound of his hand leisurely stroking himself. "Yes or no?"

Liu Qingge's eyes are still tightly shut.

Normally, Luo Binghe would probably be grabbing him by now, tightening his fingers in his hair until the pain forced him to open his eyes and gasp out an answer. But right now, Luo Binghe doesn't seem to even feel the need to do that. He just stands there, slowly stroking himself in front of Liu Qingge's face, as though he already knows what his answer will be.

"Say it," he says.

Liu Qingge bites his lip.

" *Say it* ," Luo Binghe says, and Liu Qingge...

"Yes," he says quietly.

He can almost hear Luo Binghe's smirk above him. "Open your mouth," the demon says, and Liu Qingge hesitates.

This… this is…

His face on fire, he slowly parts his lips.

Luo Binghe has put his fingers in his mouth on a few occasions, but Liu Qingge has never allowed…

He swallows.

He's so hard it hurts. Luo Binghe hasn't even touched him yet, but his mouth is watering.

"This way," Luo Binghe says, and jerks the chair, with Liu Qingge on it, around to the side. "There you go," he says, and Liu Qingge feels his mouth snap back shut.

Here, he can be seen by…

His neck and face feel hot.

"Now open," Luo Binghe says, and without any thought on his part, Liu Qingge's mouth opens once again.

Oh no. Without any thought?

He pushes it from his mind. He can't let himself think about that right now. He's sitting upright in the chair, but Luo Binghe is tall enough that probably won't need to lean forward to reach…

His breathing is getting faster.

Luo Binghe still hasn't done anything!

"There you are," Luo Binghe says. Liu Qingge keeps his eyes tightly closed. He can't look at him right now. "Lick."

Something heavy rests on Liu Qingge's lower lip, and Liu Qingge, face on fire, leans in to bring it between his lips. But Luo Binghe draws away as he moves.

"No no," he says, voice excited. "I told you to lick."

Liu Qingge freezes, incredulous. This guy is so brazen, he won't even let Liu Qingge just… Instead, he wants to make him-

While he's frozen, the weight returns to his lips, resting tauntingly on the edge.

"Go on," Luo Binghe says, slightly breathless.

Liu Qingge's arms twitch within the confines of the ties. He licks his lip nervously, and the tip of his tongue brushes over…

Luo Binghe hisses above him, and the hand finally comes up to grab his hair.

“Yes,” he says. “Again.”

Liu Qingge shudders under the grip in his hair. Slowly, he lets his tongue brush against the hot weight in front of his mouth. Bitterness leaks onto the tip of his tongue.

“Harder,” Luo Binghe commands, hand tightening as if in example. Liu Qingge swallows shakily.

His hands grab at nothing, helpless behind his back.

He breathes out unsteadily, and begins to pleasure Luo Binghe.

He can’t imagine that what he’s doing with his tongue- just licking against the tip, barely able to provide any pressure, stopped by the hand in his hair- is particularly satisfying, but Luo Binghe seems to be gratified. He occasionally turns Liu Qingge’s head slightly, to this or that position, as if-

Liu Qingge makes a small noise. As if he’s trying to make sure that the other person in the room has the best angle possible to see.

Luo Binghe’s laugh comes again from above him, and he says, “now suck my cock.”

Liu Qingge snaps his eyes open to glare, and Luo Binghe looks down at him, delighted. “What a good expression, Liu Shishu!” he says, as he pushes his cock an inch or two into his mouth, cutting off the scathing response Liu Qingge was about to spit out.

Liu Qingge makes a noise, scrambling to accommodate Luo Binghe's unseemingly wide cock, and completely fails to cover his teeth. Luo Binghe hisses, and pulls the head of his cock back out, dripping with Liu Qingge's spit.

...He hadn't realized his mouth was watering quite that much.

"Liu Shishu certainly is bad at this," Luo Binghe says with relish, nails scratching in his hair. "First time?"

"Don't just shove it in, and maybe I won't be bad at it!" Liu Qingge says hotly, face red. He can feel spit on the outside of his lips, but his tied hands won't let him wipe it away.

"Try again, then," Luo Binghe says, and Liu Qingge has only a moment to brace himself before Luo Binghe's cock is pushing back in.

This time, he manages to mostly cover his teeth, but his jaw has to stretch wide to accommodate him. Luo Binghe is only putting the first third of his cock in, but the thickness of it pushes down against his tongue in a way that's almost overwhelming. Luo Binghe pauses, letting him adjust for a few moments, before pulling his cock most of the way out and pushing back in.

Liu Qingge feels his cock jump in his pants. This is how Luo Binghe was entering… this same cock that's in his mouth now, was going into…

"Pervert," Luo Binghe says quietly, as if he knows what Liu Qingge is thinking. He's quiet, but he's not quiet enough that Shen Qingqiu couldn't hear him, if he strained. Liu Qingge desperately hopes that he hasn't.

Luo Binghe rubs his hand along the part of his cock that's not in Liu Qingge's mouth, and huffs a laugh, hips moving slowly back and forth into Liu Qingge's mouth. His hand that was in Liu Qingge's hair lets go to grip him firmly by the cords around his chest, shaking his body forward and back like a ragdoll.

So insolent! Liu Qingge barely avoids choking from the movement, but resolutely refuses to pull off.

Luo Binghe hums, releasing his grip and tracing the line of the Immortal Binding Cable with a few fingers. His other hand works on the base of his cock, fingers brushing against Liu Qingge's lips where they part around him. He takes his hand off the ropes, and smiles.

"Fuck your mouth on my cock."

Liu Qingge sputters, and pulls off him indignantly. "Absolutely not!" he snaps, voice slightly rough. Getting used like this is humiliating enough, but bobbing his head back and forth on Luo Binghe like… like…

He won't do it!!

"Liu Shishu, always so passive," Luo Binghe sighs. "Always making me do all the work." The hand returns to his hair, and forces his head forward. "Fine. Suck. I'll help you," he says, hand tightening in his hair.

His grip guides Liu Qingge's head forward, and despite the fire on his face, Liu Qingge lets himself be moved.

This is…

Luo Binghe is pushing him forward onto his cock, pulling him in by the hair, fingers digging into his scalp. Liu Qingge's mouth feels stretched, the heaviness of the cock on his tongue unfamiliar. But…

But…

He can feel himself reacting to it. His thoughts are slowly sliding away, his eyes getting heavy.

He can't believe that having something pushing into him on this end has the same effect as…

He swallows, as well as he can through the cock stretching his mouth wide, and Luo Binghe's fingers tighten at the inadvertent press of his tongue. "That's right," he mutters, hands holding Liu Qingge in place. "Now suck. Harder."

Liu Qingge's eyes fall closed, and he, mortifyingly, does what he's told.

"Mm, that's good," Luo Binghe says after a few minutes of wet noises. "How does it look, Shizun?" Liu Qingge's hands twitch where they're tied behind his back. "Has he earned getting fucked yet?"

"Be courteous, Binghe," Shen Qingqiu's voice comes, admonishing but mild, from the direction of the bed.

He sounds…

…Relaxed, Liu Qingge forces himself to think, sweat gathering at the base of his throat. Like he recently did something that left him relaxed.

“And yes, he’s doing very well,” Shen Qingqiu says calmly, “you may-” his voice stutters, losing its sleepy quality, and cuts off all of a sudden.

Liu Qingge trembles in his bonds, wishing he could dig his fingers into his thigh to distract himself from the fire that burns in his body.

Shen Qingqiu said- said that he was-

Luo leaves his cock deep in Liu Qingge’s mouth, holding him still while he shivers under his hands.

“Thank you, Shizun,” he purrs.

A beat, then Shen Qingqiu sighs: “at least use the bed this time.”

Chapter End Notes

sqq objecting during was bc lbh was doing something he REALLY LIKES but is embarrassed to have done while someone else is there... use better consent practices than these losers do lol

you guys leave such good comments, so inspiring!! please continue telling me what you'd like to see >:)

also please enjoy MORE INCREDIBLE ART of lqg tied up and unable to watch, how are you guys blessing me with all these gorgeous things???!! I LOVE YOUUUUUU twitter.com/laji_tong/status/1116013908970496001

AND ANOTHER?!!?!??!!!!? get it lqg enjoy ur dick sucking privileges aksjfhaslkfj I LOVE YOU, EVERY ARTIST ON THE FACE OF THIS PLANET, YOU ARE MY BEST FRIEND twitter.com/ineffablebfs/status/1116849889676341253

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Luo Binghe's head turns back to Liu Qingge, who is struggling not to react to Luo Binghe's massive, unmoving cock, pressing down his tongue. Ha hasn't been able to stop the spit leaking from the side of his lips, but he can at least keep himself from gagging, like he feels he might, if Luo Binghe puts it any further in.

He... isn't averse to the idea.

"Shizun wants us to use the bed," Luo Binghe says, hand tugging roughly on a strand of Liu Qingge's hair. Liu Qingge ignores him until the tug gets painful enough that it pulls him off his cock.

"Stand up," Luo Binghe says, and the hand in his hair yanks him upright. Or tries to; Liu Qingge's hands are still bound to the chair, and he is only able to half lurch out of it.

He makes an angry noise over his treatment, and Luo Binghe's hand loosens. "Ah, I forgot," he says, and reaches behind Liu Qingge to undo the ties attaching him to the chair, pushing him back into the chair. His cock hangs right in Liu Qingge's face as he reaches around him, and Liu Qingge finds his eyes stuck on it despite his best efforts to the contrary.

Feeling the weight of it in his mouth had made him remember what it felt like when… when…

The anticipation is drawing tight in his stomach.

He's been excruciatingly turned on for so long, and he hasn't even touched himself or been touched. He's going to finish embarrassingly fast if Luo Binghe takes him now, but he knows that that probably won't be the end of it; the odds are very high that Luo Binghe will want to make him come at least twice.

His whole body feels warm.

His hands are suddenly loose from the chair, though still tied behind his back. This time, when Luo Binghe jerks him up by the arm, he stumbles to his feet. Luo Binghe deliberately and smugly looks down at his crotch, where his fully hard cock presses against and has leaked through his pants.

"You seem ready," Luo Binghe opinions, and drags him by his bound arms to the bed.

The bed… that Shen Qingqiu is still sitting in, wearing only his inner robe after his time with Luo Binghe, watching calmly.

Liu Qingge almost balks, not knowing where to look or what to do. His feet stumble, and Luo Binghe takes the opportunity to shove him face-first over the edge of the bed, and strip off his pants and undergarments in a single pull. Liu Qingge, still frozen, doesn't resist at all as Luo Binghe then bodily shoves him onto the bed, bound hands above him behind his back, on display for Shen Qingqiu to admire his work.

Liu Qingge is grateful that his face is tucked into the sheets, because it feels like it's on fire. Bad enough that the shivers running through his body must be visible to Shen Qingqiu; he doesn't need his face to betray him as well. His hands flex behind his back, independent of his

control.

“Are Liu Shidi’s arms feeling well?” Shen Qingqiu’s voice asks considerately.

Liu Qingge swallows.

“Y…yes,” he gets out.

He feels like if he’s made to vocalize anything else, he’ll pass out on the spot.

The bed smells like Shen Qingqiu.

He’s hearing the tell-tale noises of the bottle of oil that Luo Binghe always uses, and sure enough, within a few seconds, the demon’s hands are on his entrance, slicking their way around the outside and pressing just slightly into him. Liu Qingge exhales heavily, his legs spreading slightly of their own volition. Then, his body tenses, as he realizes that he’s spreading his legs like he’s desperate for it, right in front of Shen Qingqiu.

His breath begins to come fast.

Luo Binghe pushes a finger inside him, sliding it slowly in and out. Liu Qingge resists the urge to rub his cock against the sheets, even though this is the closest he’s gotten to friction since almost an hour ago.

He’s so turned on, he must be leaking all over the bed. Making a mess

in… in Shen Qingqiu's bed…

He can't stop the way his hips twitch into Luo Binghe's second finger as he pushes it inside.

But even though Luo Binghe always rushes through and fucks him while he's still tight, while it still hurts a little, today he goes slow, for some evil reason. Liu Qingge bites his lip as Luo Binghe slowly pushes three fingers into him and draws them out at the same leisurely pace, leaving Liu Qingge with no recourse but to start biting the sheets instead, to keep himself from saying something that he'll regret.

"Liu Shishu gives it up so easily," Luo Binghe says, self-satisfied. "Look at how he takes my fingers, Shizun."

"You-" Liu Qingge snaps, teeth letting go of the fabric.

"Stop teasing him, Binghe," Shen Qingqiu says, coming to Liu Qingge's defense.

Liu Qingge shivers. He slowly lets his head rest back on the bed, neck tense.

"I just want to make it good for Liu Shishu," Luo Binghe lies blatantly, a smile audible in his smug voice as his fingers keep moving.

Liu Qingge is so tightly wound he feels like he might come from a single stroke on his cock, but Luo Binghe refuses to do anything but slowly finger him for the next few minutes. Even worse, his fingers brush only lightly along the spot inside him, so Liu Qingge has to grit his teeth and control his breathing in order to not grind back onto

them for more contact.

He will not debase himself like that.

After an agonizingly long stretch of time, Luo Binghe seems to finally be satisfied with the way Liu Qingge's impatient body gives way for him, and withdraws his fingers. The burn of the stretch has almost completely faded under the slow slickness of the oil, but Liu Qingge's breath still catches as his fingers come out.

What's coming next is large enough that it will probably hurt, despite Luo Binghe's efforts to deprive Liu Qingge of the pain of that initial stretch.

"Is it okay now?" Luo Binghe says lowly, one hand on Liu Qingge's lower back.

He is obviously not addressing Liu Qingge.

Liu Qingge breathes out, holding himself in anticipation, and it only takes a few seconds of intense restraint before he feels Luo Binghe breathe out and begin to enter him- no doubt at Shen Qingqiu's nod- one hand grabbing him by his bound arms to hold him in place.

Liu Qingge hisses through his teeth, face buried in the sheets again.

Yes… It still hurts.

Luo Binghe starts rolling his hips forward into him, cock moving slick

and smooth inside. Liu Qingge can feel how easily his body lets him in, how he opens for him like all he wants is to have no space left inside him, like he wants all his thoughts pushed out of his head by Luo Binghe's massive cock.

…

He desperately tries to forget that he just thought that, focusing on not panting into the sheets. But the intensity of finally getting contact, after so long spent waiting untouched, is distracting; the slow, powerful grind of Luo Binghe's hips inside him pushes him up the bed, with no arms to brace himself.

As Luo Binghe continues to slowly fuck into him, Lui Qingge gives up on keeping his face turned into the sheets, lets his check press against the bed instead; with his hair down, his face is covered anyway, cool strands of hair draping over his eyes and against his mouth. His harsh breaths move the hair away, but it falls back easily, getting into his mouth annoyingly.

He can't focus on that annoyance, though, because his body is right on the edge just from the few minutes that Luo Binghe has been fucking him, even though his cock still hasn't been touched. He can feel himself starting to shiver, the texture of the sheet against his hard nipples doing nothing to bring him down from the edge, the way his tied body is helpless to keep from rubbing into the sheets just winding him up more and more.

Like this, he might… without even a hand on him…

As he bites his lip, trying not to moan, a hand comes up to brush the hair away from his face.

...Luo Binghe's hands are both on his hips.

Is- is this-

Liu Qingge screws his eyes shut tight, trembling. The hand moves most of the hair out of his way, so that it rests on the other side of his neck, then returns to smooth over his temple, drawing the remaining strands away. Liu Qingge is helpless to prevent his body from reacting. Luo Binghe, whether to draw his attention or to mock him, suddenly thrusts hard, much harder than he had been, right against the spot inside of him, and Liu Qingge bites his lip in a futile attempt to resist. One, two, three times, and on the fourth time, under the gentle hand smoothing his hair, Liu Qingge falls apart.

He can't help the sounds that come out, can't help the way his hips roll up into Luo Binghe's thrust, as he comes viciously hard onto the sheets underneath him, only a few minutes into getting fucked.

Luo Binghe grinds into him through it, lets him pant out moans, voice shaky, until he stops coming.

Luo Binghe pulls out and rolls Liu Qingge, still gasping, over onto his side to survey his work.

"Look at the mess you made of Shizun's bed," he says. His words are scolding, but his tone is loaded.

"Binghe..." Shen Qingqiu sighs, resigned, from behind Liu Qingge.

Liu Qingge breathes out shakily.

“So disrespectful,” Luo Binghe says, and his hand suddenly lifts an exhausted Liu Qingge by the waist, drawing him onto his knees, still shaking.

Liu Qingge hears an inadvertent noise leave his mouth. He feels like he has a little less control than usual, like his mind is pleasantly hazy.

“Clean it up,” Luo Binghe says.

A beat of silence.

Liu Qingge’s hands flex in their ties. It is Shen Qingqiu’s bed… maybe it is his duty to clean it. But with his hands bound...

Luo Binghe presses his head down.

“Clean it.”

He… moves Liu Qingge’s face towards the bed, right where the…

Liu Qingge’s arms freeze up in their ties, breath catching. This is…

He doesn’t have any control over his body, with his arms bound and his cultivation sealed, and he can’t stop Luo Binghe from pressing his face into the sheets, mouth right on top of the…

He hears Shen Qingqiu's breath rush out of him, like he's been too shocked to even exhale properly, but before Shen Qingqiu can say anything, Liu Qingge opens his mouth. He steels himself, and hesitatingly…

Lets his tongue…

Luo Binghe's hand tightens triumphantly in his hair.

The hand on the back of his head rubs his face into the bed, so that some of the come smears onto his face. Liu Qingge makes a noise of protest, but keeps cleaning Shen Qingqiu's bed, mouth willing.

Shen Qingqiu makes a small, unidentifiable noise next to him, and Liu Qingge feels a warmth spread through his body.

Is Shen Qingqiu... pleased... that he's taking care of the bed?

"That's enough," Luo Binghe says after a minute or so, pulling him back upright so that Liu Qingge is kneeling on the bed. He's facing where Shen Qingqiu is seated, but he keeps his eyes averted. He can't look at him, with his face like this. He can feel the stickiness of his own…

His face heats. His spent cock gamely tries to get back in the game.

Luo Binghe roughly moves him, and lays down in front of him, face up, his head almost in Shen Qingqiu's lap. His hands take Liu Qingge by the waist. His huge cock, still hard, stands proudly, impatient.

“Now ride it,” he says, and pulls Liu Qingge forward to straddle his cock.

Liu Qingge almost falls forward at the tug, balance lost to his bound arms, and is only propped upright by Luo Binghe’s strong hands. His thighs are trembling, his face red; with his cultivation blocked, he has only the strength of his own muscles to hold him up, and that’s been sapped by the embarrassingly fast orgasm he just had. Being made to… to clean afterwards… hadn’t helped him at all, either.

But regardless, there’s no way he’s going to fuck himself on Luo Binghe’s cock like he keeps trying to get him to do.

He shakes his head, eyes still closed. Luo Binghe just laughs, and his hands lift him bodily by the waist, positioning him over his cock.

He lets go with one hand, to instead hold his cock in place, and the other hand guides Liu Qingge down slowly onto him, weight shakily supported on his legs. Liu Qingge hisses out a breath.

He just came! Go a little slower, demon!

But his cock doesn’t seem to have gotten the message, because it’s already filling again. When Luo Binghe has finally guided him down to sit full on his hips, cock stretching him wide open, Liu Qingge’s cock rests on Luo Binghe’s abs, already half hard.

Like this, he can’t hide anything; the way that his body is reacting is perfectly on display. His face heats at how the rope tying his arms behind his back makes his back arch, pushing his chest forward.

This is going to be bad.

Luo Binghe grinds his hips slowly and filthily inside him, one hand coming up to slowly drag over Liu Qingge's exposed chest. Liu QIngge tries to keep himself from squirming, but the lack of arms to balance himself with makes him sway with Luo Binghe's movement, and he can barely catch himself. He has to rely on Luo Binghe's hand on his hip to support him.

This is very bad.

"Shizun's work is so beautiful," Luo Binghe says, hand smoothing along the ropes across Liu Qingge's chest. He rolls his hips lazily up into him, rocking him forward, so that Liu Qingge's chest is forced to press against his hand.

Liu Qingge feels his face heat up, as Luo Binghe idly trails his fingers around a nipple.

Playing with his chest like this… right in front of…

He desperately wishes he could hide his face, or at least turn away so that he's not directly facing both people on the bed. But there's nothing he can do, bound like this.

A shiver runs through him at the thought. The only control he has is choosing to keep his eyes closed, so that he doesn't see anyone looking at him.

His cock, resting on Luo Binghe's stomach, is now fully hard.

Luo Binghe rolls his hips into him again, hand on his waist pressing him down into it. The excessive amounts of oil he used while fingering him makes his cock slick, and it slides easily inside Liu Qingge, despite the stretch.

“Fast or slow, Shizun?” he asks, and Liu Qingge shivers.

“Binghe,” Shen Qingqiu’s voice sighs resignedly, and Liu Qingge hears a soft noise, as though he’s stroking Luo Binghe’s hair.

Luo Binghe’s breath catches, and his next thrust up into Liu Qingge is harder.

“Ah,” Liu Qingge says, despite himself.

The angle like this is really merciless; there’s nothing he can do to stop Luo Binghe’s cock from hitting exactly where it needs to go.

Luo Binghe’s hand tightens on his hip, and his other one falls from his chest to grab the other side. His fingers are tight, tight enough that Liu Qingge feels the first bruises of today starting to form, as Luo Binghe bodily lifts him and starts to fuck him, bound and helpless, straddling his dick.

Liu Qingge loses track of time when Luo Binghe keeps hitting the spot inside him on every single stroke, loses track of his voice, can’t control how his legs spread to let him sink down as far as possible. The pain of Luo Binghe’s fingers on his waist heightens the sensation of his cock deep inside him, and he can hear the moans tumbling from his lips.

His cock is heavy, slapping against Luo Binghe's taut stomach each time he slams him down. After a certain point, he can't remember to keep his eyes closed, and they blink open to see his own cock, slick with precome, bouncing over Luo Binghe's strong waist.

He immediately shuts them again, before he can look up and see Luo Binghe's face. He doesn't want to know what expression he's making. Probably a self-satisfied one, and Liu Qingge wouldn't even be able to school his face into a glare, he's too worked up. He can already hear Luo Binghe's small, smug noises that he makes, especially when Liu Qingge forgets himself and rolls his hips into the push of his cock.

He even less would be able to deal with seeing the face of the third person in bed, who must be still sitting quietly, pristine and unaffected, near Luo Binghe's head.

Maybe his hand is stroking Luo Binghe's hair, still? The way it touched Liu Qingge's, when…

Liu Qingge hears an embarrassingly loud noise make it out of his throat, and immediately bites his lip.

It's not normal to be ready to come again this fast, right?

Luo Binghe must sense something, because one of his hands comes off Liu Qingge's hips, leaving deep indents, and lightly traces his cock, hips rocking into him at the same time.

Liu Qingge feels himself leak an embarrassing amount of precome from just that light touch, and blinks his eyes open to see himself drip onto Luo Binghe's abs.

His face flushes, but he doesn't close his eyes this time, just keeps them trained down, watching the precome leak out of him.

Luo Binghe laughs lowly, and his large, graceful hand wraps around Liu Qingge's cock, starting to stroke. Now, Liu Qingge shuts his eyes, not able to handle the visual, as Luo Binghe's hand works him skillfully.

"Liu Shishu is almost ready to come," Luo Binghe says, thumb rubbing over the head. "Even from being touched so little? And after having come right before?"

This demon is mocking him! You try getting taken like this, Luo Binghe, see how long you last!

How is Liu Qingge supposed to measure himself against demon stamina, anyway? This man has fucked three orgasms in a row out of people, it's too much! When is he going to come?!

"Go ahead, Liu Shishu, this disciple will find another way to finish," Luo Binghe says.

Liu Qingge grits his teeth. Mocking him for not being able to last, now?

"You-" Liu Qingge gets out, but it doesn't sound at all like he meant it to. He sounds… desperate and needy, like someone who's aching to be allowed to come.

He directs a glare at Luo Binghe, whose eyes flash in victory. Luo Binghe's hand starts doing something completely unreasonable to the

head of his cock, and Liu Qingge feels his whole body start to shudder.

Is this the way that Luo Binghe had touched-

He isn't able to finish the thought, because even just the beginning of it is too much. With all the pressure inside him and the slide of the huge hand on his cock, he can't help but fall right over the edge into another orgasm, needy noises escaping him as he tightens involuntarily around Luo Binghe.

He distantly hears Luo Binghe groan, as though he's also right at the edge. He knows that Luo Binghe hasn't finished, though, because he remembers exactly how much come he put into him that first time; there's no way he would miss it if he did that again.

He'd better not, Liu Qingge thinks, a rush of heat going through him, even as the aftershocks of his orgasm punch a few more gasps out of him. He hasn't let Luo Binghe come in him since that first time; he has to keep his dignity somehow!

His legs are trembling hard enough, though, that he wouldn't be able to do anything even if Luo Binghe decided to keep fucking him through the painful overstimulation. He half hopes he will, even though he knows that his chances of being able to walk tomorrow are already miniscule.

But Luo Binghe, as contrary as always, grinds his cock inside Liu Qingge only a few more times before lifting him up by the hips to pull out.

"Liu Shishu certainly made a mess," he says, and Liu Qingge opens his eyes to see that the evidence of his orgasm is all over Luo Binghe's stomach. His face heats.

Luo Binghe wouldn't ask him to…

"This disciple will have to rely on Shishu," Luo Binghe says, and a hand tugs Liu Qingge down by the hair, until his face is brushing Luo Binghe's abs, coated in come.

The tip of Luo Binghe's cock brushes against Liu Qingge's throat, and he swallows.

His head feels hazy and loose with pleasure; his mouth is watering again.

He can't convince himself not to.

He parts his lips, and lets his tongue tentatively lick across Luo Binghe's defined abs. They twitch under him, and Luo Binghe shifts his hips. "Harder," he says.

Liu Qingge lets his eyes fall closed, and starts methodically licking him clean, trying to apply more pressure with his tongue. It seems to satisfy Luo Binghe, who tightens his hand in Liu Qingge's hair in reward, as his hand moves on his cock.

"Yes," Luo Binghe says, breath coming heavy and fast. Liu Qingge keeps his eyes closed, face hot. He can hear Luo Binghe's hand on his cock, right next to Liu Qingge's face.

"*Yes*," Luo Binghe says, as Liu Qingge licks up a stripe from his stomach, and his hand yanks Liu Qingge up by the hair, and forces his

mouth down onto his cock.

Liu Qingge can't muffle the groan that comes out of him, as his lips and tongue stretch sloppily to accommodate him. Luo Binghe is leaking heavily onto his tongue, the taste slightly different from his own. He scrambles to seal his lips around him, trying to provide suction and barely managing to cover his teeth as Luo Binghe uses his hair to drag him up and down, other hand working fast on the parts of his cock that don't fit.

The weight of the cock in his mouth stretches his jaw, and there's no way to muffle the wet, filthy noises that Luo Binghe's cock makes sliding in and out of him. Liu Qingge realizes, through the pleasant haze, that Luo Binghe is probably about to come, and that he'll probably come in his mouth if he doesn't pull off. He hears himself moan- moaning around Luo Binghe's cock?! What is he doing?!- right before Luo Binghe shoves him down further than he's gone before, and- just like he predicted- finishes, hard, inside him.

Liu Qingge feels his whole body instantly go warm at the feeling, even as Luo Binghe pulls him back up by the hair, hand still working like mad on his cock, and continues coming.

Liu Qingge feels wetness hit his face, and blinks his eyes open in surprise.

What is-

His face heats, as Luo Binghe's cock twitches in front of him, and shoots yet more come. This guy… he's still coming?! And on…!

Liu Qingge closes his eyes just in time to avoid getting come in them, as Luo Binghe's cock releases on his eyelashes and hair. Luo Binghe

makes a small noise of satisfaction, and the hand on Liu Qingge's hair releases, going up above his head, from the sound of it.

Liu Qingge keeps his eyes resolutely closed, so that he doesn't have to see Luo Binghe holding Shen Qingqiu's pristine, undirtied hand, while Liu Qingge lies with his head between Luo Binghe's legs, face covered in two people's come.

If he hadn't already come twice, his body would be trying to keep going. As it is now, though, it's useless.

Luo Binghe's hand works on himself for a last few strokes, come dripping out of his cock in a few more spurts before he's satisfied. Liu Qingge remains where he is, unmoving, despite Luo Binghe's hand being removed, as Luo Binghe pants his way through his orgasm.

When Luo Binghe has reached his end, he takes his hand- wet with his own come- and brushes it roughly along Liu Qingge's cheek, the gesture almost affectionate, despite the mess it leaves.

Chapter End Notes

MORE ART???????? YOU ALL SPOIL ME???!!!!!!!!!!!!!

twitter.com/wgwaifu/status/1118703812796133376

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

> short chapter, but i wanted to give u guys the cute aftercare to go with the last part ;) big shoutout to every single one of u commenting w ideas and reactions you guys make my LIFE i love u allllllll

“Binghe, help me hold him up,” Shen Qingqiu’s even voice comes. Liu Qingge, mind hazy, feels Luo Binghe’s hands take him by the shoulders and lift him up, propping him against his chest.

His head rests against Luo Binghe’s shoulder without any conscious thought, mindless of the mess on his face, his breath moving slowly in and out. He vaguely feels hands come to the ties on his wrists behind him, gently working them loose; the feeling of freedom makes his skin light on fire almost unpleasantly, but the hands smooth over his skin reassuringly, and the heat becomes a comforting warmth.

He stays there, breathing steadily into Luo Binghe’s shoulder, as the hands work their way along the length of his arms, pressing against him comfortingly as he’s freed, and guiding his arms to rest by his sides once they’re unbound. His shoulders flex, trembling slightly, as his arms lay loose by his side, resting against Luo Binghe’s body.

“Hold him up a little?” the voice says softly behind him, and he feels himself moved backwards a bit.

He makes a small objecting noise, and tries to lean back into the warmth of the body in front of him, wanting to press his face and chest back against it.

“Cuddly?” comes a laughing voice from in front of him, but it sounds somewhat affectionate, so Liu Qingge doesn’t bother to think about it.

“Just wait a moment, shidi,” the voice behind him says, the hands coming around to his front. “Let me undo these.”

The knots slowly fall away, and by the end, lack of restriction around his chest leaves him feeling loose and unmoored, despite the comforting press of hands against him as each knot is undone. When he’s finally completely freed, the hands let him sway back forward, to press chest to chest against the warm body in front of him, eyes still

closed.

“Hm,” the voice behind him says consideringly.

Liu Qingge feels like he won’t be able to ever consider anything again; his mind is completely empty.

“A moment,” the voice says, and a shifting on the bed, as though-

Is Shen Qingqiu getting up?

Liu Qingge makes a soft noise of distress, hand reaching out behind himself without intending to, but Luo Binghe catches it and presses it against his chest. His grip is… much more gentle than usual.

“He’s coming back,” Luo Binghe says, still sounding as though he’s laughing.

Liu Qingge shifts unhappily against him, but just as Luo Binghe said, within a few seconds, the bed dips again with Shen Qingqiu’s weight.

“I’ll do it, Shizun,” Luo Binghe says, deep voice resonating against Liu Qingge’s chest, but Shen Qingqiu shakes his head behind him.

“Just turn him around for me, Binghe?” he says, and Luo Binghe lets out a small sigh, as though mostly for show, and manhandles Liu Qingge around in his arms to rest with his back against him.

Liu Qingge feels a hand, gentle on his forehead, brushing his hair to the side, and then the coolness of a washcloth, wiping gently at his face. He slowly blinks his eyes open, and sees Shen Qingqiu in front of him.

Shen Qingqiu smiles softly at him, and continues to wipe his face. Liu Qingge lets his eyes fall back closed, breathing out shakily.

He feels like he might cry.

“How is Liu Shidi feeling?” Shen Qingqiu asks conversationally, hand still gentle on his face. Liu Qingge can’t answer, but he thinks he’s feeling…

...Good.

Excellent, in fact.

He’s… really happy?

Shen Qingqiu continues after a moment, voice serene, as though not receiving an answer was what he expected. “Liu Shidi can stay here tonight, if he wishes.”

“Shizun!” Luo Binghe’s voice comes, surprised, from behind him.

Shen Qingqiu shushes him affectionately, washcloth cleaning the strands of Liu Qingge’s hair that were messed. “Binghe certainly doesn’t think we can send him home like this?”

Shen Qingqiu props Liu Qingge’s face up with a cool, gentle hand, so that he can reach the places that he needs to. Liu Qingge knows that he shouldn’t, but he lets himself lean slightly into Shen Qingqiu’s hand.

Just for a moment.

“Shizun,” Luo Binghe says forlornly, and Liu Qingge blinks his eyes open as he feels Shen Qingqiu’s hair trail across him, as Shen Qingqiu leans over him to press a quick kiss against Luo Binghe’s mouth.

“Binghe may stay as well, of course,” Shen Qingqiu says, sitting back, and Liu Qingge can’t look away from the gentle smile on his face.

Liu Qingge wakes a few hours later, the sky still almost completely dark. He can only dimly see the contents of the room from the faint dawn light coming through the window. His cheek is pillowed on a muscular shoulder, that appears to be...

Liu Qingge goes to instinctively jerk away, but Luo Binghe’s arm tightens around him.

“Don’t wake Shizun,” Luo Binghe says quietly.

Liu Qingge casts his eyes across Luo Binghe’s chest, and indeed, sees a dark head, hair elegantly splayed out, resting on the other side of Luo Binghe’s pectorals, turned away from both of them.

He goes to speak, but stops himself. Breathes out huskily, instead, and untenses his body, cautiously letting his head begin to settle. There’s nowhere to lay it besides Luo Binghe’s chest, so after a brief internal debate, he lets it rest there.

Neither he or Luo Binghe speak, but the silence doesn’t feel as

awkward as he had imagined. He lets his eyes rest on the dark sweep of Shen Qingqiu's hair, the curve of his shoulder into his waist.

He doesn't need to sleep much, and he imagines that Luo Binghe sleeps even less than he does. They lie in a quiet cease-fire, Liu Qingge feeling the rise and fall of the chest beneath him, as the room slowly brightens over the next few hours.

The morning light has almost reached the bed by the time that Shen Qingqiu stirs. He blinks his eyes slowly open, shifting his head slightly where it rests on Luo Binghe's chest. His whole back is warm with the heat that Luo Binghe always gives off, but unlike usual, he's not overheated; there's no arm slung across his waist.

Shen Qingqiu sleepily rubs his face against Luo Binghe's shoulder before eventually turning over. When he does, it takes him a moment to open his eyes, and when he does, he sees…

Liu Qingge, looking at him with an expression on his face he's never seen on him before.

That's right, he had told him to stay here. Then Luo Binghe had insisted on sleeping in the middle, and by the time everyone was all arranged, it was late enough that Shen Qingqiu had just dropped off to sleep, leaving…

He glances up and sees Luo Binghe watching him, eyes soft. Leaving Liu Qingge in Luo Binghe's care, apparently.

"Good morning, Shizun," Luo Binghe says with a small smile. His arm comes up to gently stroke the back of Shen Qingqiu's head where it rests against him.

Shen Qingqiu makes a noise of acknowledgement, and glances at Liu Qingge again, who's still looking at him. He appears to also be… resting his head on one of Luo Binghe's shoulders.

Well. Isn't that interesting.

The look on Liu Qingge's face from earlier has disappeared, and he glances away when Shen Qingqiu looks at him, but he seems relaxed.

"Good morning," Shen Qingqiu says to both of them.

Liu Qingge glances at him in acknowledgement, and Luo Binghe's hand continues to stroke his head.

This is… much more relaxed than he'd have predicted, if he'd thought this through before offering to let them both sleep in his bed. It would be very easy for Luo Binghe to move Liu Qingge off him and roll over to put his back to him, blocking his view of Shen Qingqiu, but he appears to be… not doing that.

Shen Qingqiu figures that he should reassure Liu Qingge anyway, since this is all new to him. As far as he knows, this could be the first time Liu Qingge has ever shared a bed with anyone. He certainly has trouble picturing Liu Qingge sleeping with anyone.

Sleeping next to anyone, that is. He has enough images of Liu Qingge sleeping with one specific person that he could write a whole Resentment of Chunshan style book based off it.

He clears his throat. "Shixiong is glad that Liu Shidi stayed," he says, reaching his hand over to gently fix Liu Qingge's hair. The look from before returns to Liu Qingge's face, and his mouth works, but he doesn't say anything.

Shen Qingqiu lets his hand linger, trying to get all the loose strands. Luo Binghe really did a number on Liu Qingge's hair last night; it's completely disordered.

Luo Binghe makes a small noise of discontent, and his hand that lies under Liu Qingge's head comes up to rest on Shen Qingqiu's where it smooths over Liu Qingge's hair.

This jealous disciple... Shen Qingqiu is literally lying in his arms, but he still wants to hold hands?

Shen Qingqiu doesn't really mind though, and he lets Luo Binghe lace their fingers together, the weight of his hand pulling Shen Qingqiu's a little further down, to rest on Liu Qingge's face.

Thoughtless, Shen Qingqiu idly smooths his thumb over the flawless skin of Liu Qingge's cheek. As expected of the peerless beauty's older brother- his face is not only stunning to look at, but soft and smooth to touch.

His gaze goes back to Liu Qingge, who is watching him, eyes slightly wide.

“Oh! Sorry, Shidi,” Shen Qingqiu says, going to take his hand back. He just started feeling up his face without thinking about it!

Luo Binghe’s hand, though, intertwined with his, doesn’t let him retract. He directs a look at his troublesome apprentice, intending to scold him, but Liu Qingge speaks.

“It’s fine,” he says quietly. Shen Qingqiu looks back at him, and sees that his eyes are closed.

Liu Qingge actually brushes his face lightly into Shen Qingqiu’s hand, almost like he’s seeking a caress, before opening his eyes again.

Shen Qingqiu meets his gaze, and smiles. Hand held in Luo Binghe’s, he lets his thumb brush Liu Qingge’s cheek once more.

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

> oh my god guys YES tell me all about what you want to see and what you think their motivations are i am LIVING for ur opinions!!!!!!!!!!!!

Liu Qingge has had sex with Luo Binghe at least six times since the incident with the Immortal Binding Cable, but Luo Binghe has not tried to tie him up again. He'll hold him down, he'll fuck him hard while leaving bruises until Liu Qingge is seeing stars, but he hasn't tried to bind him.

Liu Qingge is completely certain that he's doing it on purpose; that he's trying to make Liu Qingge ask for it.

As if he would!

Liu Qingge just bites his lip and makes do each time with the weight of Luo Binghe's body on him, the pressure of his hands on his waist and around his wrists, the electrifying feeling of pain when his fingers dig into him. He's certainly not a coward, and he can outlast any obstacle. He can make it through this without giving in, without asking for... for...

If he sometimes remembers what it had been like when he was bound and completely unable to move- no way to resist all the things Luo Binghe did to him- how his lack of cultivation left his body shivering, unable to control itself- how wet his cock was, how hard it made him come… well, the other two can't tell what he's thinking, so he lets his thoughts go where they will.

Shen Qingqiu invites him to stay the night a few more times- usually when Luo Binghe takes an extra long time fucking him, and leaves Liu

Qingge feeling slightly wobbly- and Liu Qingge always accepts. Luo Binghe maneuvers his way into the middle of the bed every time, but Liu Qingge thinks it's probably for the best; like this, there's less chance of him embarrassing himself while half-asleep and doing or saying something he can't take back.

He thinks he might die, if he accidentally put his arm around Shen Qingqiu while sleeping.

But all in all, he's been having a very reasonable time, even through Luo Binghe's deliberate, tormenting obliviousness to how much better it would be if he just…

Well.

Today, Luo Binghe is still not taking out any cable, but he is holding some type of cloth in his hand.

It looks like… a hair ribbon?

Liu Qingge looks at it where it rests in Luo Binghe's hand, and looks up at him flatly.

"What's that," he says.

It certainly would not be effective in restraining him; he would rip through it in less than a few seconds.

"You'll find out," Luo Binghe says, annoyingly. He's being vague on

purpose, to frustrate Liu Qingge.

“Get down on your knees.”

Liu Qingge narrows his eyes. This man… he loves to give orders that he knows Liu Qingge will refuse.

“Binghe could learn some restraint,” Shen Qingqiu says with a light sigh. He stands at Luo Binghe’s side, fan tapping gently at his lips.

He is… closer than he usually is, when Liu Qingge and Luo Binghe do this.

“If Liu Shishu doesn’t wish to use this, he doesn’t have to kneel,” Luo Binghe says, smug smile barely hidden.

If he really thinks he can goad Liu Qingge into kneeling for him, just by taunting him like this…

Yes, obviously he’s curious about his plans for the hair ribbon, but not curious enough to- to just-

Liu Qingge huffs a breath out impatiently, shifting his weight. Luo Binghe is still standing in front of him, hand with the ribbon outstretched- closer than he would let him normally stand, when they’re not doing anything- with Shen Qingqiu right by his side.

Liu Qingge risks a glance at Shen Qingqiu, who smiles when he meets his eyes.

He quickly looks away.

“Impertinent,” he says, but he doesn’t move away.

“Great,” Luo Binghe says, interpreting it as assent. He’s correct, of course, but it rankles Liu Qingge that he can tell so easily.

“Hold his hair, Shizun?” Luo Binghe says, and Liu Qingge feels a shiver run through his body as Shen Qingqiu brushes his hair back from his face, moving the bangs out of the way.

“What-” he says, as Luo Binghe raises the ribbon towards his face, and then he immediately closes his mouth.

They… he wants to…

Liu Qingge swallows, as the ribbon pauses in front of his eyes. He breathes out for a moment, and then deliberately closes his eyes.

The ribbon comes to rest, cool and smooth, over his lids, and Luo Binghe runs his hands along the sides of his head on his way to tie it in the back.

When Shen Qingqiu lets his hair fall back where it rests naturally, he runs his hand softly down the line of his bangs, brushing his face.

Liu Qingge’s cheeks heat.

He can't… see… what's going to happen. He can't tell what Luo Binghe and Shen Qingqiu are doing in front of him, can't feel their touch. He raises a hand, a little hesitantly, and Luo Binghe takes him by the back of his bicep, uses it to pull him forward a quarter step. Now he's close enough that he can almost feel the brush of warmth from Luo Binghe's body in front of him.

Where was Shen Qingqiu standing? Is he equally close?

Luo Binghe hums, running his thumb along Liu Qingge's jaw. He lets it brush over his bottom lip, pulling at it slightly. Liu Qingge turns his head to the side in affront, even as his face heats.

This guy… he really thinks he can just put his hands wherever he wants.

Insolent.

Luo Binghe makes a pleased noise. "Go ahead," he says, voice low. Liu Qingge can hear the smile in it.

"Get on your knees."

Liu Qingge's face heats further.

He can't just… Luo Binghe can't just ask him to…!

“Go down, or I’ll make you,” Luo Binghe says conversationally, hand trailing idly up the center of Liu Qingge’s chest. Liu Qingge’s hands twitch at his side.

This would be a lot easier if he couldn’t use his hands… then, he’d have no choice but to…

“You can try,” he says, voice sharp.

His neck feels hot.

“Mm,” Luo Binghe says, pleased. His hands trail up Liu Qingge’s shoulders, barely any pressure, and around to the back of his neck. Up his jaw, to his chin, and then down the line of his throat. Liu Qingge represses a shiver.

But Luo Binghe’s hands don’t become forceful, they just keep moving lightly over his body, coming back down to his clothed chest. They trail over his pecs, and a thumb comes to slowly rub over one nipple through the layers of robes.

“Stop that,” Liu Qingge murmurs, swaying back slightly. It doesn’t move him far enough to take him away from Luo Binghe’s touch.

“Shishu seems to like having his chest touched at other times, though,” Luo Binghe says, knuckles instead grazing down his sides to his hips, where he lets his hands splay, still light.

“That-” Liu Qingge says, biting his lip. It’s really distracting that he can’t see what Luo Binghe is doing, can’t read his intent before he acts on it. His hands are tracing lightly up Liu Qingge’s spine now, and Liu

Qingge feels his whole body heating.

His hands stay at his sides, fingers twitching slightly. He doesn't know what to do with them.

Luo Binghe huffs a laugh. "Want something to hold onto?" he says, and he takes both of Liu Qingge's hands, gathering them to his chest. He presses them into the deep indent between his pecs, then moves his arms to enclose Liu Qingge again, so his hands can continue lightly tracing his back.

Liu Qingge feels himself heating up. Why is he being… held, like this? This feels…

With no sight, his sensitivity to touch is greatly increased. He sometimes doesn't pay attention to how large Luo Binghe's body is, but like this, he can't help but notice the difference in height, the heaviness of his biceps where they brush against Liu Qingge's arms. Liu Qingge's head faces down slightly, towards his hands, which twitch on Luo Binghe's chest. His fingers stay curled.

He certainly won't… won't rest his hands flush against Luo Binghe's defined chest, like some protagonist of a romance novel.

The light touch of Luo Binghe's hands on his back is lighting up his skin; he feels like he needs to shift, to get movement, pressure, something, against himself.

"Would Shishu like to be made to kneel now?" Luo Binghe asks, tone smug.

If Liu Qingge was capable of killing him, he would have been dead three months ago.

Luo Binghe's hands get slightly heavier on his back, as though giving him a taste of what he could have.

Liu Qingge hesitates. If he starts being aggressive and pushing Luo Binghe now, Luo Binghe will definitely use force to put him on his knees.

He… likes the idea.

But if he does that after letting Luo Binghe feel him up with no objection right before... isn't he obviously asking to be pushed down?

His face heats up a little.

Too obvious.

He's stuck.

"Would Shishu like some incentive?" Luo Binghe says, breath hot against his ear. His hands trail down to press gently against the curves of Liu Qingge's ass.

Liu Qingge muffles a small noise that tries to escape. This is humiliating! He's getting felt up like this, and it's so slow that he can't pretend he's not letting it happen!

His fingers twitch, curling slightly in the open collar of Luo Binghe's robe. What can he do?

Luo Binghe removes one hand from Liu Qingge's rear, the remaining hand rubbing slowly up and down. Liu Qingge can barely stop himself from shifting, embarrassment making him want to move his weight either backwards into the hand or forwards into Luo Binghe's chest, to get away from it.

It only takes a moment before there's a slight rustling noise, and fingers come to rest on Liu Qingge's lips. Liu Qingge, face hot, lets his lips part slightly.

The fingers brush over his lips, more... hesitant…? than usual, before slowly pushing in to graze his teeth.

Liu Qingge lets his jaw open slightly further, so that one finger can slowly and gently dip between his teeth, meeting the tip of his tongue. He lets his tongue move against it, light and soft, face hot.

He hears a small intake of breath, but it's not from Luo Binghe in front of him.

The fingers twitch on his mouth.

Liu Qingge immediately feels his whole body go still. These fingers are…

Now that he stops to think about it, the one in his mouth is thinner

than what he usually…

His whole body immediately goes hot, hands twitching on Luo Binghe's robe as he ineffectively tries to hold back a shudder. His lips part further, without his intent, encouraging a second finger to gently dip in beside the first.

His face feels like it's going to light on fire.

His hand, kept by his side this whole time, now moves, reaching to find Luo Binghe's elbow, and traces along his arm to find his hand. Unsurprisingly, Luo Binghe's hand is holding an elegant, clothed wrist.

Luo Binghe is guiding Shen Qingqiu to… to…

Liu Qingge's mouth is very wet, and his throat works as he swallows. He lets his mouth open further, and dips his head forward slightly, to take the fingers a little deeper.

He hears Shen Qingqiu's breath catch again.

He sucks, softly, on the fingers in his mouth, letting his tongue slide gently against them. He's very careful to stay in control. He will *not* get ahead of himself, won't humiliate himself by moaning and taking Shen Qingqiu's fingers as deep as he can, won't drive his head down onto them until he's drooling around them. The poised Shen Qingqiu deserves perfect control from him.

His fingers stay resting lightly on Luo Binghe's wrist, to feel his connection to Shen Qingqiu's hand, and he's rewarded by a flex of Luo Binghe's wrist that gently pushes Shen Qingqiu's fingers into his

mouth.

He feels himself shiver.

“Shizun’s hand looks so beautiful like this,” Luo Binghe says, and Liu Qingge feels the fingers in his mouth draw out slightly, before being pushed back in, deeper than they were the time before, obviously moved by Luo Binghe. They’re only going in a little past the first knuckle, but he wants them deep enough to make him choke.

His eyelashes flutter under the blindfold. His breath is speeding up.

Luo Binghe’s free hand is still gently moving along his back, tracing up and down his spine before following the curve of his ass to palm it fully. But even though his hand finally supplies more than the light, teasing touches he’s been giving, it’s only for a split second, before he begins trailing it tauntingly along the inside of Liu Qingge’s legs, without touching anywhere that really wants to be touched.

Liu Qingge can barely pay that any attention, though, because his mouth is hypersensitive, the soft slide of Shen Qingqiu’s fingers in his mouth driving all other thoughts out of his head.

Is this what Luo Binghe gets to do all the time?

He feels lightheaded imagining the privilege.

“Liu Shishu looks happy,” Luo Binghe’s voice says. “Is he enjoying himself?”

Liu Qingge breathes out unsteadily.

The fingers in his mouth withdraw almost completely, though he can't tell without his sight whether it's by Luo Binghe's choice or Shen Qingqiu's.

Not being able to see really is…

"How is it, Shishu?" Luo Binghe's voice says lowly.

One of the fingers lightly brushes back and forth on his lower lip.

That… must be Shen Qingqiu. Luo Binghe wouldn't be able to move just the tip of a finger like that, so Shen Qingqiu must be the one doing this to him.

Liu Qingge's face is hot. Luo Binghe's hand is still teasing its way along his back; his distressingly solid arm still encircles Liu Qingge's body.

Liu Qingge's jaw works as he swallows, and he feels the hand on his mouth move with him.

"...Good," he says. "It's good."

His whole body feels like it's on fire. Luo Binghe didn't even need to ask twice, and Liu Qingge just blurted out his answer like…

“Are you going to say thank you to Shizun, for being so generous with you?” Luo Binghe purrs silkily against his ear, hand still holding Shen Qingqiu’s so that it can only brush against Liu Qingge’s mouth.

“Binghe, he doesn’t have to…” Shen Qingqiu’s voice says, breathtakingly close. Liu Qingge swallows again.

“Perhaps there’s something else he could do, to show his appreciation,” Luo Binghe says, hand coming to rest lightly on the back of Liu Qingge’s neck. “Shizun, would you like him to suck you?”

Liu Qingge’s mind goes blank.

“ *Binghe!* ” Shen Qingqiu says loudly, but Luo Binghe continues without missing a beat. “If it’s Shizun, he’ll definitely do it,” he’s saying confidently, as Shen Qingqiu’s fingers jerk on Liu Qingge’s lips.

Liu Qingge hears a sharp inhale, as though Shen Qingqiu is about to take a breath to berate Luo Binghe, but words suddenly fall out of his mouth, cutting Shen Qingqiu off.

“I’ll do it,” he says.

Chapter 7

Embarrassingly, Liu Qingge goes down on his knees with only the gentleness of Luo Binghe's hands to guide him. He's never let himself kneel like this before without being forced to, without the excuse of Luo Binghe's power putting him down.

Shen Qingqiu's fingers stay on his lips the entire time.

"Shizun," Luo Binghe says sweetly, and Liu Qingge hears the slight rustle of fabric as he moves to the side a little. "Will Shizun come stand here?"

A beat, as though Shen Qingqiu is hesitating- is this too much for him? Was Liu Qingge too forward?- but then the space in front of him is filled with the brush of robes. The fingers move, making space for Shen Qingqiu's thumb to rest instead, heavy on Liu Qingge's lower lip.

Liu Qingge can feel his skin tingling in anticipation.

"Shizun," Luo Binghe says, and there's the sound of a soft kiss, pressed against… Shen Qingqiu's neck, perhaps?

Shen Qingqiu sighs softly.

Liu Qingge gets hard.

"Allow this disciple to help Shizun," Luo Binghe's voice says softly, and there's the sound of fabric slipping past fabric. Shen Qingqiu's…

belt?

“Binghe,” Shen Qingqiu says, a faint trace of… embarrassment? Dismay? Something else? In his voice.

Certainly not… Liu Qingge doesn’t think…

He doesn’t let the word ‘arousal’ cross his mind. He resolutely focuses on the feel on the thumb on his mouth instead, restraining himself from letting his lips part to brush his tongue against it. He settles for exhaling shakily. His breath is probably hot and wet on Shen Qingqiu’s thumb… how mortifying, that he’s panting like this just from being put on his knees and listening to Luo Binghe start to undress Shen Qingqiu in front of him.

And that Shen Qingqiu can tell.

A slight change in the air, as though Shen Qingqiu’s outer robes have fallen open. Liu Qingge hears the hiss of the fine fabric being slid off Shen Qingqiu’s shoulders, even as Shen Qingqiu’s thumb pushes absentmindedly against Liu Qingge’s lower lip. After a few sweeps of air- which must be Luo Binghe folding the robe- Liu Qingge hears the folded cloth hit the bed.

A moment later, Shen Qingqiu’s thumb jolts against his lips, as a new sound of fabric rustling comes from right near Liu Qingge’s face.

“Ah- Binghe-” Shen Qingqiu says. “At least- first-”

His thumb twitches on Liu Qingge’s mouth again.

“...Don’t ruin the fabric,” he says lowly, conceding.

“Yes, Shizun,” Luo Binghe says softly, the sound of another gentle kiss on skin coming from above Liu Qingge- and another, and another. The light sound of a hand brushing over fabric continues, at Liu Qingge’s face height.

He can’t handle thinking too strongly about what’s being touched under that fabric, so he desperately tries to focus on the thumb resting against his lips, even though he hasn’t been allowed to take it into his mouth.

Then, the added slide of Shen Qingqiu’s inner robe being opened, but not taken off his body, left to… what, to hang open around his body?

Liu Qingge hasn’t let his head rock forward to take Shen Qingqiu’s thumb in his mouth, but it’s taking most of his self-restraint. This is almost impossible to listen to, and not being able to see what he can so clearly picture is… is…

Even worse is when Liu Qingge hears the faint sound of a hand sliding across skin above him. Is Luo Binghe… is that insolent demon touching… touching Shen Qingqiu’s body, like…

Certainly not like how he touches Liu Qingge’s! Liu Qingge would jump up to kill him if he was so disrespectful to Shen Qingqiu!

His attention is suddenly and irrevocably brought to bear on a change in sound of the drag of cloth in front of him.

The rustle of fabric at the level of his head has stopped, and been replaced by… the sound of something being touched under cloth.

Shen Qingqiu's breathing gets slightly rougher.

Liu Qingge stops breathing altogether.

Luo Binghe had said that he would be allowed to suck… to… to use his mouth on Shen Qingqiu, but he's not sure whether he actually will get to. Luo Binghe hasn't so much as let him see Shen Qingqiu with his shirt off, or touch his hand, leading up to this.

On the other hand, Luo Binghe has never told Liu Qingge that he'll do something without following through. Even that first, mortifying experience, when he'd promised he would fuck him so hard that he forgot about…

Well, at any rate. Liu Qingge doesn't have any expectations either way.

But he is… curious.

Very, very curious.

But this… this is already more than Liu Qingge could have ever conceived of.

The sounds in front of him continue, as Luo Binghe mutters soft praise into Shen Qingqiu's shoulder above.

“Shizun feels so good in my hand,” Luo Binghe says, provoking a tight noise from Shen Qingqiu.

“Don’t mess the fabric,” Shen Qingqiu says, sounding… slightly desperate?

Liu Qingge exhales shakily.

“As Shizun says,” Luo Binghe murmurs, and the rustle of cloth falls away, replaced by a clearly audible slick noise.

Liu Qingge swallows to prevent spit from leaking out of the front of his mouth where Shen Qingqiu’s thumb drags his lip down. His hands clench in the fabric of his pants.

Shen Qingqiu is so close that he can faintly smell him. He smells like…

He smells like…

The scent makes Liu Qingge remember the times Luo Binghe had made him lick up his own mess, makes him remember how Luo Binghe had come into his mouth the time after that, more and more come, until Liu Qingge had coughed and spat it out, trying not to choke.

He smells like…

Like Liu Qingge wants to take him in his mouth.

“Ah- Binghe-” Shen Qingqiu says, and Liu Qingge can’t help but dip his head to press an openmouthed kiss against the pad of Shen Qingqiu’s thumb, as restrained as he can manage; he doesn’t even take it into his mouth.

But even that is enough to excite Luo Binghe to interfere, apparently. The light sound of the hand on Shen Qingqiu’s chest stops, and a moment later, a hand presses itself into Liu Qingge’s hair.

No, not a hand; two hands, intertwined.

Luo Binghe has guided Shen Qingqiu into grabbing Liu Qingge’s hair, and this time, his touch is not gentle.

He forces Shen Qingqiu’s hand to close, hard, around Liu Qingge’s unbound hair, yanking at it to make him lean back slightly.

“Binghe!” Shen Qingqiu says, his normally smooth voice slightly raspy. “Don’t be so rough!”

“He likes it, Shizun,” Luo Binghe says, voice hot. His fingers force Shen Qingqiu’s to wrap around Liu Qingge’s hair, and they twitch against Liu Qingge’s scalp.

“You should still ask!” Shen Qingqiu says, sounding scandalized.

“Tell him it’s fine,” Luo Binghe says breathlessly, other hand

quickening its motion on Shen Qingqiu's cock.

The blindfold across Liu Qingge's eyes makes it easier, in a way, for him to say it.

His body is hot with how much he wants to respond.

"It's fine," he immediately says, voice catching slightly.

Oh no.

That came out… much more readily than he thought it would.

His face gets even hotter. He's going to lose all his dignity today.

Shen Qingqiu makes a small noise, and Luo Binghe breathes heavily into his shoulder above Liu Qingge.

"Open your mouth," Luo Binghe orders, and Liu Qingge does immediately. The hands intertwined in his hair force his head forward, until he can almost taste Shen Qingqiu in front of him.

"Does Shizun think he deserves it?" Luo Binghe says, voice low.

" *Binghe,* " Shen Qingqiu says, a little desperately, and Liu Qingge can't stop himself from making a small, helpless noise.

“Hold still,” Luo Binghe murmurs, and Liu Qingge stays perfectly still as Luo Binghe’s fingers join Shen Qingqiu’s thumb on his lip.

His fingers taste of…

He knows he can’t lick them to taste it fully. Luo Binghe would just withdraw them, and mock him for his impatience. His face heats just thinking about it.

He exhales carefully, trying not to let the shudder in his body work its way to his neck and shoulders. And he waits.

Luo Binghe’s fingers slide off his lips slightly, and his thumb slides back, away and back again, as though… as though…

Liu Qingge’s face heats. As though he’s working his hand up and down as he was before. Liu Qingge’s lips are probably mere inches away from…

And with his mouth open, Luo Binghe’s thumb gets more bold, moving from brushing his lips to pressing against his tongue with each stroke. Liu Qingge can taste the slight bitterness on it, and he swallows almost desperately, not letting his mouth close.

Luo Binghe continues, the sound in front of Liu Qingge slick, and after an indeterminate amount of time, Liu Qingge feels a pressure on his tongue, momentarily broader, and his mind leaves his body.

That- that’s-

He can't stop the soft noise that comes out of his mouth, and he hears Shen Qingqiu breathe out shakily above him.

His fingers twist in the cloth of his pants, as fire crawls up his neck. He's really getting to-

"Hold still," Luo Binghe reminds him, and Liu Qingge barely prevents himself from moaning embarrassingly.

Shen Qingqiu's breathing above him is slightly fast, and this time, when the heavy head of a cock presses against Liu Qingge's tongue, it leaves a trail of precome.

It takes every shred of Liu Qingge's self-restraint to hold himself still in the next few minutes, as Luo Binghe leisurely rubs the head of Shen Qingqiu's cock against Liu Qingge's tongue.

Luo Binghe allows him to lick only a few times, and instructs him each time- "lean forward and stroke the underside with your tongue-" "lightly only, on the head-" and doesn't allow Liu Qingge to take him in his mouth.

Can this be satisfying for Shen Qingqiu? Is Luo Binghe trying to torment Liu Qingge, by not allowing him to give a good showing of himself??

But the amount of precome that leaks into his mouth reassures him that something about this must be pleasant for Shen Qingqiu. Liu Qingge focuses on holding still and taking full advantage of the small moves he's allowed to make, even as the intertwined hands in his hair control his movement.

Finally, after what seems like an eternity, Luo Binghe speaks.

“So obedient,” he says smugly.

Liu Qingge feels his ears heat, but he keeps his head where it is, mouth open despite the spit that threatens to drip out of it.

Suck,” Luo Binghe says, and Liu Qingge’s head is guided forward, allowing him to- to take-

He muffles a gasp, as his lips finally get to press closed around the head of Shen Qingqiu’s cock. The hands in his hair prevent him from taking anything more than the head, but getting to feel the whole width- the stretch, the heat against his lips-

He’s suddenly grateful for the hands in his hair, because without them, he would probably sway forward, trying to take the rest of it. As it is, the tightness of Luo Binghe’s fingers, wrapped around Shen Qingqiu’s, serve as a reminder to stay where he’s put.

But just like this is fine. He can finally let his tongue fully taste the precome, can lick at the head of his cock within the circle of his lips- even though Luo Binghe hasn’t told him to- can start to suck at the head.

“Shizun,” Luo Binghe is saying, and Liu Qingge hears a soft gasp from above him, that comes in time with the motion of his mouth, as Luo Binghe no doubt… kisses him again? Bites him gently on the neck, more careful than he’s ever been with Liu Qingge?

Liu Qingge is unable to control the shiver that runs through him, his

mouth wet around Shen Qingqiu's cock.

"Mm, Shizun," Luo Binghe says again, and the cock in Liu Qingge's mouth suddenly thrusts a few inches forward.

Liu Qingge freezes, startled, as Shen Qingqiu makes an undignified noise.

"Binghe!" Shen Qingqiu says, a soft sound of fabric moving above Liu Qingge. Liu Qingge can only assume that Luo Binghe must be standing behind him, strong arms wrapped around him like they were with Liu Qingge earlier, one hand on Liu Qingge's head and the other holding Shen Qingqiu's cock.

Like that, logically, his hips would be lined up right behind Shen Qingqiu's.

"Just like that, Shizun, he likes it," Luo Binghe says, and Liu Qingge feels Shen Qingqiu's hips stutter forward, cock pushing into his mouth again.

Luo Binghe… Luo Binghe must be… grinding his hips against Shen Qingqiu from behind, forcing his cock forward into…

Liu Qingge feels lightheaded. He tries not to moan at the feeling- at the feeling of Shen Qingqiu's cock, pushing into him like- like he's going to be used-

He completely fails to prevent himself from moaning.

“There you go,” Luo Binghe laughs, as Shen Qingqiu’s hand twitches in Liu Qingge’s hair. “He’ll take it however you want, Shizun,” he says, with heat in his voice.

Shen Qingqiu doesn’t respond, but he must not object, because he lets Luo Binghe push into him from behind, making him grind his cock forward into Liu Qingge’s mouth again. And again, and again.

Liu Qingge feels his mind going blank, as he settles into the motion, and can’t keep the soft noises from leaking out of his mouth around Shen Qingqiu’s cock.

He never… never thought that he’d allow himself to be treated like this, that… that he would get down on his knees, let himself be used, unable to see, hard just from the taste of cock in his mouth, just because…

Because the person doing it was…

He moans again, and feels Shen Qingqiu’s cock twitch in his mouth.

A rush of heat goes through him at the feeling, and his hands jump up of their own accord, to clutch at the ankles of Shen Qingqiu’s robes.

“Keep your hands off him,” Luo Binghe’s voice snaps, and he jolts his hands back to his sides. His cock twitches in his pants.

The pace of the thrusting doesn’t slow, and Liu Qingge can feel himself sinking deeper and deeper, his thoughts fading away. As his neck loosens, moving more easily with the motion of Shen Qingqiu’s hips, the hands in his hair give him more direction, controlling his

pace. At one point, Luo Binghe- Liu Qingge is sure that it's him, and not Shen Qingqiu- pulls his hair hard enough that Liu Qingge feels tears form under the blindfold.

It makes his cock leak to match the tears.

The sound of Shen Qingqiu's cock moving in and out of his mouth is obscene, with how wet Liu Qingge's mouth is, but he can't stop himself from pushing into it as much as he can, can't stop his body's shivers when it goes deeper and deeper.

He wants… he would choke, for Shen Qingqiu.

He wants to, for him.

But no matter how he tries to lean into it, the hands in his hair hold him, not letting him go past a certain point.

"Look at how eager he is," Luo Binghe says lowly, and Liu Qingge feels his fingers trace around Shen Qingqiu's cock, where it stretches Liu Qingge's lips. "Shizun, let me…"

And Liu Qingge feels suddenly bereft, as Luo Binghe's fingers wrap around Shen Qingqiu's cock, starting to stroke, and draw it back out of Liu Qingge's range.

He makes a startled noise. He suddenly, desperately wants to be able to see, so that he can see Shen Qingqiu in front of him, can still know that he's there, even as Luo Binghe's cruel hand on his hair holds him back from continuing what he had started.

“Hey,” he says inadvertently.

His voice sounds mortifyingly rough with misuse, and he suddenly wishes he hadn’t spoken at all.

“Liu Shidi,” Shen Qingqiu’s voice comes soothingly, and his free hand strokes the side of Liu Qingge’s head.

Liu Qingge feels everything fall away. He’s floating. His emotions settle, and he feels like he could wait forever.

But it still wars with the instinct to attend to Shen Qingqiu, to lean forward and try to take him in his mouth again.

He tilts his body forward a little without meaning to, and Luo Binghe’s smugness colors his words as he speaks.

“Look how desperate he is for it, Shizun,” he says, hand still moving on Shen Qingqiu. It sounds so wet, Liu Qingge’s spit mixing with Shen Qingqiu’s precome.

Liu Qingge wants to put his mouth back where it was.

“Stop picking on him, Binghe,” Shen Qingqiu’s voice comes, slightly breathless.

“I’m not, Shizun,” Luo Binghe protests happily. Even his protests

sound fake; Liu Qingge can hear the laughter underneath.

With how spaced out he feels right now, though, he can't really bring himself to mind.

"Why doesn't Shishu go ahead and convince us that he's earned it?" Luo Binghe says.

Liu Qingge doesn't mind the idea, when he's like this- everything feels safe, and a little far away, so the idea of telling or showing Shen Qingqiu what he wants isn't unappealing- but he wouldn't have the first idea where to start, so he stays silent.

"Would Shishu like to put his mouth back on Shizun?" Luo Binghe asks, grin audible.

"...Yes," Liu Qingge says, eyes fluttering under the blindfold.

There's a sound of soft kisses from above him; probably Luo Binghe back on Shen Qingqiu's neck, again. Luo Binghe's thumb strokes in Liu Qingge's hair.

"Would Shishu like Shizun to use him, like he was before?" Luo Binghe says, amusedly.

Liu Qingge opens his mouth to answer in the affirmative, but even in the strange space he's in, he can't quite bring himself to say it.

His throat works as he swallows, listening to Luo Binghe continuing to

press kisses against Shen Qingqiu's neck.

He wants it. But he doesn't know if he can say it.

"Liu Shidi doesn't have to, of course," Shen Qingqiu says, and his hand gentles Liu Qingge's face.

Liu Qingge shivers, and manages a nod.

"Liu Shishu will let Shizun use him?" Luo Binghe confirms, voice smug.

"Yes," Liu Qingge says, heart pounding.

"What else will Shishu do?" Luo Binghe says, hand continuing to leisurely work Shen Qingqiu's cock. "Will he let Shizun come in his mouth?"

"Yes," Liu Qingge says immediately, before Shen Qingqiu's inhale even finishes.

"Will he choke for Shizun?" Luo Binghe asks, and Liu Qingge's whole body goes hot.

How… how did Luo Binghe know that he…

"Yes," he says, voice raspy. His heart is hammering in his chest.

Shen Qingqiu's thumb starts gently brushing along Liu Qingge's cheekbone, as though tracing the parts of it left visible by the blindfold.

"Will Shishu swallow everything that Shizun gives him?" Luo Binghe says, and his voice sounds slightly excited now, between the sounds of wet kisses against Shen Qingqiu's skin.

"Yes," Liu Qingge says, throat working in anticipation.

"Mm," Luo Binghe says, voice slightly muffled, and Shen Qingqiu makes a small noise.

Luo Binghe better not have bitten him! Shen Qingqiu deserves only his respect!

"Then why don't we let Liu Shishu show us that he deserves it," Luo Binghe says, and his wet thumb brushes against Liu Qingge's mouth as he finally guides Shen Qingqiu's cock into it once more.

Liu Qingge fails to muffle the moan that rumbles out of his chest, but he can't bring himself to care, too occupied with the task in front of him. He only manages to dip his head and take Shen Qingqiu's cock in his mouth once, though, before the hand in his hair restrains him again, and Shen Qingqiu's hips start to thrust, driven by Luo Binghe's.

True to his word, Luo Binghe lets Liu Qingge have everything he wants. He fucks forward into Shen Qingqiu's hips hard enough that it forces his cock into LIu Qingge's mouth, deep enough to choke him, and Shen Qingqiu's concerned hand on his face doesn't mean that he doesn't grind his hips in a small circle on the end of a deep thrust into

Liu Qingge's mouth. Liu Qingge almost chokes a second time, when he realizes that that part is all Shen Qingqiu, and barely manages to swallow instead of coughing, his throat fluttering around Shen Qingqiu's cock.

Shen Qingqiu's hips roll into him for minutes that blur together, quieting Liu Qingge's mind and leaving only the feelings of warmth and contentment in his chest. Every so often, Luo Binghe's hips push Shen Qingqiu's cock deep enough in his mouth that he chokes, and he feels himself go even more boneless, relaxed on his knees even as his body fights for air.

He could stay like this for hours.

After only a few minutes more, though, Shen Qingqiu's hand comes back to his face, stroking his cheek gently again. His hips stutter slightly, as though not able to keep pace with Luo Binghe's.

"Liu Shidi," he says in his smooth, elegant voice. "Will Shidi do one more thing for this master?"

Liu Qingge makes a helpless sound around his cock, and doesn't resist as the hands in his hair pull him off.

"Yes," he coughs, voice rough and used.

He doesn't need to know what Shen Qingqiu is asking for; he'll do anything.

Shen Qingqiu's hand strokes his hair approvingly.

“Then, will Shidi take the blindfold off, please?” he says, voice calm.

Liu Qingge feels his face heat, even through the haze of arousal that keeps him on his knees.

Taking the blindfold off…? He… he will, for Shen Qingqiu, but…

He might have to keep his eyes closed.

If he takes it off and looks up, and sees- sees-

No, he definitely needs to keep his eyes closed. There’s no way he can avoid embarrassing himself, otherwise.

“I…” he starts, and stops. Swallows.

He can’t say no to this.

…He doesn’t even want to say no.

“...Okay,” he says, breathing out shakily.

“Allow me,” Luo Binghe says, and Liu Qingge feels the ribbon loosen around his head, before falling away, brushing past his cheekbones and lips on its way down.

He keeps his eyes closed, ears hot.

“Ah,” Shen Qingqiu says, hands coming up to stroke Liu Qingge’s face. Liu Qingge shivers. “Yes, it’s good to see Liu Shidi’s face,” his voice says warmly.

Liu Qingge’s body melts.

“Have him suck you, Shizun,” Luo Binghe whispers above him, and Liu Qingge feels the hand in his hair guide him- gently, this time- forward to take Shen Qingqiu in his mouth.

When he’s taken like that for the next few minutes- Shen Qingqiu’s hand, interlaced with Luo Binghe’s in his hair, occasionally taking the initiative in guiding him, obvious from the care with which it treats him- he can’t stop any of the desperate noises he makes from leaking out of his mouth. Shen Qingqiu’s cock is a more reasonable size than Luo Binghe’s monstrosity, but that doesn’t prevent it from stretching Liu Qingge’s lips enough that spit leaks out of them along with his moans.

But no matter how Shen Qingqiu’s thumbs brush along his eyebrows, or trace the line of his cheek or nose, Liu Qingge desperately refuses to open his eyes.

He thinks he might come on the spot if he sees him.

“How impolite,” Luo Binghe’s voice finally says above him.

Liu Qingge swallows, throat working despite the cock in his mouth.

He can tell that this is going to be trouble.

“Shizun said he wanted to look at Shishu’s face, but he won’t even look at him? So disrespectful.”

Liu Qingge’s eyelashes flutter.

He… he hadn’t thought about…

Does Shen Qingqiu… want him to look at him?

He can’t refuse that.

On the next thrust into his mouth, he lets his eyelids blink open slowly, keeping his eyes down. Down, looking at…

Looking at the cock… pushing into his mouth, pulling out wet with his spit-

His hands clutch his own legs, hard enough to bruise. He gasps a breath in through his nose.

Oh no. Oh no, oh no.

He really feels like he might come, just from this.

“Look at Shizun,” Luo Binghe says, and Liu Qingge, shivering, forces his eyes to track up the body in front of him- the lean, muscular stomach, the strong torso, both still draped in the inner robe, swaying tantalizingly open with each thrust-

At Shen Qingqiu’s ribs, one of Luo Binghe’s arms wrapped tightly around them, his hand disappearing under that thin inner robe to fondle-

Liu Qingge feels his nipples tighten in reciprocal interest. He watches Luo Binghe’s hand work at Shen Qingqiu’s chest, masked by the sway of fabric, gentle where his hand on Liu Qingge’s head is rough.

The next press of Luo Binghe’s hips into Shen Qingqiu’s is merciless, shoving his cock forward and making Liu Qingge choke again.

He rides it out, refusing to pull off, despite the tears that well up in his eyes. He blinks past them, and drops his eyes back to Shen Qingqiu’s stomach, giving himself a moment to recover from how hard it made him, watching Shen Qingqiu be touched.

“Look,” Luo Binghe commands again, the fingers in his hair tightening almost threateningly.

Liu Qingge’s cock jumps.

As Shen Qingqiu steadily pushes his cock down his throat, Liu Qingge lets his eyes slowly raise, following the lines of Shen Qingqiu’s muscles and Luo Binghe’s arm until he sees a collarbone; the defined

line of his throat; and… And…

He swallows uncontrollably as his eyes meet Shen Qingqiu's.

His face is calm, immortal and beautiful as he always is, but there are slight differences from usual. Shen Qingqiu's lips are parted slightly; his cheeks are dusted with red.

Liu Qingge doesn't spare a glance to watch whatever Luo BInghe's mouth is doing to Shen Qingqiu's neck, he just obediently meets Shen Qingqiu's eyes, unable to stop his eyelashes from fluttering at the deep strokes of his cock into him.

Shen Qingqiu is leaking into his mouth; his other hand on Liu Qingge's face is guiding him to meet his strokes, his thumb brushing along the line of his cheekbone and tracing his jaw.

Liu Qingge can feel his whole body trembling, but he's fighting hard to keep from giving in.

He can't let himself come, just from this. If Shen Qingqiu knows that all it takes is meeting his eyes while letting him suck him… If *Luo Binghe* knows…

He'd never survive the loss of face.

Unfortunately, that thought does nothing to dampen his arousal. He can feel his cock leaking even more inside his pants, probably messing the fabric beyond repair, harder than it's been this whole time.

“Shizun,” Luo Binghe sighs above him, and he murmurs something into Shen Qingqiu’s ear. Liu Qingge can see the slow breath Shen Qingqiu takes in response.

“Yes,” Shen Qingqiu replies.

The smile is audible in Luo Binghe’s voice as he speaks. “Liu… Shishu, don’t choke,” he instructs. “Shizun will give you what you wanted, now, make sure to not waste any.”

At that, Liu Qingge can’t help but let his eyes fall back closed, moaning deeply around Shen Qingqiu’s cock. Luo Binghe’s firm hand takes over the movement of his head, and it takes only a few strokes before- before-

His head feels light, his skin lighting up like fireworks.

The- the hotness, the taste in his mouth is-

He made Shen Qingqiu-

His heart is beating wildly, his whole body is on fire. He definitely makes an embarrassing noise around Shen Qingqiu’s cock, but he barely notices, focused on not letting anything leak out from his lips.

Luo Binghe told him not to waste any.

He obediently swallows.

Shen Qingqiu, above him, lets out a slight gasp, the most noise he's heard him make.

Liu Qingge moans again, in pleasure. There's no way he can hide it.

Luo Binghe also makes a low noise above him, and Liu Qingge can hear-

He glances up, eyes opening inadvertently, and sees Luo Binghe deeply kissing Shen Qingqiu from behind, turning his head to press his mouth against his over his shoulder. Liu Qingge moans again, as he feels Shen Qingqiu's body shiver with the aftershocks.

He can't take his eyes off the two of them.

He keeps sucking, gently now, until Shen Qingqiu breaks the kiss above him, gasping slightly.

"Ah," he says, "ah, that's enough- you can- you can… that's good," and his hand lets go of Liu Qingge's hair, to stroke gently over his head.

Luo Binghe's hand also releases his hair, and slides down to rest heavily on his shoulder, pressing on his collarbone.

It feels… grounding.

Liu Qingge feels his eyelashes dip, as he keeps his eyes fixed on Shen Qingqiu, releasing him from his mouth. The careful strokes on his hair reduce the sense of urgency that he'd been feeling, bringing it down to a manageable buzz.

He succeeded in not coming, but he has no idea what's going to happen next.

Is that all Luo Binghe was going to have him do, today?

Unlikely… Luo Binghe hasn't come at all.

Maybe he'll… maybe he'll still fuck him?

He feels his body shiver in interest, as Shen Qingqiu keeps watching him, expression pleased, hand gently stroking his hair.

Chapter 8

“Shizun was so beautiful,” Luo Binghe is murmuring above him, dipping his head back in to catch Shen Qingqiu’s lips again.

Liu Qingge lets his eyes fall closed. He’s not sure he’s supposed to watch this, so he lets himself stay kneeling, eyes shut, waiting for what comes next.

He feels calm, even though his body is tight. He carefully unclenches his fingers from the fabric of his pants, where they’ve dug into his skin enough that they’ve undoubtedly left bruises.

He hadn’t noticed himself doing that.

“Shizun,” Luo Binghe sighs above him again, and Shen Qingqiu’s hand caresses Liu Qingge’s hair.

He doesn’t need to move; he could stay here, like this, for a long time.

“How was it, Shizun?” Luo Binghe says. “Was his mouth good?”

Shen Qingqiu’s hand twitches on Liu Qingge’s hair, then continues stroking it gently. No response.

“I made sure he could do it the way Shizun likes,” Luo Binghe says, and Liu Qingge feels the warmth in his body flare into heat. “All the practice I gave him, did he do a good job?”

Shen Qingqiu makes a small noise above him, but doesn't respond with words. His hand is slowing on Liu Qingge's head; his thumb brushes along the shell of Liu Qingge's ear.

Liu Qingge shivers.

"Shizun looked very good, taking his mouth like that."

"Binghe!" Shen Qingqiu exclaims quietly. His hand cups the back of Liu Qingge's head instinctively, and Liu Qingge feels his eyelashes flutter.

"Whose mouth is better, Shizun?" Luo Binghe continues, insolently. The smile is audible.

Shen Qingqiu inhales sharply, his hand tightening on Liu Qingge's head. He doesn't respond.

"Whose mouth, Shizun?" Luo Binghe asks again, voice silky.

Liu Qingge hears the sound of Shen Qingqiu's hair falling above, as he shakes his head.

"I wouldn't know," Shen Qingqiu says quietly. Liu Qingge can just make out the next words.

"I haven't kissed him."

Liu Qingge freezes.

Luo Binghe inhales a sharp breath.

Is there a sudden tension in the room? Liu Qingge can only imagine that Luo Binghe is…

Is…

Is what? There's none of the instant aggressive reaction that he would have expected.

Instead, a soft sound, as though Luo Binghe has taken Shen Qingqiu's lips again, a deep kiss that nonetheless ends quickly.

"Shizun should lie down," Luo Binghe says, and Liu Qingge feels Luo Binghe's hand, unexpectedly easy, on his shoulder, guiding him up. He blinks his eyes open to find his balance, and finds himself standing, face to face, with Shen Qingqiu and Luo Binghe.

Shen Qingqiu is slightly shorter than him. The reminder dizzies him.

He averts his eyes, looking past Shen Qingqiu, unable to take in his open inner robe, the way it drapes across him, the way his lower garments pool by his feet.

Luo Binghe is fully clothed, his presence looming.

But nothing about his height, the broadness of his shoulders, feels threatening, like it once did.

“Lie down, Shizun,” Luo Binghe says, and he guides Shen Qingqiu a half step backwards, so the back of his knees rest against the bed.

Liu Qingge finds himself drawn along, by Luo Binghe’s hand on his arm.

Pulled to the side of the bed, Luo Binghe’s hand slides to his lower back, and Luo Binghe gently pushes him down with the same movement that he guides Shen Qingqiu down to the bed with.

Liu Qingge’s heart starts hammering in his chest as he obediently reclines. Lying on the same bed as a mostly naked… a mostly naked Shen Qingqiu…

He feels the heavy weight of Luo Binghe settle onto the bed behind him, presence hot and making his skin prickle even through his clothing.

What… what is he supposed to do?

“Shizun,” Luo Binghe says deferentially, and Shen Qingqiu inhales slightly in front of him.

Liu Qingge keeps his eyes averted, face hot. He can’t look at Shen Qingqiu’s mostly exposed chest, certainly can’t let his eyes look lower, at what he had his mouth on when-

Luo Binghe inches closer behind him, and he shivers.

He feels like some sort of meaningful communication passes wordlessly between the two other people over his head.

“Liu Shidi,” Shen Qingqiu’s voice comes, quiet. “May I kiss you?”

Liu Qingge desperately wants to shut his eyes tightly, but he refrains, and looks up to make eye contact with Shen Qingqiu.

Shen Qingqiu is watching him, his eyes clear and direct.

Liu Qingge feels the breath leave his body, and slowly nods. He can feel the shivers from when he was on his knees returning to his body.

He wants to look over his shoulder to confirm with Luo Binghe, but Shen Qingqiu has begun to lean in, and he is suddenly incapable of looking away.

Shen Qingqiu slowly draws closer.

Gently, softly, he takes Liu Qingge’s face in his hand.

The warmth of Luo Binghe heats his back, as he places a proprietary hand on Liu Qingge’s waist.

And Shen Qingqiu, he…

He presses his lips against Liu Qingge's.

Liu Qingge can't keep the small gasp from leaving his lips, his eyes from fluttering shut.

This… this is…

His whole body goes limp, his side sinking into the bed helplessly.

Shen Qingqiu makes a small, surprised noise against him, and Liu Qingge feels him slowly adjust the angle of his lips, pressing softly against him.

Liu Qingge shudders, his whole body hot.

He tentatively- *very* carefully- kisses back. The lightest movement of his lips.

Shen Qingqiu hums against his mouth, and Liu Qingge can't stop the shiver that goes through his body.

Shen Qingqiu doesn't change the speed or pressure of his gentle kisses, fingertips lightly stroking along Liu Qingge's face as he slowly kisses him for the next few minutes. Liu Qingge forgets about everything else, feels the rest of the room fade away, the hot thrum of arousal in his blood not subsiding, but becoming less noticeable.

But he doesn't lose track of the heat at his back, the hand resting lightly on his waist, Luo Binghe's carefully controlled power behind him, restrained and watching. Allowing this, and making sure that Liu Qingge knows it's allowed.

He… doesn't dislike it- doesn't dislike the heat, the pressure of Luo Binghe's presence.

It's actually… really…

His breath catches, as Shen Qingqiu shifts slightly closer on the bed, head tilting to continue kissing him softly, close-mouthed and chaste. Luo Binghe's fingers trace along his waist.

His mind is starting to drift again, his eyes unable to open. His muscles tremble slightly when Shen Qingqiu's fingers lightly move down his jaw to brush against his adam's apple.

Shen Qingqiu's mouth is warm, and soft, and very, very gentle against his. Liu Qingge uses the greatest portion of control he has to match Shen Qingqiu's movements exactly, not pushing for anything more than precisely what Shen Qingqiu will give him.

He must do well, because Shen Qingqiu hums against his lips after a while.

His hand drifts away from Liu Qingge's face, trailing down his neck, his shoulder, his arm, until it reaches Luo Binghe's hand on his waist.

Liu Qingge feels their fingers interlace, resting on the stretch of his side, and Luo Binghe slides in closer behind him.

“Liu Shishu,” Luo Binghe says lowly, in his ear. Liu Qingge feels his breath catch slightly at the heat that spreads along the back of his neck.

Shen Qingqiu must have been able to feel it; as close as they are, the very breath in his lungs is obvious to him.

He can’t hide anything like this, he thinks, body heating.

“Would Shishu like this disciple to take him now?” Luo Binghe says, voice deep and sultry.

Liu Qingge doesn’t even think about it; he nods before he realizes what he’s doing, body out of his control.

Surprised by himself, he inhales slightly, inadvertently breaking the kiss with Shen Qingqiu, eyes blinking open.

He sees Shen Qingqiu’s face in front of him, beautiful and untouchable, lips… slightly red with the pressure of the- of the kiss they’d been sharing.

Liu Qingge feels his face heat, and the fire crawls down into his chest and to the end of his fingertips and legs.

Shen Qingqiu looks… pleased?

“Liu Shidi,” he murmurs, and ducks his head back in to kiss him again gently. He pulls back after only a moment, however, leaving Liu Qingge leaning forward slightly before remembering himself.

Luo Binghe’s hand has started rubbing light circles into his waist, fingers still gentle where they intertwine with Shen Qingqiu’s.

“Shidi would... like that?” Shen Qingqiu asks, as though making sure. “Like to... like this?”

Liu Qingge blinks.

He feels slightly dazed.

“Like this?” he says, voice slightly rough. Shen Qingqiu is asking if he wants it? Wants it like this, to be taken while Shen Qingqiu deigns to kiss him?

He’s... not sure he’s ever wanted anything more.

“I- yes,” he gets out. “Y.. yes.”

Shen Qingqiu makes a pleased noise, and leans back in to kiss Liu Qingge again, lips kind and slow against his.

Liu Qingge melts into the attention, barely notices the slow caresses that Luo Binghe uses to undo his clothing. He mindlessly shifts to give him better access, as Luo Binghe carefully divests him of his belt, his robes, his pants.

Soon, Liu Qingge is as exposed as Shen Qingqiu in front of him, but without even the modesty of his inner robe half draped across his chest to cover him. He doesn't feel cold at all, though, with the heat of Luo Binghe behind him and the fire that has banked down in his core from Shen Qingqiu's patient mouth.

He barely registers the sound of the oil being applied to Luo Binghe's fingers, and the first touches of Luo Binghe's cool hand against his opening, the first press of his fingers inside, make him exhale shakily against Shen Qingqiu's mouth.

Shen Qingqiu cups his cheek in his hand, and continues kissing him, chaste and close-mouthed, as Liu Qingge makes a small noise into his mouth.

Luo Binghe's fingers inside him work gently, but something about the situation has relaxed Liu Qingge enough that there's barely any resistance to them.

He's ready, he's ready, he's ready.

He breathes out again as Luo Binghe carefully pushes against the spot inside him, slowly rubbing against it without any real urgency.

Liu Qingge has been hard since he got on his knees for Shen Qingqiu; he has no idea how Luo Binghe is so calm, so patient, when he feels like he might rattle apart any second now.

He wants- he just wants-

He doesn't let himself squirm, but it's a close thing.

He really wants Luo Binghe to- to put it inside him.

"Liu Shishu is ready?" Luo Binghe asks after a few minutes, voice low and hot. Liu Qingge manages a nod, and Luo Binghe lines himself up, beginning to slowly push into him.

He's being gentle, taking his time, but Liu Qingge's lips still part in a small gasp at the stretch.

Luo Binghe is… very large.

He can't pay attention to that, though, because Shen Qingqiu's lips have parted in response to his, and Shen Qingqiu…

His tongue darts lightly into Liu Qingge's mouth.

Liu Qingge makes a shocked, helpless sound, and his hand tries to come up to-

To what, touch Shen Qingqiu's face? He wouldn't dare.

But the point is moot, because his arm meets Shen Qingqiu's on the way, and Shen Qingqiu takes his hand, holding it gently between them, fingers stroking against his as Luo Binghe pushes in the rest of the way.

The stretch is slightly painful, but Luo Binghe is going so slowly, it almost fails to register, in comparison to the kiss Shen Qingqiu is allowing him.

Shen Qingqiu's tongue brushes against his again, and Liu Qingge shivers.

He's going to fall apart like this.

Luo Binghe keeps pushing in, his cock hot and inexorable, filling Liu Qingge up in exactly the way that he's been wanting. He can *feel* himself twitch around it, when Shen Qingqiu's tongue lightly enters his mouth again, and again, and again.

He can't stop the trembling, the way that his fingers curl into Shen Qingqiu's despite his best attempts to restrain himself.

And Shen Qingqiu lets him, lets him hold his hand as he- as he-

Liu Qingge is starting to feel desperate, his whole body hot, his breath shaky, as Luo Binghe finally fully seats himself.

Luo Binghe hums, pleased, on the back of his neck, and his hand splays on Liu Qingge's waist.

Why won't he *move?*

Liu Qingge's neck heats. When Luo Binghe does move, that will be…

He can't…

He can't let himself get carried away, even while Luo Binghe drives into him like he's trying to break the bed, like he usually does.

He'll have to just… hold on. Hold on, and not embarrass himself in front of Shen Qingqiu, who is so close that he'll be able to feel each puff of breath, hear each cut off moan…

But though Liu Qingge steels himself against it, Luo Binghe completely fails to start delivering the hard, punishing thrusts that he usually uses. For the first time, he just rolls his hips into Liu Qingge slow, and deep, and gentle.

He does it again, and again. Over and over and over, while Shen Qingqiu kisses him- slow, and deep, and gentle- over and over.

Liu Qingge has no defense against this.

He tries to brace himself, waits for the harsh, punishing pace that he expects, but it doesn't come.

Luo Binghe just keeps pushing into him, just keeps slowly filling him as Shen Qingqiu dips his tongue into his mouth.

This is…

It's slowly breaking him apart.

The- the-

He doesn't let himself think the word "tenderness." That's not the type of relationship they have, where Shen Qingqiu would share… that sort of kiss with Liu Qingge, where Luo Binghe would not only allow it, but replicate it, taking Liu Qingge apart slowly and gently, the movement of his cock inside him just rubbing, hot, along the spot inside him without any force, just slowly dragging him up the edge of pleasure without any of the usual sharp sensations to focus on…

But whatever's happening, it's slowly destroying his control. Liu Qingge's muscles in his legs and back twitch sporadically with the effort to keep still. He's barely able to keep himself from squirming.

Shen Qingqiu turns his head slightly, to press a deeper, firm kiss into his mouth.

Liu Qingge lets out an embarrassing noise, and his hips roll forward once, without his consent.

"Yes," Luo Binghe breathes out behind him, and slides his hand from Liu Qingge's hip forward towards his cock, as Liu Qingge scrambles to regain his control.

When Luo Binghe's large hand closes around him, though, he can't help but make a sound like the air has been punched out of him, straight against Shen Qingqiu's lips, his hips shuddering.

"Liu Shidi," Shen Qingqiu says gently against his mouth, and Liu

Qingge moans as Luo Binghe starts to work his hand on him.

Shen Qingqiu crosses his wrist over Liu Qingge's, so that he can press their hands together, palm to palm. Liu Qingge lets him intertwine their fingers, helpless to do anything but accept his deep kisses, knowing that if he stops focusing on his control for one second, he'll be clutching the bed, writhing for it, so close to begging that he can already taste the embarrassment on his tongue.

Luo Binghe still refuses to pick up his pace over the next few minutes while Liu Qingge struggles with his control, just matches the slide of his hand on Liu Qingge and the slide of his cock inside him, driving him out of his mind with the lack of force.

Liu Qingge is…

Oh no.

He realizes, only a few minutes in, that he won't be able to resist.

He's going to come like this.

Shen Qingqiu's tongue in his mouth, Luo Binghe's cock inside him pushing against that spot, Luo Binghe's strong, dangerous hand completely enclosing his cock…

And Shen Qingqiu's hand, holding his as gently as Liu Qingge can manage…

Liu Qingge feels more wild, more uncontrolled, like this than he did when Luo Binghe was fucking him so ruthlessly the other times.

Is it really okay for him to… to- like this-

Luo Binghe's hand twists on the head of his cock, and Liu Qingge shudders along his whole body. He can feel how wet Luo Binghe's hand is, Liu Qingge's precome dripping along his fingers.

Like Shen Qingqiu's had in his mouth, when he got to…

Liu Qingge goes a little light headed, and his hand twitches in Shen Qingqiu's.

And now, he's getting to… to take his tongue in his mouth, let it inside him like he did earlier with his…

The thought sets a fire in his body, and he can feel the edge of orgasm rushing towards him.

He tries to forestall it, tries to hold back- isn't it too much, to come just from this?- but there's nothing he can do, it's hitting him with an unstoppable force.

He tries to keep his head around him, tries to not do anything embarrassing, but there's no way to keep the noises from leaking from his lips, as he moans helplessly into Shen Qingqiu's mouth. He can feel himself twitching around Luo Binghe, can feel his cock pulsing, the come dirtying the bed, and when Luo Binghe slowly grinds his hips in a circle inside him- still gentle, still restrained- he lets out a cry- louder than he's let escape him before, mortifying- and his hand grips

Shen Qingqiu's tightly.

His heart is beating wildly, he desperately wants to toss his head to the side, but doesn't want to take his mouth away from Shen Qingqiu's.

He tries to be good, tries to stay still, to let Shen Qingqiu's tongue press into him as he comes, but it's so hard, it's so hard.

Shen Qingqiu blinks, his eyelashes brushing Liu Qingge's face, and draws back, breath slightly elevated, free hand coming up to brush his thumb against one of Liu Qingge's cheeks.

"Liu Shidi," he says, and kisses him again.

Liu Qingge can tell that Shen Qingqiu's thumb is wet where it rests by his eye, can feel the weight of his gaze on his face, as he moans his way through the last of his orgasm.

When he comes back to himself, Shen Qingqiu is still watching him, thumb gently brushing away the tears on his face.

Luo Binghe, still fully hard, carefully pulls out, making Liu Qingge's eyebrows draw together, mouth opening on a silent gasp.

"Shizun," Luo Binghe says, and Shen Qingqiu's eyes go over Liu

Qingge's shoulder, softening. "Shizun, was that good? Did I do a good job?"

Shen Qingqiu's face breaks out into an overwhelmingly beautiful smile, like the sun returning from behind the clouds.

Liu Qingge can't look away.

"Binghe did a very good job," he says, and Luo Binghe's breath catches slightly behind Liu Qingge.

"Shizun," Luo Binghe says worshipfully, and Shen Qingqiu leans in over Liu Qingge's shoulder to kiss him, his long hair draping all across Liu Qingge's neck and shoulder.

Liu Qingge keeps perfectly still, even as he breathes shakily through the pleasure still moving in his body.

Shen Qingqiu is still holding his hand, his body almost brushing his.

With both of them mostly undressed, he can feel the warmth of his skin like this, can imagine, even through the haze of his orgasm, what it would be like if Shen Qingqiu leaned forward that small amount more, to press their chests against each other.

Liu Qingge breathes in Shen Qingqiu's smell, and reminds himself to not be greedy.

Just this is already… So…

“Come here,” Shen Qingqiu says patiently, breaking the kiss with Luo Binghe, and Luo Binghe immediately moves to climb over Liu Qingge.

Liu Qingge expects to be pushed over to make room, but instead Luo Binghe settles above Shen Qingqiu, his weight not pressing down on him.

He doesn’t disturb Shen Qingqiu’s hand, where it continues to hold Liu Qingge’s.

Shen Qingqiu’s other hand goes up to brush through Luo Binghe’s hair, then draws him gently down to kiss him, fingers tangling in his hair.

Luo Binghe’s breath catches audibly, as he eagerly follows into the kiss, pressing Shen Qingqiu down into the bed.

Liu Qingge thinks he might pass out.

Shen Qingqiu is allowing it- no, encouraging it- letting Luo Binghe’s weight on top of him, letting Luo Binghe kiss him like a man dying of thirst who’s found a source of water. Liu Qingge is so occupied watching them kiss that he barely notices when Shen Qingqiu’s hand moves out of Luo Binghe’s hair, sliding down his body to-

Luo Binghe groans loudly, hips rocking forward into Shen Qingqiu’s hand.

“Shizun!” he pants, teeth biting gently at Shen Qingqiu’s mouth.

“Don’t bite,” Shen Qingqiu scolds, but his voice is breathy.

“A- ah,” Luo Binghe moans, hips stuttering in Shen Qingqiu’s grip.

“Binghe did very well,” Shen Qingqiu says again, and Luo Binghe makes a small noise, pressing his face into Shen Qingqiu’s neck, hands tight on his shoulders.

Liu Qingge watches, eyes wide, as Luo Binghe’s hips jerk forward again.

Shen Qingqiu’s thumb rubs absently along his hand, and he feels his face go hot.

This is…

He lies there, watching Luo Binghe moan and squirm and cry out for Shen Qingqiu, as Shen Qingqiu lets him kiss him, open-mouthed, lets him pant into his neck.

…

If this goes on for much longer, even Liu Qingge’s spent cock might find itself interested in the proceedings again.

But it takes only a few minutes before Shen Qingqiu’s hand does something that makes Luo Binghe moan loudly, the movement of his

hips freezing.

“Binghe can come,” Shen Qingqiu says, and Luo Binghe’s whole body shudders, his hips starting to move again and only working forward a few strokes more before he presses his whole weight down against Shen Qingqiu, groaning loudly.

Liu Qingge’s hand inadvertently twitches in Shen Qingqiu’s grip, and Shen Qingqiu’s shifts to hold his more firmly.

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

> hello my favs... i don't have anything important to put here i just wanted to say that you all have earned my undying affection by being so fun and kind in the comments, please keep on letting me know what you enjoy and want to see!! you're all WONDERFUL

Liu Qingge wakes up to gentle murmurs in the bed next to him the following morning. He's slept in this bed quite a few times now, but this is the first time that both occupants of it have awakened before him; usually Luo Binghe will guard Shen Qingqiu's sleep unwaveringly, and Shen Qingqiu tends to sleep in long past sunrise.

But now, the voices continue quietly for a few moments, tones low enough that Liu Qingge can't quite make them out.

Finally, the voices trail off into quiet sounds. Liu Qingge slowly blinks his eyes partway open, and sees, through his lashes, Luo Binghe kissing his way down Shen Qingqiu's stomach, clearly headed somewhere.

He immediately shuts his eyes, face heating.

Is he supposed to be here for this?

It's only a few seconds before quiet, wet sounds start coming from across him, and he hears Shen Qingqiu's breathing speed up slightly.

His eyes open on their own.

The way his head lays on the pillow, Shen Qingqiu's face is obscured by the fabric, but he has a clear view of what Luo Binghe is doing. His long, curly hair falls around his face as he works his mouth up and down, his eyes closed in a look of quiet concentration, mixed with barely restrained pleasure.

Liu Qingge feels his heart speed up.

Luo Binghe, as if noticing, opens his eyes and looks directly into Liu Qingge's, eyes curving in a smirk that can't make it past what's in his mouth, before letting them fall back closed and continuing, taking Shen Qingqiu all the way to the base in one movement.

Liu Qingge's mouth falls slightly open.

He's… is he-

He's showing off?!

Liu Qingge's face flushes. Is Luo Binghe trying to one-up him? Trying to take care of Shen Qingqiu the way that Liu Qingge did, so that he can't help but compare them?

He… he…

He can't deny it, Luo Binghe… is very good at this. Much better than Liu Qingge was, though he doesn't want to admit it. Liu Qingge watches his technique, how he bobs his head smoothly up and down, not choking or coughing, but instead making little satisfied groans around Shen Qingqiu's…

Luo Binghe opens his eyes to meet Liu Qingge's again, and Liu QIngge realizes he's been caught staring.

He flushes, and snaps his head away to turn into the pillow.

He shouldn't be watching!!

The pillow shifts by his head, as Shen Qingqiu's hand presses it down, so that his face is visible.

Liu Qingge stares at him, face heating.

Shen Qingqiu's mouth parts, his face...

Is there a blush rising on his cheeks?

"Ah… good morning, Shidi," he says, voice a little less smooth than usual. His eyes glance away from Liu Qingge, then draw back to him again.

Liu Qingge doesn't know what to do.

Shen Qingqiu's gaze slowly tracks down Liu Qingge's face, resting on… his mouth… and then glancing lower, towards his... collarbones and chest...

Liu Qingge is aware that he's probably flushed all the way down to his chest. That Shen Qingqiu can see it.

Shen Qingqiu's eyes are half-lidded, his face outwardly calm, despite the wet noises coming from below that must be driving him mad.

Liu Qingge knows that if he was touched like that, he would…

He would certainly not be able to be as controlled as Shen Qingqiu.

This beautiful, untouchable man, lying in front of him, calm and impassive even when… even during…

Shen Qingqiu's eyelashes dip, and he exhales slowly, teeth lightly catching at his bottom lip. His breath is uneven.

Liu Qingge swallows. Maybe Shen Qingqiu is… not so unaffected, after all?

Luo Binghe moans around what's in his mouth, below them, and Liu Qingge inadvertently glances down at him, feeling Shen Qingqiu's gaze move at the same time.

Luo Binghe is…

His curly hair spreads out in every direction, strands brushing Shen Qingqiu's legs and waist. At some point, Shen Qingqiu must have placed his hand on Luo Binghe's head, because he's brushing his hair back for him, keeping it from obscuring the view of his face.

Luo Binghe's cheekbones catch the reflected morning light, his cheeks hollowing as he looks up at Shen Qingqiu through his dark, half-lowered eyes.

His lashes are... exceptionally long.

Luo Binghe doesn't break his eye contact with Shen Qingqiu, as he lowers his head all the way down, taking him so deeply that his lips brush against Shen Qingqiu's body.

Shen Qingqiu makes a small noise, and Luo Binghe groans, shifting to use his hand on Shen Qingqiu's… on his…

He holds two parts of Shen Qingqiu's body in his hand, fingers doing something gentle yet still incontrovertibly filthy-looking.

His eyes glance over to Liu Qingge, and he bats his eyelashes at him in satisfaction.

Liu QIngge's hands clench in the sheets, his breath catching.

This is…!

Obviously he wasn't able to do something like- like that, Luo Binghe hadn't allowed him to touch Shen Qingqiu! This man thinks that he can act all superior because he's coaxing these- these little noises out of-

Shen Qingqiu lets out a sudden, shuddering breath, and Luo Binghe's eyes go back to watching his face. Liu Qingge can't help but look back at him as well.

Shen Qingqiu's breathing is a little fast, his eyebrows drawn together just slightly. His eyes dart between Luo Binghe and Liu Qingge a few times, and then force themselves closed, as he makes another small noise.

Liu Qingge aches with how much he wants to touch him, his mouth wet with the desire to prove himself as good as Luo Binghe.

But he exercises all his restraint, to watch while not touching.

Luo Binghe hums, pleased, around Shen Qingqiu, and one of his large, graceful hands- the one not currently occupied- starts smoothing its way up Shen Qingqiu's torso, spreading fingers along the lines of tight muscle that ripple with his touch.

Liu Qingge had been trying not to look, to be respectful, but now that Luo Binghe's hand is drawing his attention there, he can't help it.

Yesterday, Shen Qingqiu's torso was largely covered by his untied inner robe, only tantalizing glimpses of his chest revealed by the sway of fabric. This morning, he lies on his back, and the inner robe has fallen fully to the side, revealing his narrow yet defined, muscular chest.

Liu Qingge, finally able to look his fill, feels his whole body heating up.

He had…

He had expected Shen Qingqiu to be beautiful under his robes as well, but he'd never…

He'd never allowed himself to picture…

He didn't realize what it would do to him, seeing his smooth, perfect skin being worked over by Luo Binghe's hand. The way that the hard muscles shift with Luo Binghe's movements- how the gentle press of Luo Binghe's fingers against the curves of his abs makes him shudder- the way his- his nipples, tight and obvious, draw Liu Qingge's attention, even before Luo Binghe drags his fingers over them, rubbing lightly, then firmly, to provoke more of those soft noises…

Liu Qingge is hot all over, and all he's done is lie here, unmoving, in Shen Qingqiu's bed, surrounded by his scent and his noises and the sight of him in front of him.

His hands throb with the need to touch. Touch anything- Shen Qingqiu, Luo Binghe's annoyingly muscular back, his own body, anything.

But he holds himself still, enduring, as the sounds coming from Luo Binghe's mouth get even wetter and filthier.

It only takes a few minutes of Liu Qingge's restraint being tested before Shen Qingqiu's thighs are trembling, his hand in Luo Binghe's hair pushing distractedly through the curls.

"Binghe," he says, and Liu Qingge's whole body thrills to the sound of

his voice, even though it only names the annoying demon lord in the room.

“Binghe, this- I’m-” Shen Qingqiu says, and Liu Qingge feels his face heat yet further at the change in pronoun. Shen Qingqiu, always so proper, forgetting himself enough to use “I” instead of “this master…”

Shen Qingqiu makes a small noise again, and gasps in sharply, his hand grasping at the sheets near Liu Qingge’s.

Liu Qingge stares at Shen Qingqiu’s hand, wide-eyed. If he just moved his hand slightly to the side, he could… Could take Shen Qingqiu’s in his own, hold it like Shen Qingqiu did for him, when he… when he came, last night…

He can’t make himself do it, though, not without Shen Qingqiu’s permission. He looks up at Shen Qingqiu’s face, as beautiful and graceful as always, even with his eyebrows pushed tightly together, raised over his tightly closed eyes.

His eyes, that flash open, to catch Liu Qingge looking at him, as he gasps, and- and-

Luo Binghe makes a pleased noise, both his hands going to Shen Qingqiu’s hips to hold him still. Shen Qingqiu’s muscles jump, as though trying to flex off the bed, but Luo Binghe easily holds him down, then lets up, to let him thrust deeply into his mouth, once, twice.

Shen Qingqiu just… he just…!

One of Luo Binghe's hands, now free, immediately grips, hard, onto the inside of Liu Qingge's thigh, long fingers wrapping almost halfway around it. Liu Qingge hisses in a breath, hand twisting in the sheet near Shen Qingqiu's, teeth sinking into his own lip.

He wants to be grabbed. He wants to feel Luo Binghe holding him down easily, like he just did with Shen Qingqiu, even when Liu Qingge pushes against him and resists his weight. Wants to get fucked so hard that he can't move, can't do anything but take it, so that he doesn't have to resist his instincts because he can't do anything, regardless of whether or not he gives in-

He bites his lip, watching Shen Qingqiu's chest heave, as his hips twitch into Luo Binghe's mouth a few more times, before slowly settling back onto the bed.

Liu Qingge's gaze tracks down to Luo Binghe, who…

He… he hadn't pulled off…

Luo Binghe slowly draws his head up, lips sliding off with an audible slick noise. He tilts his head to face Shen Qingqiu directly, and lets his lips part, revealing…

Revealing…

Inside his mouth, is…

"Binghe!" Shen Qingqiu says, sounding vaguely scandalized. His body is so relaxed, though, that his tone does nothing to stop the smug look on Luo Binghe's face.

“Shizun,” Luo Binghe says lowly through his mouthful. He still hasn’t swallowed. His eyes drift to Liu Qingge’s, his thumb stroking the inside of his thigh possessively.

Liu Qingge stares at him, unable to move.

“Sit up,” Luo Binghe says, rudely pulling Liu Qinnge up by the waist into a sitting position. Liu Qingge lets himself be manhandled, face showing the displeasure that he definitely feels.

Yes, displeasure. There’s certainly no thrill of excitement that goes through him at this, no frisson of heat, no-

Luo Binghe’s voice cuts off his thoughts.

“Kiss,” he says.

Liu Qingge’s mind blanks out. His eyes drop to Luo Binghe’s lips.

He feels his face heating.

K- kiss Luo Binghe?

He’s not- he doesn’t-

He glances over at Shen Qingqiu, who’s watching them intently, eyes

fixed, still breathing heavily from his orgasm. Liu Qingge looks away immediately, back of his neck hot.

His gaze immediately falls back on the other man's lips, still red and wet from- from-

His breath catches.

Inside Luo Binghe's mouth, is still…

Luo Binghe is watching him smugly, his usually domineering hands just holding Liu Qingge firmly by the waist and thigh. As though he knows that he doesn't need to convince him, like he knows that Liu Qingge will, by his own choice…

Liu Qingge is still staring at his mouth.

He'll do it. He'll kiss this demon.

He can't… he can't say no, to the opportunity to share.

But it would be a lot easier if… if…

If Luo Binghe would just be the one to do it, not make Liu Qingge lean forward and…

He glances up to meet Luo Binghe's eyes, which are banked with an intense heat.

Luo Binghe just got to feel Shen Qingqiu in his mouth, and tasted him when he came… he imagines that he's really worked up right now.

If Liu Qingge is lucky, he might take some of that out on him.

He feels his lashes fall onto his cheeks as he blinks, face hot, gaze still fixed on Luo Binghe's.

He just has to...

To kiss him.

He swallows. Glances at Shen Qingqiu one more time. Looks back at Luo Binghe.

Steeling himself, he leans forward slightly. His eyes dip to Luo Binghe's mouth, again. His lips are still wet, slightly parted, spread in a slight smile.

Liu Qingge's momentum stalls.

His heart is beating wildly.

He just needs to- to lean forward a few more inches-

He glances up at Luo Binghe's eyes, and sees him watching him with

amusement.

Liu Qingge's eyes narrow, despite the way that his heart flutters. This demon isn't going to help him? Fine. He can do this by himself.

He braces himself, and pushes forward the last few inches, letting his- his lips-

Letting them touch… Luo Binghe's...

Luo Binghe laughs into his mouth, delightedly.

"Shishu is so bold," he says, not drawing back, lips brushing against Liu Qingge's. Liu Qingge makes an angry noise into his mouth, resisting the urge to bite him.

"Go ahead," Luo Binghe says, and parts his lips against Liu Qingge's, as if inviting him to…

Oh no.

Oh no, he's going to make Liu Qingge be the one to…

Liu Qingge had gotten to have Shen Qingqiu's tongue inside his mouth yesterday, but he hadn't been the one to… initiate it. Caught up in his need to wait for permission, he had just responded to what Shen Qingqiu had done, had followed his lead as best he could.

But now, like this… Like this, Luo Binghe is going to make him…

Liu Qingge's face is hot.

Luo Binghe wants him to lick the come out of the inside of his mouth?

Luo Binghe's hand is sliding idly up and down the inside of his thigh, the other hand heavy on the small of his back. Liu Qingge can feel the heat traveling from Luo Binghe's hands through his body, concentrating in his…

He closes his eyes in embarrassment. He's hard just from this.

Keeping his eyes closed, he tentatively lets his lips part, slowly pressing them to Luo Binghe's. Luo Binghe doesn't move, just keeps his lips still, as Liu Qingge works his mouth hesitantly against them.

His mouth feels dry. He pulls back, licking his lips.

Luo Binghe's eyes fall to his mouth.

"Try again," he says.

Liu Qingge exhales in annoyance, and leans back in. This time, it's slightly wetter, and he lets his lips part further. Lets his tongue move as though it were going to wet his lips again, but it brushes against Luo Binghe's lips instead.

Luo Binghe makes a low rumble of approval, and now, he tilts his head slightly in response, coaxing Liu Qingge's mouth further open.

Liu Qingge feels heat spread down his spine.

This… this is…

It takes him a few minutes of just that- getting used to the sensation of- of Luo Binghe's mouth, working against his-

He would never have pictured it this way, if he'd thought about kissing Luo Binghe. Which he hasn't. Ever. But if he had, he'd have assumed that it would have been like how they have sex, rough and forceful and full of teeth, Luo Binghe filling him up with his tongue like he does with his- with-

At any rate. He never would have thought that it would be like this. Patient. Letting him take his time.

But he almost wishes that Luo Binghe would just do it, would just push his tongue into his mouth, so that Liu Qingge wouldn't have to be the one to… to…

He knows that Shen Qingqiu's come is still in his mouth, even though it's been a number of minutes. But will Luo Binghe end up swallowing it all, if Liu Qingge waits too long, is too hesitant about kissing him?

He slowly blinks his eyes open, to see Luo Binghe's lashes closed, face relaxed as he kisses Liu Qingge back.

His face heats. He's just got to go for it.

He closes his eyes again, and lets his jaw open wider… tongue tentatively… pressing forward to meet Luo Binghe's teeth…

But where he would expect to find teeth, Luo Binghe's mouth is already responding, opening to let him in.

Liu Qingge's tongue brushes against Luo Binghe's.

He jerks back, a slight gasp leaving him.

Luo Binghe frowns, and opens his eyes, blinking. "Why did you stop?" he says. Annoyingly.

"I…!" Liu Qingge says, pulse beating wildly in his throat. "I didn't…!" He scowls, ignoring the way his hand clutches at the sheets.

He's no coward!

Steeling himself, he grits his teeth and presses back in.

This time, when Luo Binghe's mouth opens for him, he's ready. He ignores the fire that traces through his body when Luo Binghe's tongue presses against his, trying to distract him.

He can taste… he can taste Shen Qingqiu.

His jaw inadvertently opens further, like he's used to doing when he takes Luo Binghe in his mouth. It makes it easier to press his tongue deeper inside, chase the taste of Shen Qingqiu's completion. Spit has pooled in Luo Binghe's mouth, mixing with the come, and when Luo Binghe lets him in deeper, the kiss suddenly becomes completely filthy, the wetness leaking out of their mouths.

Liu Qingge shudders.

Luo Binghe's hand on his waist moves to the back of his neck, fingers twining gently through the hair. He tilts Liu Qingge's head to the side, deepening the kiss yet further.

Liu Qingge feels the heat in his body burn higher, his hands twitching in the sheets.

Luo Binghe kisses him back, now, his tongue not only coaxing Liu Qingge into his mouth, but pressing back into his. Shen Qingqiu's taste spreads through their mouths, the wet noises of their tongues reminiscent of Luo Binghe's mouth on Shen Qingqiu.

And, as Liu Qingge lets Luo Binghe further and further in, Luo Binghe slowly pushes him back, lowering him down to the bed.

When Luo Binghe pulls away, breaking the kiss, Liu Qingge is fully on his back under him, legs parted, lips red and swollen, face flushed.

"Say thank you," Luo Binghe says.

Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Liu Qingge glares hotly in affront.

“No,” he says.

“So ungrateful,” Luo Binghe sighs silkily, leaning down to press another kiss into him.

Liu Qingge can’t help the way his eyes fall closed, but he immediately opens them to glare again when Luo Binghe pulls back, face smug.

Luo Binghe is wearing his thin inner robe; he must have put it on to go to sleep the night before.

It keeps Liu Qingge from feeling the heat of his skin against him.

“Take this off for me,” Luo Binghe says follwing the lines of Liu Qingge’s eyes and grabbing one of Liu Qingge’s hands to press it to the collar of his robe.

Liu Qingge makes an irritated face, but resigns himself.

His fingers are absolutely not tingling in anticipation.

He glances over his shoulder to Shen Qingqiu first, to make sure, and sees him watching them with dark eyes. The corners of his eyes curl up, and he directs a slow smile at Liu Qingge.

Liu Qingge whips his head back around, heart beating rapidly in his chest, trying to control the flush rising to his cheeks.

He guesses that that's permission enough, to unwrap Shen Qingqiu's husband.

Trying to get his pulse under control, he slowly undoes the ties of Luo Binghe's robe, pushing it open carefully.

His mouth goes dry, seeing Luo Binghe's chest.

A perfectly normal reaction; he just associates his chest with sex, is all. There's nothing in particular about Luo Binghe himself that he's reacting to.

His eyes track down the lines of his pecs and abs without his authorization.

He suddenly notices the amused look that Luo Binghe is giving him, and snaps his eyes up.

"What?" he says sharply, tugging the robe most of the rest of the way off Luo Binghe's shoulders to cover his momentary slip up.

"Liu Shishu is certainly attentive," Luo Binghe says, sliding the robe

the rest of the way off himself.

Liu Qingge scowls at him, ignoring his tone. “Well?” he says, impatiently.

“Well what?” Luo Binghe says, leaning down to mouth leisurely at Liu Qingge’s neck.

Liu Qingge ignores the way his body tries to shiver under Luo Binghe’s mouth. What does he mean, well what? Liu Qingge isn’t going to say it!!

But while he frowns and works his jaw, trying to think of what to do to convince Luo Binghe, the demon serenely ignores him. He just works his mouth slowly down Liu Qingge’s neck, biting gently here and there, lightly enough that it most likely won’t leave any marks.

Tormenting him.

Liu Qingge grits his teeth and commits himself to outlasting Luo Binghe.

He will *not* ask for anything.

Luo Binghe slowly settles his weight in between Liu Qingge’s legs, the heaviness of his body driving up the heat inside Liu Qingge. When his muscular stomach presses against Liu Qingge’s cock, trapped between them, Liu Qingge has to bite his lip to stay quiet.

“So obedient, staying still like this,” Luo Binghe says, voice low, but pitched so that Shen Qingqiu can certainly hear it.

Liu Qingge’s eyebrows twitch.

“Liu Shishu is certain he wouldn’t like to ask for something?” Luo Binghe says, letting his hips rock gently against him.

It drags his cock along Liu Qingge’s abs, making them jump.

Liu Qingge stays stubbornly quiet.

“Ah, I’m all worked up,” Luo Binghe says, and Liu Qingge feels Luo Binghe bring a hand in between them, going to…

His own cock?

Luo Binghe keeps kissing at the side of Liu Qingge’s neck, little nips mixed in with wet presses of his tongue, as his hand starts moving between them.

Liu Qingge feels the heat rising on his face. Luo Binghe is…

He’s really going to just… just touch himself, so unabashedly, right there, while still wearing his pants?

Luo Binghe makes a pleased noise, and grinds his hips down, so that his cock, tight in his hand, presses against Liu Qingge’s stomach.

Liu Qingge sucks in a breath.

Is he really planning to…!

“You-” he says, voice tight, trailing off.

“Mm?” Luo Binghe says in a liquid tone, grinding his hips down against Liu Qingge’s abs again.

He raises up briefly, to pull his cock out of his pants, and settle back down.

Now, his cock leaves a wet trail where it drags across Liu Qingge’s stomach.

“Was Liu Shishu hoping for something else to happen?” he says, hips slowly working against Liu Qingge’s body.

Liu Qingge can’t make a single noise in response.

This, this is…!

This insolent man, daring to just…

To just…

To just… rut against Liu Qingge, as if his body was only there to be used for…!

Liu Qingge's cock is just as hard as Luo Binghe's, lying against his stomach, untouched except for the press of Luo Binghe's abs against him. Luo Binghe's hand stays far away from it, knuckles brushing past it only momentarily as he touches himself ceaselessly, pressing himself however he pleases against Liu Qingge.

This can't be allowed to continue.

"You…" Liu Qingge says, voice sounding slightly more breathless than he had intended.

What… what can he say here?

He doesn't have the face to say that this is too disrespectful. He's already let Luo Binghe do much, much worse to him.

He can't possibly ask him to hurry up and… and put his cock-

In- in-

He won't say it!!

But he doesn't want him to stop, to just- just decide to get off another way. Maybe to turn back to Shen Qingqiu, and ask him to do what he

did yesterday-

Liu Qingge sucks in a breath, and glances over at Shen Qingqiu, whose eyes are fixed on Luo BInghe's hand.

Luo Binghe… he's on top of Liu Qingge now, in almost the same position he was with Shen Qingqiu yesterday. He's even kissing his neck the same way.

Is this… he doesn't expect Liu Qingge to…

To… touch him, does he?

Liu Qingge feels the heat rise in his face.

He hasn't… done that… for Luo Binghe.

He doesn't know if he can. Using his mouth on him is one thing, but… servicing him with his hand…

For some reason, that feels even more like…

Luo Binghe has worked his way up the other side of Liu Qingge's neck, leaving Liu Qingge's skin hot and hypersensitive to touch. Luo Binghe raises his hand, and turns Liu Qingge's face to him by the chin, kissing him fully on the mouth once again.

Liu Qingge makes a small noise, and his hands jolt up to grasp Luo

Binghe's shoulders. Now, he's being kissed the domineering way he expected before.

Luo Binghe presses him down, body heavy on top of him, and turns his head to push his tongue deeply into Liu Qingge's mouth. He bites lightly at Liu Qingge's lips, controls him with his hand on his chin, swallows the small choking noise that Liu Qingge makes when he grinds his hips heavily into him. His tongue presses against Liu Qingge's, and his other hand never stops the steady movement on his cock.

Liu Qingge's fingers tighten on the muscles of Luo Binghe's shoulders.

Being kissed like this- feeling the way that Luo Binghe fucks his tongue in and out of his mouth- it's-

Luo Binghe presses his cock against him again, and Liu Qingge has to swallow a moan.

What's happening?! Luo Binghe isn't even inside him yet! Why is he reacting like- like-

Wanting to distract himself, Liu Qingge lets his one of his hands slide slowly up the back of Luo Binghe's neck, until it brushes against his curly, unbound hair.

Luo Binghe laughs into his mouth, and grabs both of his wrists, careless of the mess he leaves on one of them, and pins them both to the side of Liu Qingge's head.

"Ah," he says, pulling back to smile at him mockingly, "does Shishu

want to play with my hair?”

Liu Qingge feels his face go red.

He’s not- he didn’t-

“No!” he snaps, face on fire.

Luo Binghe grinds his hips forward, fucking his cock against Liu Qingge’s abs, as he continues to smile down at him.

Without his hand in the way, his weight presses Liu Qingge’s cock between the two of them, making him shudder.

“Shishu is welcome to,” Luo Binghe says, still looking amused. “All he has to do is ask.”

He wants him to- to ask?! As if Luo Binghe has ever asked, before messing up Liu Qingge’s hair! Running his fingers through it, pulling it, forcing his head around by it, getting his- his come in it…!

“Unbelievable!” Liu Qingge snaps.

“Then Shishu can stay just like this,” Luo Binghe agrees with disingenuous nonchalance, rocking his hips against him again, the slide of his cock easy with the startling amount of precome he produces.

Liu Qingge shifts under him, muscles in his arms bunching as though considering trying to tear his arms free, and Luo Binghe's eyes suddenly snap to his face, the intensity of his expression startling.

Liu Qingge freezes, arms barely having moved against the weight of Luo Binghe's grip.

His cock jumps.

"Would Shishu like to get up?" Luo Binghe says, keen stare not abating.

Liu Qingge's breath speeds up in his chest, though he doesn't know why.

"Shidi?" Shen Qingqiu's voice comes.

Liu Qingge realizes that he's been staring up at Luo Binghe for seconds that have run into each minutes.

He tests the give of Luo Binghe's grip, and Luo Binghe's hands don't move at all.

His pulse quickens at his throat.

"Would Shishu like to be let up?" Luo Binghe asks again, eyes still fixed intently on him.

“I…” he says, mouth dry. “...No.”

Luo Binghe doesn’t take his eyes off him, and slowly grinds his hips against him again. Liu Qingge’s wrists twitch in Luo Binghe’s grasp, and Luo Binghe’s hands press down firmly against them, thumbs running along the tendons on the insides of his wrists.

It sends a burn of heat through him.

“Shishu can feel free to tap on my wrists if he would like to be let up,” Luo Binghe murmurs, and lowers his head to kiss Liu Qingge.

Liu Qingge’s eyes fall shut as he opens his mouth for Luo Binghe’s tongue to press deeply into him, as he lets Luo Binghe rock into him, lets him press his cock into his stomach. Heart beating wildly, he tests Luo Binghe’s grip again, and feels heat rush through him at how the hands on his wrists force him further against the bed, tightening almost painfully.

His lashes flutter back open. Luo Binghe’s hair is tickling his face.

Still feeling aggrieved at Luo Binghe’s double standard, he uses one of the hands by his head to grab at a nearby strand of Luo Binghe’s hair, pulling slightly.

Luo Binghe’s eyelashes flutter open, his mouth not moving from Liu Qingge’s, and his hips push against Liu Qingge.

He slowly bites Liu Qingge’s lip.

Liu Qingge meets his eyes as Luo Binghe's teeth sink deeper and deeper into him, until they're almost at the point of drawing blood. His heartbeat is pushing hot blood through his body, making him feel almost dizzy.

Luo Binghe looks at him. "Let go," he says quietly, not releasing Liu Qingge's lip from between his teeth.

"No," Liu Qingge whispers.

Luo Binghe's hand pushes calmly up Liu Qingge's arm, until it reaches his palm, where it slowly tightens on the muscle of his hand.

Liu Qingge doesn't let go.

Luo Binghe's grip increases, sliding up his hand to force his fingers slowly back from where they hold his hair. Liu Qingge tries to double down, but Luo Binghe's slow, deliberate push isn't something that can be resisted with one hand.

His other hand twitches, as though thinking about escaping, and Luo Binghe's hand closes on that wrist carefully, slowly and deliberately exerting enough pressure to bruise.

Liu Qingge's breath catches.

During this, Luo Binghe has not stopped slowly pushing his hips against Liu Qingge's abs, the pressure nowhere near enough to satisfy Liu Qingge's cock, but more than enough to drive him to distraction. If not for Luo Binghe's intense gaze, refusing to look away from his eyes, Liu Qingge would probably be trying to hide his face in the bed right

now, to give himself a chance to regain some control.

But as it is, he can't look away, can't even free his lip from Luo Binghe's painful bite, as his hand is slowly forced open.

When his fingers can no longer hold on, Luo Binghe releases his lip from his teeth, and arches his neck, slowly tossing his hair out of the reach of Liu Qingge's hands. He still doesn't break eye contact with Liu Qingge.

"Try that again," he says, expression intent.

Liu Qingge narrows his eyes, and tries to reach for Luo Binghe's hair. The hands on his wrists stop him.

"I know you can do better than that," Luo Binghe says, low and arrogant.

This presumptuous demon! Is he trying to… to…

To what? Provoke Liu Qingge into using his full strength to try to break out of his grip?

Liu Qingge doesn't think that…

That…

That he would be able to.

The thought sends a frisson of heat down his spine, making him shiver.

His cock twitches between them.

The idea of… of testing himself against Luo Binghe… of actually pushing himself to the limit, trying to stop him from holding him down...

Trying, and failing…

His heart is hammering in his chest so loud that he things Luo Binghe must be able to hear it.

He…

He wants that.

But.

But he can’t go around testing his strength recklessly. If he and Luo Binghe tried to actually match strength, they would probably end up destroying the bed they’re lying on.

Shen Qingqiu’s bed.

Liu Qingge glances over at Shen Qingqiu, who's watching with a strange expression on his face.

Right. He has to be responsible.

"The… the bed," he says, voice rougher than he intended it to be.

"Mm?" Luo Binghe says, still staring down at him with the same intent gaze. He doesn't move.

Liu Qingge feels himself heat up.

He has to… use more words, probably.

"The bed wouldn't last," he says, closing his eyes to gather himself as his heart continues to beat wildly.

"Ah," Luo Binghe says, eyes glancing to the covers by the side of the bed.

The electricity in the air decreases by two steps.

"This disciple forgot," Luo Binghe says, and the pressure on Liu Qingge's wrists eases.

Liu Qingge feels a slight sense of loss.

He glances at Shen Qingqiu again, who has the same expression on his face.

Maybe Shen Qingqiu wouldn't mind if…? Furniture can be replaced, after all…

No, he thinks, mentally shaking himself. He won't treat Shen Qingqiu's property with such disrespect.

Luo Binghe leans forward, and presses a softer kiss to Liu Qingge's mouth, before leaning back slightly.

"Like this, then," he says, and starts rocking his hips against Liu Qingge's abs again, his pace slightly faster this time.

Liu Qingge breathes in shakily, heart still racing from what he almost had. The muscles in his arms are twitching from the adrenaline.

Luo Binghe rocks into him a few times, mouth slightly rough on Liu Qingge's, and then pulls his wrists up over his head, so that he can hold them with one hand. His other returns to his cock, and starts pulling at it fast and hard.

He's moving much faster than he was before. Is Luo Binghe also still feeling… affected, by what almost happened?

Liu Qingge loses a few minutes thinking dazedly about that. After a while, though, he starts to twist under Luo Binghe, indignant noise not making it past the seal of Luo Binghe's lips.

This demon isn't even going to touch him?!

Luo Binghe lets out a satisfied noise, hand moving faster on himself. He breaks the kiss to lower his head and pant, hot, against Liu Qingge's throat, before biting him hard at the base of his neck.

Liu Qingge's adam's apple jumps, as he swallows convulsively.

This is…

Luo Binghe moans into his neck. He slowly sinks his teeth into him again.

He definitely seems… a little more…

After sucking a heavy mark into Liu Qingge's neck for a few moments, Luo Binghe haltingly raises his head.

His breathing is heavy, his brows drawn tightly together.

His hand hasn't stopped moving on himself.

"Shizun, shizun," he says, and his eyes, framed by those long lashes, blink open, hot and… needy...? as his gaze tracks to where Shen Qingqiu is sitting.

"I'm here, Binghe," Shen Qingqiu says, immediately coming to sit next to them. His hand goes to pet the back of Luo Binghe's head, his other

one cupping Luo Binghe's bicep where it strains to hold Liu Qingge's wrists without damaging them.

Luo Binghe hisses out a breath, and lowers his head to press a bruising kiss against Liu Qingge's lips. Liu Qingge moans loudly into his mouth, completely unprepared to keep himself from making noise, as he feels Luo Binghe's hot come suddenly spread all over his stomach.

Wh… Luo Binghe just-

What happened to his stamina!?

Chapter End Notes

eyyyy lucky sevens thanks for bringing it to 777 kudos!!!! another chapter to convey my gratitude

Chapter 11

Luo Binghe, as usual, keeps coming, hips grinding forward for the next minute, pulse after pulse of come dirtying Liu Qingge's abs, making his whole front slick. It makes the slide of his cock against Luo Binghe's stomach even more unbearable, brings him even closer to the edge, but he can't quite get there, with no direct pressure.

After Luo Binghe bites his mouth and clenches his hand on his wrists and fucks his cock against him for a few minutes longer, he releases a final heavy, panting breath, shuddering against Liu Qingge, head pressing back into Shen Qingqiu's hand on his hair.

Liu Qingge holds himself still under him, trying to stop the small shivers that run through his body.

He's not sure he's seen Luo Binghe come like that before.

Luo Binghe slowly blinks his eyes open, meeting Liu Qingge's.

Liu Qingge feels his ears grow warm.

Luo Binghe… his face is…

Luo Binghe watches him for a moment, then the corners of his lips lift very slightly in a smile.

Liu Qingge's heart… stills, just for a moment.

Luo Binghe leans down, and presses a light, wet kiss onto Liu Qingge's lips, then turns his head to look at Shen Qingqiu.

His eyelashes dip as Shen Qingqiu immediately leans in to kiss him on the mouth, and his body shivers against Liu Qingge's. His hand releases Liu Qingge's wrists, and goes to twine itself into the hair behind Shen Qingqiu's head.

Liu Qingge doesn't look away this time, doesn't even think to; he just watches Luo Binghe and Shen Qingqiu slowly exchanging deep, wet kisses, pulling each other in with hands and mouths.

When Luo Binghe twists his torso to get a better angle, Liu Qingge's breath catches.

His cock is still very, very hard, where it's trapped between them.

"Ah," Luo Binghe says, hand sliding along Liu Qingge's wet front, eyes not opening as he smiles into Shen Qingqiu's kiss. "Would Shishu like something now?"

Liu Qingge lets his eyes flutter closed, face heating.

Luo Binghe, he…

He knows for a fact that Luo Binghe could get it up again fast enough to- to do it, right now. But the fact that he's asking like this, with that expression on his face…

Liu Qingge realizes, with sudden clarity, that Luo Binghe won't unless he asks him to.

He wants to make Liu Qingge…

What, just ask?

No- no. That's not all that Luo Binghe wants.

He knows that if he lowers himself to ask once, Luo Binghe won't stop until he's made him beg.

The heat in his chest blazes slowly higher. He swallows.

He can't do it. He can't…

"Try this, Shishu," Luo Binghe says, and his hand guides Liu Qingge's hand to…

To Liu Qingge's…

Liu Qingge's breath stops.

Why is Luo Binghe making him touch himself? He can't possibly intend for Liu Qingge to… to…

His palms itch with how badly he wants to let himself go. He's been right on the edge this whole time, feeling Luo Binghe grind against him, the pressure of his abs almost enough but never quite getting him there, the feel of his weight on top of Liu Qingge driving him closer and closer…

And his hand is right there. He's desperate to be touched. To be touched no matter what it takes, even if it's he himself who has to-

But- he can't! Using his hand on himself, while- while right in front of-

The back of his neck is heating up. His face is bright red.

Luo Binghe is still not looking at him, eyes closed as he continues to kiss Shen Qingqiu, but Shen Qingqiu's eyes have opened halfway.

They're looking down, down at where…

Luo Binghe's fingers gently curl around Liu Qingge's, pressing his hand around him to guide him slowly up his cock, and down.

Liu Qingge's hands twitch convulsively, only adding to the sensation against his cock, hot through the slickness of Luo Binghe's come.

He can't keep himself from inhaling a sharp breath, a slight noise making its way out of his mouth.

Shen Qingqiu's eyelashes dip, and his gaze raises to meet Liu Qingge's.

Liu Qingge can't look away from his dark eyes, even as Luo Binghe's hand guides his, slowly, back up and down his cock.

This is…

Liu Qingge feels like he might shake himself to pieces, with how hard he's trying to prevent himself from shivering.

He knows that Luo Binghe can feel it, though, because Luo Binghe makes a smug noise into Shen Qingqiu's mouth and drags Liu Qingge's hand up again, fingers pressing his grip closed around himself.

Liu Qingge's hand trembles with the strain of not just taking himself in hand and doing everything to himself that he's been desperate for.

Luo Binghe tugs his hand up, squeezes around him. His strong fingers completely envelope Liu Qingge's.

Shen Qingqiu's eyes are still on Liu Qingge's face, his lashes halfway lowered as he returns Luo Binghe's kiss.

His face is… serene, beautiful.

Luo Binghe coaxes Liu Qingge's hand up, his thumb pushing Liu Qingge's to trace a wet circle on the head of his cock. When the shock of pleasure rolls its way through Liu Qingge, he can't keep still in front of Shen Qingqiu's calm eyes. He slaps his free hand over his face, unable to stop the shaky, uncontrolled breath that comes out.

“Harder, Shishu,” Luo Binghe murmurs, and starts moving their hands steadily up and down, tightening their grips to add pressure.

Liu Qingge can feel the precome starting to leak out of his cock almost immediately.

Luo Binghe doesn’t make it easy for him, doesn’t let him lie back and pretend that Luo Binghe is doing all the work- he guides Liu Qingge’s hand, but eventually there’s nothing for it but for Liu Qingge to start applying the pressure himself. Luo Binghe just keeps gripping him, getting firmer and firmer around him, and then slowly letting up on the pressure, teasing him until he can’t stand it and has no choice but to clasp himself fully and finish the job.

Luo Binghe, for once, grants him some small pretense at dignity- he leaves his hand on Liu Qingge’s, so that he can pretend that he’s not just desperately jacking off underneath the two men kissing above him, lets him delude himself that he isn’t so desperate that he’s willing to get off just like this, hand working on himself while he covers his face to hide how red he must be.

He feels Luo Binghe shift above him, weight drawing off him as though he’s sitting up. Shen Qingqiu sighs softly, as though Luo Binghe has drawn his lips away from his.

Liu Qingge’s hand tightens on his face.

He can’t look. If he looks, he’ll probably see that… that Luo Binghe’s body is no longer covering him, that his whole front- and the motion of his hand, still cupped in Luo Binghe’s- are totally… exposed…

What he can't know without looking, though, is where Shen Qingqiu and Luo Binghe's eyes are.

If… if he looked up, and saw that they were both watching him…

His cock leaks yet more precome into his hand.

He can't help it; his hand grips harder now, moves faster, than Luo Binghe's encourages him to.

He feels the heat rising through his chest and neck. Now, there's no way to pretend that he's not… that he's not…

"Just like that," Luo Binghe murmurs, dipping his head down to briefly kiss the rise of Liu Qingge's pec.

Liu Qingge's breath catches, a small noise escaping him.

Luo Binghe makes a low, pleased noise, right before a light touch traces across Liu Qingge's front.

Fingers, gently trailing along the line of his collarbone- down the.. down the dip of his chest-

This- this gentleness, this restraint-

This is not the way that Luo Binghe touches him.

Liu Qingge's hand slips in the wetness of his own precome, sliding messily across the tip. He shudders, hard enough that the hand touching him settles more firmly on him to keep contact, idly tracing the lines of his stomach.

Liu Qingge suddenly, desperately, wants someone to kiss him to stop the noises that are trying to come out of him- anyone, even if it's Luo Binghe.

He can't- he can't reach out to bring him in, though, without uncovering his face, and that…

He can't do that, he can't. If he opens his eyes, and sees… and sees them looking…

A noise makes it past his lips.

"Shidi," Shen Qingqiu's voice says soothingly, and his hand presses warm against Liu Qingge's stomach.

Liu Qingge's cock jumps. Twitches in his hand.

And he-

He-

He bites his lip, as his orgasm blazes its way out of him.

He draws in a shocked breath, barely composed enough to remember what's embarrassing about coming this fast, touched by no one but himself.

He tosses his head desperately, even as Luo Binghe's hand grabs at the hand covering his face, dragging it down so that his expression is exposed.

Liu Qingge can hear himself making small noises, though he tries to bite them back- his hips try to rise off the bed, but Luo Binghe leans his weight onto his thighs, holding him down.

He wants- Liu Qingge wants-

His hand grabs thoughtlessly at Luo Binghe's where it holds him back from covering his face, and drags his hand towards his body.

Even through the buzz of his orgasm, he hears Luo Binghe make an amused noise, letting his hand press Liu Qingge into the bed firmly, holding him down with his weight.

"Ah-" Liu Qingge bites out, and every muscle on his body tenses up under the two hands on him. "Ah-"

And just like that, he's fighting his way through a shockingly powerful orgasm, the strength of it all the more bewildering because literally nothing has happened to him besides his own hand touching himself.

When he comes back to himself and opens his eyes, panting, he finds

that his fear was correct.

Shen Qingqiu and Luo Binghe both have their eyes trained on him.

At this point, though, still trembling slightly from his orgasm, he can't bring himself to even feel embarrassed.

He just feels… warm, all over.

Shen Qingqiu's eyes crinkle in a slight smile, and Liu Qingge feels the warmth spread all the way into his bones.

Luo Binghe leans forward, and, brushing his hair to one side- so it doesn't drape onto Liu Qingge- he presses a brief kiss against Liu Qingge's lips.

He sits back, and looks at Shen Qingqiu.

Shen Qingqiu raises his eyebrows.

He glances between Luo Binghe and Liu Qingge, then back once more at Luo Binghe.

At Luo Binghe's calm expression, Shen Qingqiu huffs out a breath, a small smile crossing his lips, and leans forward to also…

To also-

He- he kisses Liu Qingge also.

On the lips, soft. Dry, and gentle.

Liu Qingge’s eyes flutter shut.

There’s no going back from this.

Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

> SHORT update!! thank u all for being so fun and leaving so many comments ;) productivity thru the roof from ur feedback!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Shen Qingqiu sighs happily as he and Luo Binghe near Qing Jing peak. Much though he's used to staying in Luo Binghe's human and demon realm palaces, it's always nice to come back for a few days to one of the places that he and Luo Binghe consider home.

And ever since they've been getting… closer… with Liu Qingge, there hasn't even been as much fuss about Luo Binghe accompanying him when he returns.

In fact, he's noticed that all of Bai Zhan peak, including the disciples, have been more orderly recently.

Or so he hears, anyway; Mu Qingfang has been mentioning a decrease in requests for medicine, so maybe the energetic young things are finally learning some restraint.

At any rate, it's pleasant to fly in, passing over the familiar mountains, seeing the nostalgic bamboo, seeing the… the…

The large, bloodied monster carcasses in his front yard.

"Shizun!" Ning Yingying calls, as Shen Qingqiu and Luo Binghe drift in to land.

Shen Qingqiu steps gracefully off his sword, Luo Binghe dismounting to his side from Xin Mo.

He'd insisted that they fly separately; his face isn't thick enough to let this demon lord cling to him like a fainting maiden as he flies back to his own peak. And he stuck by his guns, too, thank you very much, even enduring all the pouting that followed!

Now, to find out about his new… lawn ornaments.

"This is...?" Shen Qingqiu questions, raising his fan as he looks over the large, still-bloody corpses.

"Ah, Bai Zhan Peak Lord said he'd heard you were coming, and he left these for you," Ning Yingying says. She shoots Luo Binghe a brisk nod, followed by a more friendly smile, when he nods back.

"Liu Shidi?" Shen Qingqiu murmurs, still looking at the monsters. "Two this time? He usually only leaves one…" He sighs, shaking his head, and says "very well. We'll make use of these, Ning Yingying, you can head back to rest for the night."

"Shizun," she says, bowing, and leaves them.

Shen Qingqiu turns to Luo Binghe, who is looking at the two corpses with a strange expression on his face.

He notices Shen Qingqiu watching, though, and blinks, coming back to himself.

“I’ll make dinner, shizun?” he says, gesturing at the monsters.

“Very well,” Shen Qingqiu says affably, and leaves him to the butchering process while he goes to complete the paperwork he’s been slacking off on.

Dinner that night is delicious.

Liu Qingge has been busy for the last few days with various Peak Lord duties- training his disciples; dealing with annoying quantities of paperwork; appeasing Qi Qingqi while his sister is visiting their family; sending his disciples for medical attention- and hasn’t been able to go by Qing Jing peak. He knows that Shen Qingqiu is staying there- and that the annoying Luo Binghe is sure to be accompanying him- so tonight, when he finishes the latest headache-inducing expenditure report, he steps lightly onto Cheng Luan and flies towards the peak.

It would be rude to not even show his face.

When he arrives, the sky is just darkening, and the candles in the house haven’t been lit yet. No one is outside, but he hears voices from inside.

“Shizun, shizun, shizun-” Luo Binghe’s voice is panting, loud enough that it comes faintly through the walls.

Liu Qingge colors.

He'll just… pretend he hadn't heard that.

He steps up, and knocks firmly on the door, giving them a chance to make themselves decent.

At the sound of something falling off the bed and a spike in aggressive energy from inside, he calls out "...it's me."

"Liu Shidi!" Shen Qingqiu's voice comes from inside. "Come in."

"W- wait, Shizun, wait-" Luo Binghe's voice says, but Liu Qingge has already opened the door and is stepping into the bamboo house.

Inside, Shen Qingqiu and Luo Binghe are on the bed, as he expected, but Luo Binghe is…

Luo BInghe is on his back, mostly covered by… Shen Qingqiu's unclothed body…

Shen Qingqiu has Luo Binghe's legs wrapped around his waist, and he appears to be…

The door swings closed behind Liu Qingge, startling him.

Luo Binghe is staring at him, face…

Turning… red…?

Liu Qingge's face feels like it's also going red.

What is…

"Shizun," Luo Binghe says desperately, squirming slightly. "Shizun, not like- not with-"

"Don't be ridiculous, Binghe," Shen Qingqiu says, shifting.

Luo Binghe makes an… unexpected sound, as Shen Qingqiu shifts inside him.

"After all the things you've done to Liu Shidi, he can't come in now?" Shen Qingqiu scolds, and Luo Binghe makes another noise, like he can't help it.

"Shizun," he says, squirming, and Shen Qingqiu lightly slaps his arm.

"Stop wriggling around," he says, voice firm, and Luo Binghe-

Immediately wraps his arms tightly around Shen Qingqiu, and-

And lets out a loud noise, body shuddering.

Wait! Didn't this happen last time, too?!

Liu Qingge's heart is beating wildly.

Why is Luo Binghe finishing so fast?!

"Shizun, Shizun," Luo Binghe is saying, trembling under Shen Qingqiu's body, hips rolling wantonly up into him, fucking himself on- on-

Liu Qingge realizes his mouth is hanging open, and slams it shut.

He's never seen anything so- so shameless…!

"Ah, Shizun, yes, yes, please-" Luo Binghe is saying, the movement of his waist coaxing Shen Qingqiu to resume what he must have been doing before. Shen Qingqiu starts… rolling his hips… firmly and steadily, into Luo Binghe, to help him through his…

Liu Qingge feels his mouth drop back open.

Shen Qingqiu's back arches into definition as he smoothly moves his hips forward, the muscles of his shoulder blades shifting under the frantic press of Luo BInghe's hands. His- his waist, and… lower… parts… flex powerfully, driving forward into Luo Binghe's…

Liu Qingge feels like he's suffocating.

When did it get so hot in this room?

Luo Binghe thrashes under Shen Qingqiu, his nails scraping against his back, lightly enough that they leave nothing but slight pink marks, and his legs wrap tightly around Shen Qingqiu's waist. He reaches up with both hands to bring Shen Qingqiu's head down for a kiss, and moans loudly into it, as his body shakes through the last of his orgasm.

Liu Qingge stands by the door, speechless, watching as Luo Binghe keeps rolling his hips for another few seconds, even after the last of his orgasm has passed, until the steady movement of Shen Qingqiu's hips stutters.

Liu Qingge can't see most of Shen Qingqiu's face from this angle, but he can just make out that he bites his lip, right as he goes completely still.

" *Shizun* ," Luo BInghe says, arms drawing Shen Qingqiu down to press his face into Luo Binghe's neck.

Shen Qingqiu breathes in shakily, and breathes out hard, exhaling in tandem with Luo BInghe's breath.

Luo BInghe groans, body... flexing... under Shen Qingqiu.

"Ahhh," Luo Binghe sighs loudly, arms holding Shen Qingqiu tightly to him as his legs finally relax, falling open around Shen Qingqiu's thighs. "Yes, Shizun," he says, voice slow and satisfied. "Yes, inside me, just like that-"

Liu Qingge's brain stops working completely.

Is Shen Qingqiu- is he letting himself- inside of-

Heat blazes through Liu Qingge's body, burning away the air in his lungs.

Luo Binghe is still talking.

"Shizun, shizun," he says quietly, hand stroking Shen Qingqiu's hair. "Shizun is amazing, it was so good for this disciple."

Liu Qingge's brain is slowly starting to move again, but it only has a single thought that it's capable of producing.

Shen Qingqiu is willing to-

"Binghe," Shen Qingqiu says, and Luo Binghe hums happily, pressing kisses to the side of Shen Qingqiu's face.

"Shidi," Shen Qingqiu says, and Liu Qingge has taken half a step forward before he realizes what he's doing.

Luo Binghe looks at him expectantly, and Liu Qingge swallows, and makes his feet carry him the rest of the way to the bed.

Chapter End Notes

again, word of god (me) says that lbh is saying "not like this" to sqq because he's embarrassed, but sqq being even a little bit bossy

with him immediately turns him on so much that he doesn't care AT ALL anymore, hahahaha

AGAIN, USE BETTER CONSENT PRACTICES THAN THESE LOSERS!!!!!!!!!! <3 stay safe and take care of yourselves my loves~

Chapter 13

The electricity still runs, hot, under Luo Binghe's skin, lighting him up. He flexes his thighs, feeling the slickness of Shen Qingqiu's come inside him as he pulls at him with his legs, forcing him in deep inside himself one last time, enjoying Shen Qingqiu's quiet sigh of pleasure.

It took a long time to get here- to get Shen Qingqiu to where he would finish inside him- and it still ramps him up every time he does, makes him feel like he could go another three rounds without stopping.

Of course, Shen Qingqiu is usually completely done by that time, cock wrung dry by Luo Binghe's enthusiastic body, and not interested in anything penetrative.

Today, though…

Luo Binghe glances to the side, where Liu Qingge sits on the edge of the bed, fully dressed, eyes averted and face red.

Luo Binghe's cock twitches.

He hasn't fucked Liu Qingge for almost a week, now. He's been playing with him- seeing what Liu Qingge will let him do to him, and how long it'll take for him to crack and beg for his cock.

He knows it won't happen yet. But in the meantime, he's been figuring out what really gets Liu Qingge hot.

The man goes wild it when Luo Binghe comes on him. He loves it when he holds him down. He's obviously desperate to be tied up again; Luo Binghe once left the binding cables peeking out from a box by the side of the bed, just visible, and Liu Qingge had started struggling against him, incredibly disobedient, obviously trying to get Luo Binghe to bind him to make him stay still. Luo Binghe had just masked his grin in Liu Qingge's neck, and held him down with his bare hands, until Liu Qingge came, with a shaky cry, under his teeth.

Liu Qingge will have to learn to ask for it.

Today, though, Luo Binghe isn't in the mood to play around.

He looks at Liu Qingge, and is struck by the sudden need to fuck him into the mattress while his Shizun's come is still wet inside him.

He purrs out a satisfied noise, shifting around Shen Qingqiu's cock going soft inside him.

"Shizun," he says, low and satisfied, and wraps his legs around Shen Qingqiu's hips, using the muscles of his waist to flip him onto his back, straddling him without letting his cock slip out.

Shen Qingqiu breathes out sharply, hands coming up to rest on Luo Binghe's waist.

Luo Binghe presses a kiss into Shen Qingqiu's neck and bears down on his cock inside him, blood hot in his veins at the feeling of Shen Qingqiu's come slicking inside him.

At the same time, he reaches out and roughly grabs Liu Qingge's arm,

yanking him to sit more fully on the bed.

Luo Binghe smiles into Shen Qingqiu's neck at the slight catch of breath he hears from Liu Qingge, even as he slowly rolls his hips a last time before letting Shen Qingqiu's cock slip out.

He presses a worshipful kiss to Shen Qingqiu's cheek, who breathes out serenely. When Luo Binghe sits back to admire his Shizun's beautiful face, his eyes are closed, lashes resting delicately on his strong cheekbones, slight flush still not faded from his skin.

Luo Binghe's heart sings, and he can't resist leaning forward to press a gentle kiss to the lips of the man he loves.

His hand on Liu Qingge, meanwhile, slides to grip at his collar.

"Shishu," he mutters, lips still pressed to Shen Qingqiu's, and roughly jerks Liu Qingge a few more inches towards him. "Walking in on something like this, aren't you ashamed?"

Liu Qingge makes a wordless aggrieved noise, as if to protest. He *was* invited in, after all, and Luo Binghe, after the initial surprise, was very satisfied at how easily Liu Qingge entered the room.

But he still delights in making him squirm.

He presses a last, soft kiss against Shen Qingqiu's cheek, and sits up, turning toward Liu Qingge. His hand fists gently in the well-made cloth of his robe, wrinkling the fabric. Liu Qingge does nothing to stop him from mussing his clothes, only huffs in annoyance and shifts on the bed.

Making him wait this long has paid off; Luo Binghe can tell from how Liu Qingge's body turns towards him that he'll let him get away with any number of things tonight, as long as it leads to Luo Binghe's cock in him.

Should he make him suck him? Luo Binghe thinks idly, palm moving to press along the line of Liu Qingge's collarbone and shoulder. The other man's muscles tense, then relax under his hands, their definition tangible even through the thick layers of clothing he wears, as he swallows.

No, Luo Binghe decides. He gets too hot watching the high and mighty Bai Zhan Peak Lord moan and work his throat around his cock, making those desperate choking noises; he doesn't want to get carried away and decide to come down his throat today, instead of fucking him.

He knows that he has the control to pull out and fuck him anyway, but he'll save that for another time.

Right now, he just has to get him ready to take him.

"The oil," he murmurs, gesturing to the bottle at the head of the bed. Liu Qingge's head turns towards it, exposing the strong line of his throat, and Luo Binghe takes the opportunity to gently scrape his teeth along it when Liu Qingge reaches to procure the bottle.

He smiles at the feeling of Liu Qingge swallowing under his teeth, at the slight sound of his breath catching.

Yes, he'll be easy to push down and fuck tonight.

Not that he would mind if he wasn't, Luo Binghe thinks absently. The time before this, when Liu Qingge had almost let himself fight back, when he almost let himself struggle against Luo Binghe's immovable arms…

Luo Binghe has no interest in forcing him to submit to something he doesn't want.

But it turns him on like nothing else, the idea of forcing him to submit to the things he does want.

…With permission, of course. Luo Binghe isn't a beast.

But the way that Liu Qingge had laid there, hands pinned, looking into Luo Binghe's face with his black eyes wide and his chest rising and falling… the way he had accepted Luo Binghe's grip on his wrists, had not only allowed it, but started to test himself against the strength of it, biceps flexing…

Luo Binghe is still hard from Shen Qingqiu's lovemaking, but now his breath is speeding up, his mood changing to one slightly…

Rougher.

He'll hold him down again tonight, he decides, even if he can't force him to fight back here. They're in the bamboo house that he and Shen Qingqiu hold sacred, after all, there's no way he'll risk destroying any part of it. But he can definitely restrain him with his weight, hold him down until Liu Qingge's narrow waist is arching up under his body, legs trembling, unable to keep from fucking himself on his cock-

While Luo Binghe's mind has been wandering, planning out his meal for the night, his hands have also been wandering, handling themselves well without his conscious thought. Liu Qingge has allowed everything thus far- how the palms press against his chest; how the fingers trail along the curve of his waist; how the thumbs rub at his nipples through his robes- without complaint, but he jerks away when Luo Binghe trails his fingers up his throat, his face flushing red.

Ah, yes. Another thing that Luo Binghe hasn't done for him, since that first time- he remembers, even through the haze of the demonic energy pooling in him at the time, how much Liu Qingge had reacted to his hand on his throat.

He'd left a necklace of bruises, dark against Liu Qingge's pretty skin. Shen Qingqiu had given him a scarf to cover them.

Liu Qingge had come, under that hand on his neck.

Liu Qingge, right here right now, seems to have gathered himself, controlling his reaction. Luo Binghe doesn't let the self-satisfied smile bloom on his face.

Another thing Liu Qingge will have to ask for.

"Would Shishu care to disrobe?" he asks, overly courteous in the way that he knows gets under Liu Qingge's skin.

Liu Qingge shoots him a dirty look, and starts slowly removing his outer robe. Luo Binghe glances over at Shen Qingqiu, who lies, exhausted, on his side.

He's watching.

Luo Binghe feels a warmth spread through him, and lets the smile show on his face, this time.

"Lie back, Shishu," he says, going to push Liu Qingge down, even though the other man has barely started to remove his inner robes.

"Be patient," Liu Qingge snaps, holding himself up with the strength of his stomach muscles against Luo Binghe's palms, as he finishes removing his robes. Luo Binghe waits patiently as Liu Qingge settles the cloth to the side, and allows him to remove his pants, as well, before shoving him forcefully down onto the bed.

Liu Qingge glares, but fails to hide the way his breath catches.

He's so easy to read.

He probably wants it rough today, too, Luo Binghe thinks, studying him intently.

"Spread your legs," he says decisively, and Liu Qingge half heartedly tries to punch him.

It's half-hearted for him, of course, but it would still put a significant hole in the wall of this room. Luo Binghe catches his fist easily, forcing it down to the bed.

Nothing too rough in Shizun's bamboo house.

"Spread your legs, or I won't do anything," he says.

The week of no fucking must have shown Liu Qingge that he means business, because when Liu Qingge closes his eyes and swallows, throat working, it's only a few seconds before his legs slowly spread a few inches apart.

He's definitely eager today. Liu Qingge never goes this easily.

He's probably picturing…

Luo Binghe's mouth curls up at the edges.

He knows exactly what Liu Qingge is picturing.

He slicks his fingers with the oil as he looks down on the Bai Zhan Peak Lord, one hand restrained by Luo Binghe's, the other clenched in the sheets.

This man thinks he can earn Shizun's favors?

Amusing.

But perhaps… it could be accommodated.

Luo Binghe feels his cock twitch at the idea.

To earn Shen Qingqiu's attention, he bets that Liu Qingge would do…

Almost anything.

Luo Binghe's mouth feels wet, and he leans down to press a slow, biting kiss into Liu Qingge's shoulder, as his fingers begin to circle his entrance.

Liu Qingge twitches against him, as through enticing his fingers to dip inside.

Luo Binghe was astonished, the first time they fucked, at how easily this tight-assed repressed man had let him in, at how open and pliant he became inside with just a few minutes of fingering, at how his ass seemed to make way for Luo Binghe's fingers and cock like it was built for nothing but this. Built for being fucked as hard, and fast, and long as Luo BInghe wants to give it to him.

He knows he can't have been a virgin- no virgin can take dick like that on the first try- but he can't imagine Liu Qingge having had many sexual encounters before this, with how snappish and standoffish he is.

Sure, the man is stunningly beautiful, but looks can only get you so far, when your personality is like a wet, mangy street cat, always snarling and attempting to claw the flesh out of someone's arms.

Luo Binghe wonders, sometimes, about who took Liu Qingge's first time, about what it was like; if they were gentle and considerate, or if

they found out what he liked and gave it to him hard.

He doesn't think that anyone had held him down and hurt him, before; the punched-out look that Liu Qingge gave him the first few times was too surprised, as if he was shocked at his own pleasure.

Luo Binghe is profoundly self-satisfied that he gets to force Liu Qingge to confront that he likes being treated that way- that he likes *Luo Binghe* treating him that way.

It'll make it all the sweeter when he finally starts to beg for it.

In the meantime, his fingers have pushed slowly inside, one, two at once; Liu Qingge's body is giving easily, the way that still gets him hot every time.

This man is desperate for cock.

"You want me to fuck you?" Luo Binghe says into his neck, voice low and amused.

"Stop talking," Liu Qingge says tightly, twitching around Luo Binghe's fingers as his hips shift.

For Liu Qingge, it's an embarrassingly obvious yes, but Luo Binghe wants to drag it out a little.

"I don't have to, if Shishu doesn't want it," Luo Binghe says, sliding his fingers slowly over the spot inside Liu Qingge that makes him

break his hard facade. Liu Qingge's breath goes tight, but he doesn't say anything, just bites his lip, eyebrows pressing together.

Annoying, tight-lipped man.

"We could just do this," Luo Binghe says against his throat, fingers not stopping their motion. He releases Liu Qingge's other hand, to slide his palm across his chest, thumb resting against a nipple.

"Stop teasing," Liu Qingge bites out, and the poorly hidden arousal in his voice makes Luo Binghe relent, amused, licking his adam's apple indulgently as his thumb rubs at his nipple slowly.

Shen Qingqiu's come is still inside him, after all; and he wants to get inside Liu Qingge before it all drips out of him.

"From the front," he says breathily, not giving Liu Qingge any room to argue.

He knows it'll make it easier for Liu Qingge to imagine, to picture what he saw earlier.

But he won't make it too easy; he's going to give it to him hard and fast tonight.

"Hold your legs," he says, and Liu Qingge makes an impatient noise and completely fails to follow his instructions.

Luo Binghe grabs Liu Qingge's hands, and pushes them to hold his

thighs. Liu Qingge doesn't spread his legs in any helpful way, just digs his fingers into the muscle of his own legs, as if desperate for the fingerprints that Luo Binghe sometimes leaves for him.

Luo Binghe looks down at him, spread open, ready to be fucked, and glances over at Shen Qingqiu.

"May I, Shizun?" he asks, and Shen Qingqiu's dark eyes meet his as he nods sedately, body still totally relaxed.

Luo Binghe closes his eyes for a moment, biting the inside of his cheek to get himself back in hand. When he feels in control again, he opens his eyes, and starts slowly pushing the head of his cock inside Liu Qingge.

Liu Qingge, like usual, grits his teeth and tries to hide how much he likes the stretch. He can't hide the way that his cock twitches when the head is fully in, though, or the way that his breath catches when Luo Binghe pushes his hips forward a half-inch, the shallow thrust a taste of what's to come.

Luo Binghe is completely sure that Liu Qingge has no idea how wantonly his legs spread at the slightest motion of his cock inside him, but he'll make sure to tell him.

Next time.

Right now, all he wants to do is keep pushing slowly, slowly inside, in short strokes mixed with deliberate grinds of his cock in and out.

It feels amazing, like it always does.

Liu Qingge hasn't let him come inside him since the first time they fucked- or rather, he's never invited Luo Binghe to, so Luo Binghe is waiting for him to ask for it- but Luo Binghe loves how he feels when his precome slicks up the inside of him, wet and ready to get fucked hard. He's leaking already right now, thinking about how the wetness in Liu Qingge compliments the slickness he feels inside of his ass, still there from when Shen Qingqiu took his pleasure in him.

The thought makes him snap his hips forward, faster, though still not as deep as it will be.

Liu Qingge makes a small noise in his throat, swallowed down as though he thinks he'll be able to hide it.

Luo Binghe leans forward to press their chests together, lifting his thighs up onto his hips.

Liu Qingge's cock twitches where it catches between their abs, leaking precome against his stomach.

"Liu Shishu is excitable today," Luo Binghe says, tone smooth enough to not be called mocking, though his words certainly are.

He pushes his cock in the rest of the way all at once, to cut off Liu Qingge's attempted response.

Liu Qingge's lips part, breath rushing out of him.

Luo Binghe smiles, watching his face.

He can tell that this will be good.

And it is- when Liu Qingge comes, thirty minutes later, it's with his head thrown back, throat working as he tries- then fails- to swallow down the noises that want to come out, fingers digging in tightly to Luo Binghe's back.

Luo Binghe lets himself laugh a little, delighted.

Liu Qingge came without being touched, again.

All that it took to push him over the edge, this time, was Luo Binghe whispering into his ear, telling him that he knew who he was thinking about, what he was thinking about, who he wanted inside him.

Liu Qingge is still writhing beneath him, back arching and stomach flexing, shudders working their way irresistibly through his body.

Luo Binghe loves this part. When Liu Qingge is the least controlled, the most honest, when he can get away with almost anything he wants.

He grabs a handful of Liu Qingge's smooth, black hair, and forces his tongue into his mouth.

Liu Qingge lets out a low... whine... around his tongue, and his hips jolt off the bed a few times.

That's new.

Luo Binghe hums, pleased, and fucks into him shallowly a few more times, until Liu Qingge's shudders even out into full-body trembling, that eventually gives way to complete relaxation, muscles going limp beneath him.

Luo Binghe bets that the other person never got Liu Qingge like this. Completely satisfied, so fucked out that he's gone pliant, that he would let Luo Binghe… let him…

Luo Binghe's cock twitches inside of Liu Qingge, and he places one hand on his waist as he slowly pulls out.

Luo Binghe wants to come inside him, roll him over, and eat the come right back out of him.

He can imagine the horror that Liu Qingge would react with, if he told him that right now.

But he'd probably let him do it.

He bites Liu Qingge's shoulder, fisting his cock, imagining.

That's not for today, though. He's still determined to make Liu Qingge ask for it, before he comes inside him.

"Fuck," he says lowly, hand speeding up on his cock. He starts sucking marks into Liu Qingge's shoulder, his chest.

“Hand,” he says, and roughly grabs Liu Qingge’s hand, bringing it to his cock.

He’ll see if he can’t get Liu Qingge to work him over with his hand, the same way he touched himself while Luo Binghe and Shen Qingqiu watched.

Liu Qingge’s hand freezes, but when Luo Binghe makes him wrap his fingers around it, it starts sliding along him after only a moment’s hesitation.

He goes tentatively at first, until Luo Binghe thrusts his hips into his grip, dripping precome against his stomach; then, his grip becomes firm.

Luo Binghe wraps Liu Qingge’s hair around his fingers, gripping his head with both hands, and presses an open-mouthed kiss against his lips. Liu Qingge’s lips part easily, the give of his mouth as hot as the smell of sex in the air, driving up Luo Binghe’s temperature to the tipping point.

“Ah,” Luo Binghe says, and he gives in to the impulse to bite at Liu Qingge’s wet lower lip.

He needs… he just needs…

A shifting in the bed next to him, as though Shen Qingqiu is sitting up; and then, a warm, strong hand, stroking comfortingly down the line of his back.

“ *Ah* ,” Luo Binghe says, the fire in his body peaking. Liu Qingge makes a small noise under his mouth, hand working him as fast as he can, as Luo BInghe releases under both of their touches.

Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

> short update for you guys- i feel like i should post a content warning for no nsfw?? the opposite of most fics hahahaha

Liu Qingge doesn't sleep that much- his cultivation is high enough that he doesn't have to, and he prefers to prowl around, seeing what comes out at night- but tonight, after 19 hours of strange demonic beasts crawling out of the woodwork, he's unconscious almost before his head hits the mattress.

It's been a strange day- the energy in the air as the dawn failed to light the sky was heavy and demonic, and messages soon began to arrive at Cang Qiong sect without stopping, begging for help left and right: a riotous mass of evil energy here, a few undead corpses rotting their ways into villages there, untold demonic monsters threatening the populace under the heavy clouds everywhere else.

The threats, spread widely enough that Liu Qingge had to use much of his spiritual energy flying across the peaks to meet them, occupied the entire day, with hardly a break to wipe the blood off Cheng Luan.

And they only grew more deadly as night fell.

Liu Qingge, sword in hand, blood singing in his veins, had been there to confront all of them, fighting until even his steady cultivator's wrists grew tired, and his normally unerring feet stumbled over the people he protected.

In a fit of sentimental foolishness, he'd taken a blow or two now and again meant for his disciples, knocking away the claws and teeth of the beasts that targeted them.

And just after moonrise, the energy in the air had built into a dark, writhing mass, demons already strong growing crazed and wild.

As he raised his sword, eyes flashing, a sudden shock of raw, blazingly strong demonic energy- and all the monsters and half-sentient masses had suddenly frozen. In the next moment, they scattered, dispersing past vulnerable prey as though even the temptation of human flesh couldn't keep them nearby.

Liu Qingge knows that it wasn't the moonlight that scared them off; he has his own hypothesis about what did.

But at this point, he can't be troubled to elaborate on it, even to himself. His cheek presses against the pillow, the bruising on his arms and shoulders aching against the mattress. Without thinking any more, without even a warning, he feels himself suddenly giving into slumber.

But the strangeness of the day he just experienced is outmatched by the place he finds himself in as soon as he shuts his eyes.

Where is this?

He's on one of the peaks- looking around, he feels as though it looks familiar.

Qing Jing peak?

It is Qing Jing peak, but certain things about it are strange. The light

is off; the bamboo seems thicker; the wind moves through it more liquid than it ought to.

Liu Qingge shifts where he stands, and the ground under his feet shifts with him.

When he looks down, he's standing on a path that wasn't there before.

He puts his hand on his hip, ready to draw Cheng Luan, but his sword is missing.

The hair raises on the back of his neck. The wind rolls, smooth and heavy, across his skin.

He slowly lets his hand fall, fingers twitching.

Well.

There's nothing for it; he'll have to go forward with what he has.

He looks along the path, consideringly. It will lead him somewhere.

And right now, he's nowhere.

He stands a moment longer, deliberating, then takes a single step forward, cautious. When nothing shifts under his feet, he starts walking.

Hardly any time passes- or maybe it just seems that way?- before he finds the bamboo thinning. It gives way to rocks, grass, a path shaded by trees.

This path- he knows this path.

He almost never walks it, but he's flown over it many times.

This is the path that leads to the bamboo house of the Qing Jing Peak Master, Shen Qingqiu.

Frowning, Liu Qingge speeds up his steps slightly.

It would not do to forget to be cautious, but he has a destination in mind, now, and is more eager to arrive. Maybe once he's there, he'll be able to figure out what this place is, why he's here.

The gentle turns of the path slip by past his feet, and he's soon at the door of the bamboo house, which is ajar.

He hesitates, then slowly pushes it further open.

A head snaps up to look at him from within.

"Shidi?" Shen Qingqiu says, surprised.

Liu Qingge blinks. This…

This is the real Shen Qingqiu. Nothing is subtly off about him, as it is with the ground, the plants, the air.

He's real; he's just as Liu Qingge knows him.

"What is this?" Liu Qingge asks, and a low sound comes from the bed Shen Qingqiu sits on.

Behind the sweep of Shen Qingqiu's robes, Liu Qingge is suddenly able to make out…

To make out… It must be Luo Binghe, even though only the folds of his robes can be seen from where Liu Qingge stands.

No one else has that much hair, and no one else would be stroked so gently by Shen Qingqiu.

Luo Binghe's robes are the green of Qing Jing peak, the color one that Liu Qingge hasn't seen on him since he was an irreverent youth, running after Shen Qingqiu at every opportunity.

Not that that's changed much.

"What's wrong with him?" Liu Qingge asks, frowning as he approaches them.

“Shidi,” Shen Qingqiu says again, still staring at him. “I… how did you-”

Shen Qingqiu closes his mouth, still looking at him for a moment, then shakes his head. “No, never mind,” he says.

Liu Qingge takes the opportunity to look more closely at Luo Binghe, now that he can see his face. The man’s eyes are closed as if in sleep, but his eyebrows are tight, and the color is high on his cheekbones.

He feels… right, the same way that Shen Qingqiu is. Liu Qingge knows that it’s him, the real him, and not a construct of this place. He frowns, scrutinizing his face.

Why is his face so pale, under the red?

“Binghe is just recovering,” Shen Qingqiu says softly, hand stroking Luo Binghe’s shoulder and side. “He experienced an… issue, today, with a rival demon lord. It’s been taken care of.”

Liu Qingge imagines that that was what was happening during the outbreak of demons today. He has an idea of how Luo Binghe took care of it, too. Probably very similarly to how Liu Qingge took care of the demons on his end; if Luo Binghe’s sword was here, he imagines it would be as bloody as Cheng Luan.

He remembers barely being able to clean the blade before he fell into bed and lost consciousness, still holding the hilt.

Was Luo Binghe able to clean his sword?

“Binghe got caught in a spell at the end,” Shen Qingqiu continues quietly. “He’ll be well, he just needs to rest.” His hand stills on Luo Binghe’s cheek, cupping it gently as his eyes rest on him for a moment.

Liu Qingge watches him, and feels a pull of something in his chest, urging him closer to the bed.

He stays where he stands, watching Shen Qingqiu’s thumb stroke gently on Luo Binghe’s cheek.

Luo Binghe’s eyelashes flutter.

“Shizun,” he murmurs, head turning into his hand.

“I’m here, Binghe,” Shen Qingqiu says, and Luo Binghe’s eyelids bat open slowly, long lashes still mostly covering them. His gaze rests on Shen Qingqiu’s face, and his hand comes up to hold Shen Qingqiu’s hand to his cheek.

He lies there, still, for a long moment, until Shen Qingqiu smiles slightly at him, and a tired smile breaks onto his face. His eyes fall back closed, then slowly, as if with tremendous effort, open again.

Shen Qingqiu shifts to the side, and Luo Binghe’s eyes move to Liu Qingge, behind him.

“Liu Qingge,” he says, eyes closing again, still smiling.

Liu Qingge feels his eyebrows jump.

He exchanges a glance with Shen Qingqiu, who’s still brushing a thumb along Luo Binghe’s cheek. Shen Qingqiu shrugs, as if to say “search me!”

“Here; come here,” Luo Binghe says softly, not moving from the bed. Liu Qingge glances back and forth between him and Shen Qingqiu- wanting to make sure it’s really him being addressed- and, at Shen Qingqiu’s nod, moves slowly forward to stand next to the bed.

Luo Binghe’s hand reaches out towards him, as if in search of something. Liu Qingge moves his hand to meet it, and Luo Binghe takes him gently by the arm, tugging softly to lead him down to sit on the bed.

“Mm,” Luo Binghe says quietly, eyes still closed. Liu Qingge looks down at him, at his fingers interlaced with Liu Qingge’s, and his other hand, holding Shen Qingqiu’s. He looks for a long moment.

He and Shen Qingqiu sit like that for much of the night, and when Liu Qingge wakes up in the morning, the ache of his bruises is barely noticeable under the warmth in his chest.

Chapter 15

Liu Qingge has barely finished dismissing someone from An Ding Peak with the latest list of requisitions when one of the disciples of Bai Zhan Peak runs up to him, tripping over his own feet in his haste.

“Liu Shizun!” the disciple pants, breathing as though he ran like his life depended on it. “L.. Luo…”

Liu Qingge levels him with a steady look.

Any student of his peak should be disciplined enough to be able to speak clearly.

He waits another moment, as his disciple breathes heavily, stammering, before his patience runs out.

“What is it?” he snaps, eyes flashing.

“Luo Binghe!” the disciple yells, standing up straight. “He’s here on the peak!”

And indeed, immediately following his statement, as though he was waiting to be announced, Luo Binghe appears out of the shadows of the mountain.

“Take your hand off your sword,” Liu Qingge says shortly to his disciple, not glancing at him.

He lets his eyes briefly sweep up and down Luo Binghe's body, ignoring his disciple's lack of movement.

He seems uninjured.

"But Shizun…!" the disciple is saying, shifting nervously.

"Scram," Liu Qingge says dismissively.

The disciple jumps, as Luo Binghe starts walking towards Liu Qingge.

"This disciple won't leave you, Shizun!" he says loudly, the way his body is shaking obvious in his voice, under the bravado.

Liu Qingge huffs out a breath of annoyance, and looks at him over his shoulder. "We're just talking, get out of here."

While turned to look behind him, Luo Binghe has silently approached, close enough that he can reach out and grab Liu Qingge's shoulder.

Liu Qingge, not expecting to be touched so familiarly, fails to disguise the reflexive flinch when Luo Binghe's hand makes contact with the deep bruise and cuts under the cloth.

The disciple sounds like he's going to scream. "Sh..Shizun is hurt, don't grab him…!"

Liu Qingge scowls, batting Luo Binghe's hand off and turning to fully

face his disciple, expression dark.

“What part of scram isn’t clear?! Who’s injured?!”

His tone has obviously changed. The disciple immediately straightens his posture, and bows with a yelp, before hightailing it off the mountain.

He better not be thinking of trying to get help, Liu Qingge thinks, glaring after him. Any student he’s trained should know better than to think that anyone else on this peak is up to the level of interfering with a match between him and Luo Binghe.

“Why are you here,” he says, turning back to Luo Binghe, who is…

Suddenly trying to take off his clothes?!

“What-” Liu Qingge snaps, hands flying to grab Luo Binghe’s wrists. He fails to stop him, though, and Luo Binghe tugs open both layers of his robes at once, his considerable strength nonetheless somewhat… cautious.

Luo Binghe is staring at his chest, which is…

Liu Qingge glances down at himself.

Mottled with bruises, yes, but nothing too serious. A cracked rib or two, perhaps; a few cuts of medium depth. Nothing that won’t be healed within a few days, with his cultivation level.

Luo Binghe blinks, and releases his robes.

“Not as bad as what I gave you,” he says, stepping back as though satisfied.

“Obviously,” Liu Qingge says, shooting him a look as he fixes his clothes.

“Come on,” Luo Binghe says, glancing off the side of the mountain, hand on his sword. “Let’s go to Shizun.”

Liu Qingge blinks, and in less than a second, has run through his mental list of tasks for the day. None of them are particularly time sensitive.

Without a word, he draws Cheng Luan, and steps onto his sword, rising through the air to keep pace with Luo Binghe.

They leave Bai Zhan peak like two meteors streaking through the sky.

From behind a low outcropping, two disciples watch the two cultivators fly off on their swords.

Yang Yixuan, hand tight on his sword, closes his mouth after a long moment.

“Shixiong,” the other disciple says nervously. “Those two… did they always get along like that…?”

Forget get along, Yang Yixuan remembers when Luo Binghe had broken almost all of Shizun’s ribs! Why is he letting him… letting him treat him so cavalierly?! And talking in such calm voices? Accepting his invitations?!

He would never have guessed it would come to this!

He swallows, and shakes his head.

“Shizun is very strong,” he says, voice carefully not cracking. “He knows he can handle himself, even if he’s alone with that demon.”

The other disciple looks in the direction they flew nervously, but doesn’t voice his disagreement.

What’s going on with Liu Shizun?!

Liu Qingge is ashamed to admit it, but ever since he walked in on Shen Qingqiu and Luo Binghe doing… that… he hasn’t been able to stop picturing it.

The way that Shen Qingqiu had looked, on top of him; the strength in

his back; the flex of his buttocks; the smooth, controlled movements of his hips; the way that Luo Binghe had writhed with pleasure…

Liu Qingge has touched himself more than once, remembering it.

His imagination may have also extended to picturing…

Well, he doesn't need to go that far.

Unfortunately, though he chooses to not even think it out loud, Luo Binghe seems to have no such compunctions.

"Shishu was so excited last time," Luo Binghe is saying in Liu Qingge's neck, voice low but carrying. Shen Qingqiu, seated next to them on the bed, can certainly hear, though he offers no discernable reaction.

"Could it be that Shishu enjoyed watching Shizun do it?"

Liu Qingge glances at Shen Qingqiu, aghast. Shen Qingqiu flips his fan up to cover his face, but he doesn't look away.

"This disciple knows that Shizun is very beautiful while on top," Luo Binghe continues, mouth kissing slowly at Liu Qingge's throat. "It's not surprising. Shizun's skill is also quite considerable; this disciple is very well taken care of."

"Binghe," Shen Qingqiu says, faint embarrassment coloring his words.

Luo Binghe doesn't even pause before going straight for the throat.

"This disciple is not at all surprised that Shishu covets what he has," he says, hand trailing suggestively along Liu Qingge's thigh.

Liu Qingge freezes. Luo Binghe isn't… he's not…

"This disciple is too greedy to give up his Shizun's attentions so easily, though," Luo Binghe says, and Liu Qingge swallows, caught between relief and disappointment.

He… it's definitely relief. After all, he doesn't know if he could handle… If he could manage to not embarrass himself, if…

"But Shishu would like it, wouldn't he," Luo Binghe says. His hands, light and teasing leading up to this, start to press sensually along the lines of Liu Qingge's back, as his mouth presses more firmly against Liu Qingge's neck. "He imagines Shizun inside him sometimes?"

Liu Qingge inhales sharply, face heating.

He can't…! Luo Binghe can't just ask him that!

"He pictures Shizun on top of him, the way he topped this disciple?" Luo Binghe says, hands stroking along Liu Qingge's chest, down his stomach, onto his thighs, as he smiles into Liu Qingge's neck.

This smug…!

Liu Qingge grits his teeth, but doesn't respond.

His body is starting to, though.

He feels his face heat further, at the way his cock is stiffening in his pants.

Why does Luo Binghe always seem to figure out what he… What he…

"I wonder whether Shizun would be willing?" Luo Binghe says, glancing up at Shen Qingqiu from beneath his long lashes.

Liu Qingge stops breathing.

The silence in the room could hear a pin drop.

"We already spoke about this, Binghe," Shen Qingqiu says, his fan moving back and forth in jerky movements. "This master is…" there's a pause, during which Liu Qingge doesn't breath.

"This master is… amenable…"

Heat floods through Liu Qingge's body.

He-

He-

What?!

Shen Qingqiu would…?!

Luo Binghe is smirking against his neck again, he can feel it. Liu Qingge suddenly realizes that he's breathing again, but in little, shuddering breaths that are totally audible.

He snaps his mouth closed, forcing his breathing into order.

Instead, he lets his hand, trembling, hold more tightly onto…

Oh… at some point, he'd taken Luo Binghe's forearm, holding onto him as though trying to keep himself grounded.

He makes himself let go, a short puff of air coming out of him.

No one has even touched him yet! He has to get himself under control!

"Shishu seems to like the idea," Luo Binghe says, hand moving slowly across Liu Qingge's stomach.

It drags the fabric so that it pulls slightly at Liu Qingge's cock,

reminding him that he's almost hard, just from this.

This is…

Is really…

"Perhaps something could be arranged," Luo Binghe is saying, and Liu Qingge's muscles jump under his hand.

He looks up to meet Luo Binghe's eyes, and finds that he's staring at Liu Qingge's face, expression focused.

Liu Qingge looks over to Shen Qingqiu, whose eyes, behind the fan, are watching him equally fixedly.

He closes his eyes, swallowing hard.

This may kill him.

Slowly, he leans forward, until his face is a few inches from Luo Binghe's.

His eyes drop to his lips.

Luo Binghe watches him, unmoving, the expression on his face…

Liu Qingge doesn't know how to describe it.

But when he leans in the last few inches, Luo Binghe leisurely meets him halfway, his red mouth easily opening to kiss him wet and slow, his long lashes brushing Liu Qingge's cheeks as his eyes close.

Liu Qingge loses himself in the kiss, lets himself think only about the way Luo Binghe's mouth moves against him, the press of his tongue, the way his teeth catch on his lower lip.

As Luo Binghe's hands travel up his sides, he shivers.

After a few moments more, he leans back.

"What…"

He pauses, eyes closing for a moment.

He can do this.

"…What do you want me to do," he asks.

His face is so hot it feels like it might catch on fire.

Luo Binghe's eyes flash, hot, for only a brief second. Then he blinks, slowly, composing himself, and responds in a regular tone.

“Perhaps Shishu would like to do what we regularly do?” he suggests, still using that tone of false humility. “And if one of us is… unsatisfied, at the end, Shizun could be generous enough to give his attentions to that person?”

Liu Qingge immediately opens his eyes, aggrieved.

Luo Binghe is taunting him! He wants this to be a competition for who will get to… with Shen Qingqiu?! As if there’s ever been a time when Luo Binghe has come before him, when they… when they…

Well, there was that one time. When he’d held Liu Qingge down and pressed his body against him, used his own hand, chasing his pleasure with the taste of Shen Qingqiu no doubt still heavy in his mouth… When he finished, Liu Qingge still underneath him, pinned by his hands and his weight…

Liu Qingge tries to chase the thought out of his mind, flustered.

Regardless, it’s an absolutely unfair matchup!

“Ridiculous,” he snaps, face flushed. “Obviously the one who… who…” He flounders for a moment, unable to find the right phrasing.

“...It’s an unfair advantage,” he manages.

“What, because I’m inside you?” Luo Binghe murmurs, watching his face.

Liu Qingge looks desperately over at Shen Qingqiu, who tilts his head encouragingly.

"Then let's do it like this," Luo Binghe says, reaching past Liu Qingge.

He leans down, and pulls a box out from under the bed.

Inside the box is…

The immortal binding cable…?

Liu Qingge feels his face color.

Why would Luo Binghe pick this particular moment to pull his head out of his ass and offer this?!

Using that will not… it won't help Liu Qingge last longer!

"Shishu will lie on his back and let himself be bound," Luo Binghe says, voice coaxing. His hand is stroking along Liu Qingge's waist, slowly making its way up his back, as though tracing the lines of where the ropes will be.

"And then," Luo Binghe says, "this disciple will let him be the one on the inside."

Liu Qingge's brain stops.

Wh.. what did he just say?

Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

> cw for a bit of blood in mouths i guess? happy power bottom lbh hours~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Liu Qingge's eyes stay fixed on the immortal binding cable where it rests in the box.

His heart is hammering.

"What does Shishu think?" Luo Binghe says smoothly.

What… what does he think? He can't even think right now, all the thoughts in his head are drowned out by the pounding of blood in his ears.

"Shidi?" Shen Qingqiu says, after a moment, and Liu Qingge jolts, looking up at him.

He can tell his face is burning. Shen Qingqiu must be able to see how… how red he is…

"I-" Liu Qingge says, and stutters to a stop.

Can he say it?

He wants-

He wants all of that. He wants Shen Qingqiu inside him, he wants to be restrained, he wants Luo Binghe to push him down on the bed and- and-

He looks, desperately, at Shen Qingqiu, who tilts his head inquiringly.

Are they going to make him say it?!

“Perhaps piece by piece,” Luo Binghe says amusedly, hand slowly tracing along Liu Qingge’s back. “How does Shishu feel about using the cable?”

Liu Qingge’s eyes jump down to it again; he swallows.

Closing his eyes, he nods, once, jerky.

“And being the one on the inside?” Luo Binghe says smoothly, as though the very idea isn’t enough to destroy Liu Qingge’s higher reasoning.

Liu Qingge feels his breath catch. Not letting himself prevaricate, he nods again, firmer this time.

“Like this?” Luo Binghe murmurs, leaning his weight into Liu Qingge slightly, giving him just a taste of being pushed down onto his back.

Liu Qingge opens his eyes and meets Luo Binghe's clear, black eyes, very close to his face, framed by his beautiful curly hair, complemented by his cheekbones and the dark red mark on his forehead.

His face feels warm, but he brings a hand up to rest on Luo Binghe's waist.

"...Yes," he says, meeting Luo Binghe's eyes.

Some kind of emotion flashes in them, before Luo Binghe smiles devastatingly, his gaze turning hot.

"Would Shishu like to be bound by this disciple, or by Shizun?" he asks lowly, not moving back from where he leans over Liu Qingge.

Liu Qingge twitches. Is he- is that-

He glances over at Shen Qingqiu.

Is that on the table?

The time… the time that Shen Qingqiu bound him before, was…

He wants that again.

"I-" he says, words catching in his throat.

“You want it to be Shizun, right?” Luo Binghe says, watching him closely, smile growing.

Liu Qingge glares, blush rising on his cheeks.

Luo Binghe relents, sitting back, still smiling. “Shizun is very skilled,” he says, leaving Liu Qingge some face.

At least he’s not going to point out how desperate Liu Qingge is for it, this time.

Liu Qingge is trying to ignore the rapid beating of his heart, but his efforts are completely destroyed by Shen Qingqiu shifting closer on the bed.

“Shidi would like it the same as last time?” Shen Qingqiu’s serene voice comes, and Liu Qingge closes his eyes to steady himself, pulse hammering in his throat.

He nods.

“Disrobe,” Luo Binghe says lowly, and his hands, uncharacteristically slow, come up to Liu Qingge’s collar, sliding down the line of it to where it meets his hips and tracing along his belt where it encircles his waist.

Liu Qingge starts to raise his hands to take his clothes off himself, but pauses.

His fingers are… twitching.

This is...

Too embarrassing. He's so worked up that he can't even hold his hands steady? He hasn't been touched yet, this is just from thinking about-

From thinking about-

His hands fall back to his sides.

"Or would Shishu like help?" Luo Binghe asks slyly.

He takes one of Shen Qingqiu's strong, graceful swordsman's hands in his own, and places it on Liu Qingge's robes, resting right below his collarbone.

Liu Qingge swallows reflexively, heat crawling up the back of his neck, as Shen Qingqiu's hand lightly rests on the line of his collar.

It feels like Shen Qingqiu's hand is pressing fire onto his skin, even through the two layers of robes.

"Shidi, may I?" Shen Qingqiu asks.

How will he manage to- to not only have Shen Qingqiu's hands on him, but to be… undressed by…

Shen Qingqiu smiles at him, and Liu Qingge is helpless against it.

He nods, breathless in anticipation.

He can only watch, trying to compose himself, as Shen Qingqiu's hands slide down to slowly undo his belt. He places it to the side, and then unhurriedly parts Liu Qingge's outer robes.

Liu Qingge's breathing speeds up, as Shen Qingqiu slowly draws the robes to the side, letting them fall off one shoulder, then the other.

Liu Qingge is only in his thin inner robes now, and he's sure that the way his breaths are moving his chest is visible.

Shen Qingqiu helps his arms out of the outer robe, and takes his time neatly folding it. Luo Binghe, still leaning in, watching, doesn't move to continue undressing Liu Qingge. He just waits, uncharacteristically patient, the fire in his eyes banked but smoldering.

Liu Qingge's pulse beats strong in his neck.

"Here, Shidi," Shen Qingqiu says, hands coming back to Liu Qingge's body. They trace lightly back down the line of his collar, all the way to where he begins to untie Liu Qingge's inner robe. When he slowly parts the folds of the robe, Luo Binghe's eyes stick to Liu Qingge's chest directly.

Shen Qingqiu pauses.

He moves the rest of Liu Qingge's inner robe back, even more carefully than he did before.

"Liu Shidi…" he says, and one of his hands traces very, very lightly along the curve of Liu Qingge's ribs, the faintest frown visible on his usually impassive face.

Liu Qingge glances down at himself, but only sees the same chest he always has, lightly decorated with the deep purple bruising on his skin.

"What?" he says.

Shen Qingqiu glances up at him, and shakes his head, frowning. He glances at Luo Binghe, who makes a meaningful face.

Shen Qingqiu sighs, and takes the inner robe the rest of the way off, folding it just as carefully as he did with the outer robe.

"Yes, this master will bind you today," he says, and Liu Qingge's mouth goes instantly dry. "But Shidi must be careful, and make sure to say if something is uncomfortable."

Shen Qingqiu places the folded robe to the side, and reaches back to trace lightly along Liu Qingge's body.

"Is anything broken?" he asks, watching Liu Qingge's face carefully for

signs of discomfort.

Liu Qingge looks back, face flushing slightly. “One is bruised,” he says, without thinking about it. “It’s fine.”

Shen Qingqiu exchanges another glance with Luo Binghe, and sighs, acquiescing.

“All right, Shidi,” he says, fingers lingering on a bruise near his sternum. “Does it hurt to bring your arms over your head?”

“No,” Liu Qingge says, swallowing. The fingers, still resting on the bruise, are gently pushing him back onto the bed.

“Take his pants off, Binghe?” Shen Qingqiu says absently, and Liu Qingge lets himself be gently pushed down, until his back meets the bed, soft under him. He feels Luo Binghe tugging his pants off, and tries to ignore the fire it sparks in him, knowing that…

That what his body is doing, how it’s reacting, is going to be… visible…

“Only the top,” Shen Qingqiu is saying quietly, as if to himself.

Liu Qingge lies beneath him on the bed, anticipation building in his chest as Shen Qingqiu takes the immortal binding cable in his hands.

He can feel Luo Binghe’s eyes on him.

Shen Qingqiu gently lifts the back of Liu Qingge's head to pass the cable underneath the lower part of his neck, and Liu Qingge's breath catches when Shen Qingqiu carefully slides his hair through.

So that it... won't get caught between his body and the rope?

His scalp feels hypersensitive. His face is warm.

"Bring your arms over your head, Shidi?" Shen Qingqiu murmurs, and Liu Qingge, swallowing, places his hands where directed.

"That's perfect," Shen Qingqiu says, and Liu Qingge has to close his eyes to center himself, as Shen Qingqiu starts carefully working the cable under him. He slides the smooth rope until it rests right under Liu Qingge's shoulder blades, then draws it up from each side, starting to make the same precise knots as last time across the bottom of Liu Qingge's pecs.

Liu Qingge breathes out shakily, and stays on his back, following Shen Qingqiu's instructions for the next few minutes. Shen Qingqiu asks him to shift here, move his arms there, tilt his head to the side to make room for Shen Qingqiu's hands, working their way slowly up his chest and onto his biceps. Wherever Shen Qingqiu's hands pass along Liu Qingge's skin, he leaves behind the comforting pressure of the impeccable knotwork, even as Liu Qingge's cultivation drains away, leaving him vulnerable.

Liu Qingge, eyes closed, can feel his breathing evening out, as he slowly sinks down.

His cock is almost fully hard against himself, but he can't really pay

any mind to the embarrassment that would usually come with that. All he can feel is the slight pressure of the ropes around him as he inhales, the way that Shen Qingqiu's gentle hands work up his body.

When Shen Qingqiu has moved onto his forearms, tying them together above his head, Liu Qingge flexes his chest carefully, to test the give of the ropes.

They don't move at all against him, and he feels the heat in his body increase, even as he feels Luo Binghe places a warm palm against his thigh, dragging it slowly up and down.

He manages to open his eyes, and sees Luo Binghe watching, eyes hungry. He's disrobed at some point, and the hand on Liu Qingge's leg is…

Some of his fingers are…

Wet...?

Liu Qingge's gaze rests on Luo Binghe's hand, thoughts moving slowly. Seeing Luo Binghe's fingers shining with slick, he feels his body twitch in anticipation, for those fingers to…

Wait.

Wait, Luo Binghe had said…

Liu Qingge blinks, as heat slowly rises in his body, mind still hazy.

Luo Binghe had said that he would be the one to…

Liu Qingge swallows, and doesn't take his eyes off of Luo Binghe's hand, gently stroking up and down his thigh.

Why are his fingers wet, then? There's no way that he… that he already…

Shen Qingqiu has made it to Liu Qingge's wrists, and Liu Qingge feels it when the final knot slides into place, fastening his hands firmly to the headboard.

"Try that, Shidi," Shen Qingqiu murmurs, and Liu Qingge obligingly pulls against the headboard.

With his cultivation blocked, it doesn't move at all.

He's bracing himself to pull harder, test it for real, when Shen Qingqiu lays a quieting hand on him.

"Be gentle with your injuries," he says, and Liu Qingge swallows, and subsides.

Shen Qingqiu stays by his side, slowly stroking his hair without saying anything, for a few moments more. When Liu Qingge slowly brings his eyes up to look at him, Shen Qingqiu is still watching him.

He meets his eyes, and Shen Qingqiu's hand moves onto his face, tracing his cheek lightly.

Liu Qingge lets his eyes flutter shut.

He hears Shen Qingqiu move above him, feels the shift in the air as he… leans down…

His long hair trails gently along Liu Qingge's shoulder.

Liu Qingge's whole body feels lit up, like energy just under his skin is heating him from the inside out.

His breath catches, as Shen Qingqiu gently…

Presses his lips to his…

Liu Qingge's hands twitch in the ropes, arms jerking against the restraints without his conscious intent.

Shen Qingqiu pays no mind to his movements, kissing him slowly once, twice, before leaning back.

Liu Qingge opens his eyes to watch him, staying obediently where he's bound.

Shen Qingqiu smiles down at him, and turns to Luo Binghe.

“Is Binghe ready?” he asks.

“Yes, Shizun,” Luo Binghe responds, voice sweet.

“Shidi?” Shen Qingqiu says, and Liu Qingge swallows, eyes not leaving his face.

He nods once.

Luo Binghe swings his leg across him to straddle Liu Qingge’s hips, letting his weight settle onto his thighs.

Liu Qingge shifts his weight, and finds that he’s almost completely unable to move, restrained on top by the cable and from the waist down by Luo Binghe’s muscular body on his.

His whole frame shivers.

Luo Binghe is just sitting on him, hands slowly tracing up his sides. He’s positioned himself so that he doesn’t even brush against Liu Qingge’s cock.

Liu Qingge looks down, and sees that Luo Binghe...

Is hard too.

Was he touching himself, earlier? Liu Qingge wonders hazily, not looking away from Luo Binghe's cock. Did he- while Shen Qingqiu was-

Luo Binghe's hands are tracing up his rib cage, almost as light as Shen Qingqiu's hair when it brushed against him. He's watching Liu Qingge's face like a hawk.

"This one," he says, fingers coming to a stop as they pass over one of Liu Qingge's ribs.

It's…

Yes. It's the one that he bruised yesterday.

Liu Qingge hadn't thought that his reaction would have given it away, but Luo Binghe has always been… disconcertingly perceptive.

"This is the only one?" Luo Binghe murmurs, still trailing his hands gently along Liu Qingge's torso, checking the rest.

Liu Qingge lets his eyes close, nodding slightly. He's…

He's definitely still hard, even while Luo Binghe is… brushing his hands along him, so oddly gentle.

Luo Binghe keeps sliding his hands on him until he's touched him everywhere. Then, seemingly satisfied, he lets his weight settle onto his hands, on Liu Qingge's pecs, over the ropes.

“Shishu is still interested in what we discussed?” he asks.

Liu Qingge breathes out shakily, feels his eyelashes flutter on his cheeks, his cock twitch. His lips part without his intent, as though a flood of words is about to spill out, revealing all his desires, the depth of his interest, all the things he would do in order to earn-

He barely controls himself, biting his lip to hold himself back.

“Yes,” he says, briefly, instead.

Luo Binghe makes a low, pleased sound above him, dragging his thumbs along both Liu Qingge’s nipples, framed by the rope.

Liu Qingge jolts beneath him, but can’t move anywhere, bound and helpless.

“Mm,” Luo Binghe says, and rises up slightly on his knees. He takes the bottle of oil next to him, and slicks one hand, the other still resting on Liu Qingge’s chest.

Liu Qingge’s breath is coming faster, as he watches Luo Binghe’s hand reach for him.

He screws his eyes closed, trying to brace himself, but nothing can stop the liquid fire that races through him when Luo Binghe takes him in his oiled hand. His whole body sings with the need to- the need to-

He bites his lip harder, trying to bring himself back down.

If he can- if he can last, then…

He's known since the beginning that it was futile to hope to outlast Luo Binghe during sex.

But when Luo BInghe's strong hand wraps around him, it's the first moment that he realizes he might not even last past Luo Binghe letting him put it in.

Luo Binghe is lazily sliding his palm up and down Liu Qingge's cock, his hand hot and big and slick with oil. His other hand thumbs again at Liu Qingge's nipple, sending shivers of arousal though his body.

This is… completely unfair.

Why did he let Luo Binghe talk him into this?! He's not- he's not going to be able to-

No. Liu Qingge steels himself, eyes still screwed shut. He can make it through this, he just has to… to refuse to…

He just won't let himself come.

He shudders, as Luo Binghe idly plays with the head of his cock.

"You're… cheating," he says, breath heavy.

“Oh, Shishu is right,” Luo Binghe’s voice comes, fake surprised. “This disciple forgot. He will take responsibility by evening the score.” His hand leaves Liu Qingge’s cock, followed by the sound of…

Liu Qingge’s breath catches, and he keeps his eyes closed.

Watching Luo Binghe touch himself above him to ‘even the score’ will not help him calm down.

Unfortunately, laying underneath him with his eyes closed, arms bound above his head, feeling the heat of Luo Binghe’s thighs above him, smelling his arousal in the air…

Is also not helping him calm down.

“Just do it,” he hisses, and Luo Binghe laughs.

“So impatient,” he says, and the sound of his hand stops. His grip is immediately back on Liu Qingge’s cock, holding it still.

Liu Qingge feels Luo Binghe rise up onto his knees above him, weight moving forward slightly.

He can’t help but open his eyes, powerless to avoid looking up at him. Above him, Luo Binghe’s dark hair falls onto his broad, muscular shoulders and arms, twisting down in loose waves over his powerful chest. His waist is narrow, strong; his stomach taut with defined muscle. His legs… are spread…

Liu Qingge stares at Luo Binghe's cock, fully hard between his legs, and his eyes dart up to see Luo Binghe's intense look, before returning to stare again, face going red.

Luo Binghe's cock isn't just hard, it's leaking.

"This disciple will go ahead," Luo Binghe says, and Liu Qingge stares for a few moments before he realizes that Luo Binghe appears to be waiting for a response.

"Y… yes," he says, and Luo Binghe's hand on his cock guides him to press against…

Liu Qingge gasps slightly, snapping his eyes shut.

Luo Binghe is actually…!

This is really going to happen…?!

"Nn-" Liu Qingge bites off a noise, as his cock pushes into tight, wet heat.

It feels-

It's so slick, and tight, it feels like- like-

He's never felt anything this good, this-

No. No no no.

He clenches his fists, nails biting into his palms.

He absolutely won't come.

"Mm," Luo Binghe says, self-satisfied, and sinks down slowly, taking Liu Qingge's cock halfway on the first push. Liu Qingge can feel how the muscles of his thighs tighten on top of him, as Luo Binghe lifts himself partway up, to push down again.

This time, he slides down the rest of the way, Liu Qingge's whole cock pushing slickly into him until even the base is inside.

Liu Qingge bites his mouth bloody, trying to hold himself back.

"There you go," Luo Binghe says in his deep voice. He grinds his hips in a slow, relentless circle on top of Liu Qingge. "That's it, you're doing well."

Liu Qingge lets his head fall back onto the mattress, releasing his lip to pant. He's- he-

He's doing well?

"Just like that," Luo Binghe says, the hand on Liu Qingge's chest

brushing across his nipple again.

Liu Qingge tosses his head to the side, gasping.

That's not- if Luo Binghe does that, he won't be able to-

"Ah," Luo Binghe says, almost apologetically, hand stilling. "Come here," he says, and he takes Liu Qingge's chin in his hand, turning his face up to kiss him.

The kiss is- is slow, soothing. Liu Qingge usually feels closer to the edge when Luo Binghe kisses him, but the steadiness of his mouth against his helps ground him, now.

Liu Qingge makes a small noise, and kisses back hard, mouth the only part of him that can move at will.

But even that cedes to Luo Binghe's control, as he gentles the kisses, walks him down from the edge. Liu Qingge can feel himself regaining a small amount of self-control, even as the slight shifts of Luo Binghe- hot, slick, and tight around him- keep his cock leaking inside him.

"There," Luo Binghe says, leaning back, tongue running over his lips.

They're slightly red, with the blood from when Liu Qingge bit his lip too hard.

"Now. Nice and slow," Luo Binghe says, and starts to ride him.

True to his word, Luo Binghe starts off measuredly. The marginal amounts of composure that Liu Qingge regained serve him well, allowing him to keep his head for the first few minutes. He even manages to open his eyes for a few seconds to watch Luo Binghe roll that strong waist onto his cock, before having to close them tightly again, to stave off the suddenly approaching orgasm.

At some point, he started making small noises with each motion of Luo Binghe's hips, but he can't concentrate on stopping the noises and on not coming at the same time, so he lets them go.

"It's good," Luo Binghe says now, low and hot, voice slightly breathless. He spreads both of his hands on Liu Qingge's chest. "You feel good."

Liu Qingge feels his heart hammering in his throat.

Luo Binghe curls the fingers of one hand playfully in the ropes on Liu Qingge's chest, as the other one slides, warm, across his other pec, thumb catching on his damned nipple again.

"You're close," Luo Binghe says, voice smug and filthy.

Liu Qingge opens his eyes, hoping for a glare, but he's sure that the expression on his face isn't at all intimidating.

He probably looks…

If his face looks anything like how he feels, he'll never be able to face

Luo Binghe or Shen Qingqiu again.

"That's *very* good," Luo Binghe says, leaning down to press a kiss into Liu Qingge's mouth again, tongue licking its way into him.

His kiss, this time, does not cool down the heat inside Liu Qingge's body. Liu Qingge moans lowly into his mouth, body hot and desperate.

"Shishu is about to come?" Luo Binghe says, barely pulling back. His words are hot on Liu Qingge's cheek, as he presses his face towards Liu Qingge's ear. He bites down gently.

Liu Qingge exhales sharply, shuddering.

He really will, if Luo Binghe keeps that up!

He's barely holding on right now, though it's only been a few minutes; his head feels dizzy with the sensations. Luo Binghe around him, his teeth on him, the ropes on his arms and around his body, the way Luo Binghe's hand has *not stopped playing with his chest-*

"I don't mind," Luo Binghe says, voice artfully casual. "Shishu can finish like this."

Liu Qingge grits his teeth- he knows that Luo Binghe won't mind if he comes first!- before a realization slowly breaks through his hazy mind.

Luo Binghe- when he says like this-

Luo Binghe is on top of him, Liu Qingge won't be able to- to pull out-

Does he mean he wants him to-

He jerks his head up to look at Luo Binghe, disbelieving.

"You-" he says, voice cutting off on a gasp as Luo Binghe rolls his hips, hard, onto his cock.

"Like this is fine, Shishu," Luo Binghe says, hips starting to roll faster.

Liu Qingge's chest pants against the constriction of the rope and the pressure of Luo Binghe's hands.

He- he-

He's telling him to…

Inside...?!

"It will make Shizun's cock feel even better after," Luo Binghe says, tone lapsing into something hungry, and Liu Qingge loses it.

He tries to hold back, he really does, but the wave of heat that rolls through him is unstoppable. His arms jerk against the restraints binding him, and his hips try to arch off the bed, grinding up as best

they can into Luo Binghe, who laughs breathlessly as he holds him down with his weight, both hands spreading on his chest.

"That's it," Luo Binghe says, and he dips his head down to lick a wet stripe along Liu Qingge's arched neck.

Liu Qingge barely notices, because the breath is being knocked out of him with the force of a sledgehammer by the way that Luo Binghe's body tenses around him, how Luo Binghe presses tight and wet around him, as he… as he…

Luo Binghe really wants him to… come inside him?!

"Ah- *ah*- " Liu Qingge gasps out, arms flexing uselessly in their ties, making the bed frame creak with just his physical strength, but unable to free his wrists. His hips jerk, and Luo Binghe makes a pleased noise and grinds down on him, sucking on his neck.

Liu Qingge tosses his head to the side, hips jerking as he pants and moans and-

And-

And Luo Binghe is doing something around him, tensing and grinding down, working Liu Qingge's cock until he's-

Luo Binghe murmurs into Liu Qingge's ear.

"I don't usually do this with Shizun," he says, breath hot on his neck.

Liu Qingge can barely hear him over the frantic rush of the blood in his ears, but he makes out the next sentence clearly.

“It makes him finish too fast.”

And Liu Qingge…

Whites out, red-hot orgasm rushing through him and sweeping everything else from his mind.

Chapter End Notes

> guys obviously please NEVER tie anyone up while they have a bruised rib, lqg gets away with it bc... he's a cultivator... i guess... and sqq was careful to avoid his rib cage, but TERRIBLE IDEA IN REAL LIFE hahahaha

Chapter 17

Luo Binghe rides Liu Qingge, bound to the bed, working himself down on his cock until he strains and fights against the rope, voice almost breaking with the effort of trying not to come. When Liu Qingge throws his head to the side on an unmuffled gasp and fails to hold back, unable to hold out even for the promise of Shen Qingqiu inside him, Luo Binghe laughs in delight, still grinding his hips in those tight, punishing circles. He licks his lips, pleased, as he feels Liu Qingge's body jump beneath him, his muscles flex under him, his cock… release inside him.

The wetness spreading within him sends heat blazing through his already thrumming body.

" *Yes* ," Luo Binghe says, louder than he needs to, rocking his hips onto Liu Qingge's cock as it twitches inside him, his eyes fixed on Liu Qingge's face. Liu Qingge's eyelashes tremble over his flushed cheeks, and his lips part helplessly in pleasure, eyebrows high and chest heaving.

His arms, artfully bound in the red cable, jerk once, twice, straining against the bedframe, as the flex of his muscles makes the rope bite into them. Luo Binghe groans, rolling his hips onto Liu Qingge's cock again, and again, and again, his cock leaking. He's going to keep fucking himself up and down, thighs burning pleasantly- over and over, as long as he can, through the end of Liu Qingge's orgasm and past, until he begs him to stop.

Or so he lets himself imagine, eyes hot where they stay fixed on Liu Qingge's face. He knows the other man won't beg for him yet, so he won't push it; but the thought ramps him up, gets him closer to coming.

He bets he could get Liu Qingge hard again, if he wanted to. Ride his softening cock through the overstimulation, ignoring his shudders and how he pulled against his bonds, secure in the knowledge that Liu Qingge had asked for it, that he'd requested this from Luo Binghe. That he wants to be taken just like this, face up and unable to do anything about the way Luo Binghe uses him for his own pleasure, riding his cock until Liu Qingge can't stand the slick heat of his body, can't hold back from gasping and moaning and fucking up into him, can't help but come inside him again, filling him a second time, all while Shen Qingqiu watches-

Luo Binghe's gaze lingers, dark eyes fiery, on Liu Qingge's face as he drags a hand along his chest, framed by the red ropes. The heat flares inside him as Liu Qingge moans lowly.

Some day, he'll make him ask for that.

But when Liu Qingge begins to show the first signs of discomfort, Luo Binghe slows the roll of his hips to a stop, though his body begs to keep riding him, to fuck him into the mattress until he's crying for mercy.

Luo Binghe sinks his teeth into his lip, then releases it, exhaling slowly to calm himself down. He feels his lips turn up in a smile as a hand gently takes his, fingers warm on his palm.

Shizun.

He squeezes the hand in his, then leans forward to run his other hand's fingers carefully through Liu Qingge's hair. Along his jaw, to his mouth. When Liu Qingge, eyes still closed, parts his lips- as though inviting Luo Binghe to push his thumb into him, to drag it over his tongue the way he knows he loves- Luo Binghe merely uses it to tilt his chin up, leaning in to kiss him briefly.

“ *Mn* ,” Liu Qingge says, neck arching off the bed slightly as he tries to follow Luo Binghe back up, before letting his head drop back to the bed. His eyes are still closed, and the breaths that move his bound chest up and down are still out of his control, shaky and overwhelmed.

“That was good,” Luo Binghe says hotly, arousal still making his cock heavy as he watches Liu Qingge’s face.

Liu Qingge’s eyes slowly blink open, looking up to meet Luo Binghe’s. They track slowly to the side to Shen Qingqiu, then return to Luo Binghe.

He doesn’t respond, but his eyes are half-lidded, his normally haughty expression slightly…

Slightly...

Luo Binghe studies him intently.

He’s seen Liu Qingge look vulnerable, and this is not that. There’s no sense that he’s aware of his own position, that he’s thinking about how much power Luo Binghe has over him here.

Instead, he’s looking at Luo Binghe as though…

His black eyes, framed by those elegant eyelashes, have that particular look that he got the last time Shen Qingqiu tied him up, when he obediently licked all his come off the bed and Luo Binghe’s body,

sucked him off and let Luo Binghe come on his face.

Liu Qingge looks like every thought has been driven out of his head, like all he has space for is the sensation of Luo Binghe's body on his and Shen Qingqiu's knotwork holding him down.

It gets him just as hot seeing it this time, makes his cock twitch where he sits astride Liu Qingge's narrow waist.

Liu Qingge looks like he would do anything he was asked, without any regard for his dignity or his morals or the sanctity of his body.

Hm.

…

The thought brings Luo Binghe back, and he breathes out carefully, gathering his thoughts more firmly. He doesn't want to ask for anything Liu Qingge isn't willing to give, and he already has a plan for what's coming next, anyway.

But he lets himself enjoy the look for a few moments more anyway, cock not flagging in the slightest even as he sits completely still on Liu Qingge's softening cock, fingers intertwining with Shen Qingqiu's.

After a few moments, he feels his lips curl in a smile. Keeping his eyes on Liu Qingge's, he slowly leans down, pressing a leisurely kiss into his lips.

Liu Qingge's eyes fall closed, and he opens perfectly for Luo Binghe, mouth wet and obedient.

Luo Binghe barely holds himself back from making a self-satisfied, possessive noise, and pulls back only with difficulty, tongue coming out to chase the taste of Liu Qingge's mouth on his lips.

"So good for us," he says lowly, watching Liu Qingge's face. Liu Qingge blinks slowly, then turns his head to the side, as though nuzzling into his own arm to hide his eyes.

Luo Binghe stares, warmth mixing with the hunger inside him, and his body twitches around Liu Qingge's cock, now soft.

Liu Qingge's brows tighten in discomfort, and Luo Binghe, with some regret, rises onto his knees slightly, so that Liu Qingge's spent cock slides out of him, still wet with come.

"Shishu did very well," he says lowly, leaning forward to press another kiss against Liu Qingge's temple.

Liu Qingge sighs out a breath, arms shivering in their ties.

Shen Qingqiu leans forward, and presses a kiss to Liu Qingge's temple as well, right under where Luo Binghe kissed him.

"Would Shidi like to stay like this, or be untied?" Shen Qingqiu asks, and one of his elegant hands presses slowly along the lines of the rope on Liu Qingge's chest, as though reminding him of the pressure of it.

“Stay,” Liu Qingge says immediately, opening his eyes to look into Shen Qingqiu’s.

His gaze is…

Luo Binghe shifts, his cock twitching.

His gaze is pleading.

Luo Binghe wets his lips with his tongue.

Like this, Liu Qingge would beg. Luo Binghe can tell, he can tell from how he looks at Shen Qingqiu, that all he’d need would be-

Would be-

“Shizun,” Luo Binghe says, voice rough.

He really needs Shen Qingqiu to rail him into the mattress right now.

“Will Shizun take this disciple?” he asks, hand in Shen Qingqiu’s bringing it to rest on his hip where he still straddles Liu Qingge, pushing it in a slow stroke down his tensed thigh.

Shen Qingqiu’s fingers twitch, his hand molding itself to Luo Binghe’s hard muscle, wrapping around the back of his leg.

“Very well, Binghe,” he says, turning his head to look at him.

Luo Binghe feels heat rush into him when Shen Qingqiu meets his eyes.

He had originally intended to lie down on his back, be taken by Shizun face up, Shen Qingqiu’s weight pressing him into the bed, his hair trailing down along his chest the way that Luo Binghe likes. To lie next to Liu Qingge, position mirrored, make him desperate for what he almost had, what he could have had, if he’d been able to resist how good Luo Binghe made him feel.

Hah- as if he would have been able to.

But like this, still straddling Liu Qingge, who’s still looking at them with those black, half-lidded eyes… Shizun’s restrained, poised gaze hot on him, as though even all his perfect ettiquette, all the layers of pristine fabric covering his body, can’t stop the arousal from showing through…

“Like this, Shizun?” he says, before he can stop himself.

Like this, straddling Liu Qingge. On all fours, above him, so that Shen Qingqiu can fuck the orgasm out of him, make him come onto Liu Qingge.

He can feel himself getting hot as Shen Qingqiu looks at him thoughtfully.

The fire burns high in his body when Shen Qingqiu nods, bestowing his approval.

“Shizun,” Luo Binghe says, breathing out shakily, and leans forward, bracing his hands on either side of Liu Qingge’s chest. “Please-”

Liu Qingge’s eyes widen slightly beneath him.

“Yes, Binghe,” Shen Qingqiu says, pressing a kiss to his lips briefly before moving behind him, the rustle of fabric haphazard, as though he’s disrobing in haste.

Luo Binghe shifts his hips, biting his lip.

He wants it, he wants it, he wants it.

He wants Shizun inside him, wants to be taken as hard and as fast as Shen Qingqiu is willing to, wants to feel that restraint, that careful control, slipping slowly away as the slick heat of Luo BInghe’s body convinces him to give more and more, convinces him to go harder and harder, until even Shen Qingqiu’s scholarly, noble voice is breaking apart on moans-

Luo Binghe makes an uncontrollable noise, hands tightening in the sheets as he hears Shen Qingqiu slicking himself up.

His opening twitches, still wet and ready from when he took Liu Qingge’s cock.

He still has his come inside him, too.

He was being honest when he said he didn't mind- he wants it inside him, wants to feel Shen Qingqiu's cock fuck him when he's already full of come. He's imagined this for a long time, imagined being used while still wet with come, taken over and over again-

" *Nn* ," he says, as he feels Shen Qingqiu's cockhead push against his entrance.

He can already tell this is going to be good.

"Shizun, yes, yes, please, do it-" he bites his lip, arching his back, encouraging him.

Shen Qingqiu exhales carefully, probably shaking his head- he always gets flustered when Luo Binghe overdoes it on the begging, which just makes Luo Binghe more inclined to beg- and starts to push slowly in.

Luo Binghe moans, holding himself still, behaving for a strenuous few seconds before he gives in and rolls his hips back, taking Shen Qingqiu all the way to the base in one push.

"Binghe!" Shen Qingqiu gasps, hands going instinctively to grab at Luo Binghe's hips.

"Shizun," Luo Binghe groans in response, twitching around his length.

He loves it when Shen Qingqiu says his name.

"Shizun, please, please, do it, please-" he says, and Shen Qingqiu

makes a small affronted noise, making Luo Binghe's chest warm, before he starts to roll his hips forward into him.

Luo Binghe lets out a low moan, body finally untensing, heart fluttering in his chest as he gets taken.

It feels so, so good every time, having Shen Qingqiu inside him, feeling his body giving way without any resistance, the heat of Shen Qingqiu's cock sliding inside him. He knows that Shen Qingqiu feels it too, the way that the pleasure of the act is heightened by the other's reactions; how the slight catches of breath drive him to distraction, how the way his body clenches around Shen Qingqiu's cock makes him want to fuck forward harder into him-

"Ah, Shizun!" he says, as Shen Qingqiu presses into the spot inside him.

His eyes flutter open, and beneath him is…

Liu Qingge, arms still tied above his head, arch of his neck exposed by the way his chin is tilted up. He's watching Luo Binghe, eyes fixed on his face, skin flushed an attractive shade of pink, mouth parted slightly in shock.

Good- let him see, let him see how much Luo Binghe loves it, how skillful Shen Qingqiu is, what Liu Qingge could have had-

" *Ah* ," Luo Binghe says, arching his back into Shen Qingqiu's next thrust, his whole body lighting up as he hits the spot again.

"Hold still, Binghe," Shen Qingqiu murmurs, voice breathy, and Luo

Binghe moans, and starts immediately fucking himself back on his cock.

Purposefully disobedient.

“Binghe!” Shen Qingqiu gasps, hands tightening on his waist, as his hips jerk forward without his control.

“Yes, yes, Shizun, harder, ah-” Luo Binghe says, waist rolling. “Please, Shizun feels so good inside me, this disciple wants to take it-”

“Binghe!!” Shen Qingqiu snaps, voice flustered, hand slapping his side lightly. “Behave!”

Luo Binghe moans loudly without intending to when the hit connects.

His neck heats, the pleasure in him ramping up another notch.

How much can he get away with, with Liu Qingge right here beneath him?

He wants to beg more, to tell Shen Qingqiu that he’s misbehaving, that he deserves punishment- see if he can get Shen Qingqiu to hit him a few more times, like he’s gotten him to in the past, always light, elegant swats, like he’s imagining using his fan.

Someday, he wants to convince him to do it harder, to use the full force of his arm, to really punish him. If Shen Qingqiu did that like this- while inside him, cock fucking hotly into him, other hand on his

hip holding him still on his hands and knees-

He'd probably come right now, if Shen Qingqiu hit him like this.

The thought makes him shudder, and he bites his lip.

He doubts that Shen Qingqiu would do it, though, with Liu Qingge right here under them.

That's fine, though; they can work up to that.

Shen Qingqiu doesn't know what Luo Binghe does, which is that Liu Qingge would probably come just from watching that, imagining himself in Luo Binghe's place, receiving the same punishment from his hand.

Luo Binghe doesn't know why Liu Qingge- who wasn't even Shen Qingqiu's disciple!- would have such a strong reaction to the idea of being punished by him, but he saw the way his breath caught just now, the way his throat worked as he swallowed.

Liu Qingge will probably be hard again by the time Luo Binghe is done here, and then he'll have his way with him again.

"Binghe," Shen Qingqiu says again, voice breathless, and Luo Binghe makes a low noise in acknowledgement, eyes falling closed.

Shen Qingqiu feels so, so good inside him, as he rocks back, hips working themselves on his cock for minutes that stretch into each

other, blending together.

Shen Qingqiu always complains, but he never actually stops Luo Binghe from fucking himself back onto his cock, from riding him shamelessly, from rolling his hips up into the strokes of his cock when he's on his back, from chasing his pleasure however he can get it.

Luo Binghe has long since weighed the importance of appearances versus doing Shen Qingqiu exactly how he wants, and the calculations come out the same way every time.

He loves Shen Qingqiu's cock inside him, any way he can get him.

"Binghe," Shen Qingqiu is saying, voice tight.

Luo Binghe know that Shen Qingqiu doesn't like to let himself finish until Luo Binghe comes, when he's on the inside. He knows how much Luo Binghe likes feeling him inside, how much he likes being taken, and he always tries to make sure he lasts as long as he can.

Luo Binghe won't say it out loud, knowing how thin his Shizun's face is, but he thinks that it's sweet, that he tries so hard to last. He does it for Luo Binghe's pleasure, and it makes him feel warm inside every time.

And he'll take full advantage of it, too. He knows that Shen Qingqiu would probably be able to come as of ten minutes ago, but he loves this too much to give it up, wants to keep rocking back on his hips as long as he can.

Selfish, he takes his pleasure for a long time, moaning as Shen

Qingqiu's hips slap against his ass, as the wet noises of his cock inside him get more and more pronounced, Liu Qingge's come slowly dripping out with the motions of his thrusts.

After a long time has passed, Luo Binghe thrilling with the pleasure of being taken, Shen Qingqiu's voice comes, trembling.

"Binghe…" he says, voice soft.

That's the sign that he won't last much longer.

"Shizun," Luo Binghe moans, and takes one of Shen Qingqiu's elegant musician's hands in his, bringing it forward to wrap around his cock.

He groans as Shen Qingqiu's fingers immediately start to move around him, motions jerky, belying the steady movements of his hips.

Shen Qingqiu makes a soft noise behind him, and Luo Binghe feels the heat climb in him.

He loves it when Shen Qingqiu can't keep quiet, when his restraint crumbles and he lets out those small noises, showing how much he enjoys it, how much he wants Luo Binghe.

"Harder, Shizun," Luo Binghe says, letting his eyes blink open, lips parting as he sees Liu Qingge staring at him from below.

Liu Qingge's eyes are on his chest, darting back and forth between the flex of his pecs and abs and the movement of Shen Qingqiu's hand on

his cock.

Luo Binghe makes a low noise, and shifts his weight onto one arm, so that he can drags the other one along the lines of red rope outlining Liu Qingge's chest.

"Make me come, Shizun," he says, meeting Liu Qingge's eyes, and he sees the moment that the flush on his face deepens, as he realizes that Luo Binghe means to come on him.

Shen Qingqiu makes another small noise behind him, and his hand grips tighter at Luo Binghe's cock, moving fast up and down him, a little rough, just the way he likes it.

Liu Qingge's breath is coming faster beneath him.

"Yes," Luo Binghe says, hand clenching in the ropes, digging red lines into Liu Qingge's chest. " *Yes* -"

Shen Qingqiu's cock is pressing into him just right, his hand on Luo Binghe's hip is warm and solid, his hand on his cock is excruciatingly perfect, he's going to come in him soon, and add to the come already inside him-

"Yes!" Luo Binghe shouts, and he feels the shocking rush of orgasm explode through his system, taking his mind with it.

"Shizun, Shizun, Shizun," his mouth pants, as his ass flexes around Shen Qingqiu's cock, drawing him in with the motions of his hips. "Oh, please, please, inside me, please-"

Shen Qingqiu is right there with him, and it only takes a few more strokes before the wet heat he's been waiting for floods into him.

" *Ah* , yes, oh- oh, Shizun…!" he twists his fingers in the sheets of the bed and in the ropes on Liu Qingge, lifting him bodily from the bed a little by accident.

"Ah- ah-" he's still coming, he can feel himself pouring more and more come out, dripping down Shen Qingqiu's fingers and onto Liu Qingge's abs beneath him. "Shizun…!"

Shen Qingqiu fucks him a few strokes more, breath heavy, still controlled, no obscene sounds leaking out of his mouth the way they do from Luo Binghe's.

Luo Binghe lets his head hang down, panting.

He loves this man so much.

" *Mmm* ," he says, arching his back into Shen Qingqiu one last time, feeling the way the wetness inside him eases the slide of Shen Qingqiu's cock. "Thank you, Shizun, this disciple is grateful," he says lowly, clenching around him to make it clear exactly what he's grateful for.

Shen Qingqiu huffs out a half-scolding breath, but Luo Binghe has studied him closely enough that he can tell this is the exact sort of huff that is hiding a surprised laugh beneath it.

He squeezes around him again, playfully, and Shen Qingqiu gives him a last stroke on his cock before releasing him, carefully pulling out as he sits back.

“Mm,” Luo Binghe says quietly, not moving from where he holds himself over Liu Qingge’s unmoving body, opening- slick with two people’s come- still facing Shen Qingqiu. “Shizun is hoping to admire his work?”

Shen Qingqiu tches, and lightly slaps him on the leg. Luo Binghe laughs, and finally sits to the side, moving away from where he’s been straddling Liu Qingge.

The movement exposes the considerable mess that he left on him.

“Or maybe to admire this disciple’s work,” Luo Binghe says, dragging a few fingers through the mess. “Shishu, you’re a mess.”

Liu Qingge stares at him, cheeks still flushed, before his eyes dart to Shen Qingqiu, then back to Luo Binghe again.

He’s hard again.

“Would you like help?” Luo Binghe says, lips spreading in a grin.

Chapter 18

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Liu Qingge wakes up gradually the next morning, muscles slowly stretching along his frame as he shifts, eyes still closed, taking a mental inventory of his injuries.

His body feels… fine. The only reminder of the battle he was in two days ago is the slight ache of his bruised rib.

An arm resettles itself around his chest, and he feels the electricity of the pain from a surface bruise being brushed.

Fine. He may still have a few superficial injuries.

His thoughts, though, are drawn astray by the warm, heavy weight of the arm around him.

In addition to not having any aches and pains in his upper body, he's also missing the…

There's no slight… soreness, in his… in… between his legs, where he usually feels a pleasant ache, after a night like last night.

He shifts slightly on his side, opening his eyes to look at Luo Binghe's strong arm around him, his hand resting proprietarily on one side of Liu Qingge's chest.

Liu Qingge feels his face warm, remembering what Luo Binghe did to him last night, instead of… what he usually does.

He turns his head carefully to look over his shoulder, and sees Luo Binghe's muscular arm, stretching back into his strong torso, Shen Qingqiu's arm tucked under it, holding Luo Binghe from behind. It feels like Luo Binghe is holding Liu Qingge tucked under his chin.

Liu Qingge turns his face back forward, cheeks hot, and lets his eyes go to his own hands, where they rest by his face.

There are slight rope burns on his wrists still, despite how quickly his cultivation allows him to heal.

He slowly tucks his face into those hands, trying not to… not to…

No, he can't stop it. He's remembering last night.

He's already halfway hard in this bed, has been since he woke up, and now he's thinking about…

About Luo Binghe, being taken from behind, coming all over him…

About the small noises that he'd been able to hear Shen Qingqiu making on top, above Luo Binghe…

How he was able to imagine that Shen Qingqiu would make the same noises, if he ever… if he ever condescended to take Liu Qingge the same way…

It’s not helping him calm down.

Last night, he’d been unable to prevent his cock from rising, fully hard without a single touch. Not that he would have been able to touch himself, with how expertly Shen Qingqiu had tied him; how he’d wrapped the ropes so firmly, the knotwork so elegant, the way it bound his arms leaving him completely helpless, unable to even struggle.

So he’d just laid there instead, watching Luo Binghe moan shamelessly, watching him work himself back on Shen Qingqiu, until he’d snarled and grabbed Liu Qingge roughly by the ropes on his chest, lifting him off his back like he weighed nothing, only to slam him back into the mattress.

The fire in Liu Qingge had roared higher at that, and the haze of arousal clouding his mind hadn’t stopped him from picturing Luo Binghe lifting him just like that, lifting him and pressing him against the- against the wall, maybe?- and taking him like that, supporting his weight with only his hands and his hips as he fucked into him, cock driving him against the hard wood of the palace-

But he was too overwhelmed by it all, too hazy-minded, relaxed and open, to do anything about it, so he stayed still, behaving for Luo Binghe, despite the thundering of his heart in his chest and the ache of his cock between his legs, even as Luo Binghe released into Shen Qingqiu’s hand and all over Liu Qingge’s front, coming the unreasonable amount that he always did, making a complete mess of him.

Liu Qingge’s cock, fully hard, had twitched, thinking about how slick his body would be if Luo Binghe gave him anything to grind against- if he let him push his hips up into a hand, or against his stomach, or maybe even in- inside again, like he’d-

He'd closed his eyes tightly, trying to get his breathing under control, as Luo Binghe and Shen Qingqiu had traded a few words, unable to make them out through the heavy beating of his heart.

And then Luo Binghe had leaned forward, face satisfied, and asked in that teasing voice if he- if he wanted help with-

Liu Qingge's face feels hot in his hands. He'd been so out of it, he'd nodded without even having to think about it, almost as shameless as Luo Binghe in that moment. But he hadn't expected that Luo Binghe would barely use his hand for a few moments before… before…

His face gets hotter under his hands.

He'd never had someone use their mouth on him before this.

He'd had no idea how good it would feel, the… the heat, the wetness…

It mortifies him, thinking that he'd been doing something so… so dirty, so… so *good* , this whole time. Not only to Luo Binghe, but even daring to use his mouth on Shen Qingqiu…

He had known how it felt on the other end, but receiving it was…

And receiving it, knowing that that part of his body had been inside Luo Binghe, right before… Knowing that Luo Binghe didn't even care, that he would take him fully into his mouth, lick and suck like he was chasing the flavor of his own…

Now he knows what Luo Binghe watched him do, the first time he got down on his knees for him.

He…

Can’t ever show his face again.

He turns his head slightly in his hands, trying to ignore the heat in his unflagging, half-hard cock, which doesn’t seem to have realized that this is completely mortifying.

He presses his legs together slightly, his muscles fighting to not shiver with the humiliating heat.

He...

He wants Luo Binghe to do that again.

While he’s having his small crisis- remembering how Luo Binghe swallowed him all the way down, taking him down to the base as though it was the easiest thing in the world, working his throat around the head of his cock over and over while holding his hips down, restraining him while the ropes did the same above- he tries to not think of the rest of it, of how Shen Qingqiu had leaned down and slowly kissed him, wet and deep, mouth working on Liu Qingge’s the same way Luo Binghe’s worked on him below.

Liu Qingge’s whole side feels lit up where Luo Binghe’s arm rests on it, as he remembers how Shen Qingqiu had let his chest rest its weight a

little on his, not quite bearing him down into the bed, but in a position where he could. All Shen Qingqiu would have had to do was shift slightly, and he would have been laying almost on top of Liu Qingge, the weight of his strong immortal body poised to cover him, caging him in, rendering him completely helpless in combination with the cable and Luo Binghe's hands on his waist.

While Liu Qingge tries to calm his traitorous cock, which is completely ignoring his efforts to get it to subside, he fails to notice Luo Binghe's breathing changing behind him.

He's too busy trying not to remember how Shen Qingqiu had met his eyes when he was right on the edge, how he'd said, refined and gracious as always, that if Liu Qingge had really meant it, that next time he would be willing to- to provide…

Liu Qingge's whole body shivers, and he almost jumps when the arm around him unhurriedly pulls him in closer, pressing him firmly against the thick chest behind him.

"Shizun will wake up soon," Luo Binghe saya quietly, hand stroking slowly along Liu Qingge's chest and stomach, back and forth in a relaxed motion.

Liu Qingge curses the way his traitorous cock responds, the way his muscles want to flex under Luo Binghe's hand, to press forward into his touch.

Or to press back into his strong chest, encourage the hands to follow, so that Luo Binghe is holding him tighter and tighter against him, the pressure of his hands and body around Liu Qingge closing him in…

He closes his eyes, teeth clenching, and forces himself to stay

completely still.

Luo Binghe makes an amused noise behind him, and keeps sliding his hand back and forth for the next few minutes, occasionally changing the pressure to trail it along his ribs, over his collarbone, to lightly grasp at his waist and the ripples of his abdominal muscles.

Liu Qingge stays silent, but he has a strong feeling that Luo Binghe can tell how much it affects him.

It feels like his heart is beating loudly enough that Luo Binghe must be able to hear it.

After a few more minutes of deliberately tormenting him, the sound of a slight shift from behind, and Luo Binghe's hand withdraws, going to his own waist.

"Shizun," Luo Binghe says, voice deep above Liu Qingge's head.

Liu Qingge doesn't turn around, but he imagines that Luo Binghe's hand is probably holding Shen Qingqiu's where it rests on his waist.

"Did Shizun sleep well?" Luo Binghe asks, voice warm and solicitous.

"Mm," Shen Qingqiu says sleepily, and Luo Binghe shifts behind Liu Qingge, to roll over onto his back.

"Shizun," he says quietly, and Liu Qingge can hear him pull Shen Qingqiu gently over, to kiss him once- twice- three times.

Liu Qingge stays turned away, legs carefully arranged to hide the evidence of his arousal.

Luo Binghe's other hand comes up, to stroke along Liu Qingge's side again, lingering on the curve of his waist, fingers dipping along the line of his hip bone provocatively.

Liu Qingge bites his lip, trying to hold back a shiver.

Why does Luo Binghe always know how to- when he's-

After a few moments, Luo Binghe's hand gets heavy on his hip, and pushes it to the bed, turning him face up so that he can't hide.

Liu Qingge keeps his legs pressed together, but it does nothing to hide his mostly hard cock.

This is…

"Come on, Shishu," Luo Binghe says, hand still trailing along Liu Qingge's chest. It touches him everywhere, though it becomes feather-light when it traces the area around his bruised rib.

Luo Binghe still remembers which one it is, Liu Qingge thinks distractedly. It doesn't really hurt any more, though; his qi has been circulating more smoothly in the last few months, and it means that his already impressive healing speed has increased.

“Roll over, Shishu,” Luo Binghe says, fingers stroking into the crease where his thigh meets his abdomen.

Liu Qingge hesitates, face warm.

But then turns- slowly- onto his side towards them.

Doing what he’s told to.

“There,” Luo Binghe says, kissing Shen Qingqiu again, who’s starting to look more awake. “Now come here,” and his hand cups the back of Liu Qingge’s head, pulling him in towards-

Towards-

His shoulder?

His- neck?

Liu Qingge hesitates, then closes his eyes, letting the hand guide him.

It presses his face into Luo Binghe’s neck.

He breathes in carefully, the smell of Luo Binghe’s skin-

He associates a lot of things with that smell.

His body reacts, cock hardening further.

“Go ahead, Shishu,” Luo Binghe says, and Liu Qingge’s eyes blink open in slight confusion.

Go ahead?

Go ahead and do what?

Luo Binghe’s hand holds him where he is, as Luo Binghe continues to kiss Shen Qingqiu. Liu Qingge’s lips part, as though ready to ask what he means, and brush against the skin of Luo Binghe’s neck.

Luo Binghe makes a pleased noise, and his fingertips stroke gently along Liu Qingge’s scalp, between the strands of his hair.

Liu Qingge feels his face warm.

Luo Binghe wants him to…

Liu Qingge has rarely been the one to initiate kisses. Luo Binghe has kissed him many times; Shen Qingqiu a few; and Liu Qingge has reciprocated, here and there. But he hasn’t kissed either of them on- on the, the neck, or the… chest, or- or anywhere besides the face. The face, and the…

At any rate.

He doesn't know what to do with any particular level of confidence, but that doesn't mean he won't try.

Hesitantly, he lets his lips part, and presses a soft kiss to the muscle on the side of Luo Binghe's neck.

Luo Binghe makes a pleased sound into Shen Qingqiu's mouth, and his hand presses Liu Qingge's head forward encouragingly.

Liu Qingge, emboldened, slowly repeats the motion, pressing his lips against Luo Binghe's taut skin, letting them drag along the curve of his neck.

"Open your mouth," Luo Binghe says lowly, fingers rubbing slow circles into Liu Qingge's scalp. "I want your tongue on me."

"Be quiet," Liu Qingge says with no heat. He brings his hand up to gently move Luo Binghe's hair out of the way, and leans back in, pressing a slow, open-mouthed kiss to Luo Binghe's neck.

"And your teeth," Luo Binghe says, never one to stop pushing his luck. Liu Qingge huffs out a breath, and lets his teeth gently scrape along the line of Luo Binghe's throat.

The press of his teeth into Luo Binghe's skin makes him feel…

Makes him feel…

“Binghe,” Shen Qingqiu says quietly, voice throaty.

Liu Qingge lets his eyes slowly open, and sees Luo Binghe’s other hand moving slowly below Shen Qingqiu’s waist.

“Shizun was so lovely last night,” Luo Binghe says, voice low and smoky.

Liu Qingge’s neck heats.

“This disciple wonders if he might be ready to go again.”

“Binghe,” Shen Qingqiu sighs.

Liu Qingge thinks that he can hear the fondness in it, buried under Shen Qingqiu’s facade of annoyance.

When did he start being able to notice that?

“This disciple remembers,” Luo Binghe continues, as Liu Qingge presses another kiss slowly into his neck, “that Shizun had offered Shishu the next time.”

Liu Qingge’s jaw twitches, his teeth inadvertently nipping the skin.

Luo Binghe doesn’t react at all, just presses Liu Qingge in even closer with the hand on the back of his head.

“This disciple has been looking forward to seeing it,” he says, and Liu Qingge freezes, mouth still pressed against him.

Luo Binghe is…

Is not only allowing, but… encouraging…?

He swallows, and feels the muscles of Luo Binghe’s neck shift as he opens his mouth, returning Shen Qingqiu’s kiss.

Liu Qingge presses a shaky kiss into Luo Binghe’s neck, hand twitching where it rests on his side.

This is…

“Liu Shidi,” Shen Qingqiu’s voice comes, still slightly deeper, with the relaxation of sleep softening it. “Would Shidi be amenable to that?”

Liu Qingge’s breath freezes in his lungs.

Shen Qingqiu is-

Is actually considering-

No, is… offering…?

He could… have that?

Right now? This morning?

His heart starts beating faster, pounding in his chest.

Now? Like this, Shen Qingqiu warm from sleep, relaxed and heavy… above him…

Above him? Would he climb on top of him, like how he took Luo Binghe the first time Liu Qingge saw them? Spread Liu Qingge's legs, settle his weight between them to push inside-

Or would he want to take him from behind, like he did with Luo Binghe last night? Make him get on all fours and hold himself up, only able to push back into it, rocking forward with the force of his thrusts-

Or from… from the side, or… Or would he ask Liu Qingge to ride him, like Luo Binghe did before? Liu Qingge has never obliged Luo Binghe, never worked himself up and down on his cock like he knows he wants him to. He always made Luo Binghe do the work of it, support Liu Qingge's weight.

But if… if that was what Shen Qingqiu wanted…

Liu Qingge would do it himself, would do what it took to give Shen Qingqiu pleasure with his body-

He's brought out of his musings by Shen Qingqiu's voice.

"We don't have to, of course, if Shidi is not interested," he says gently.

"What?" Liu Qingge says, mind snapping back to the present. He's been turning all the scenarios over in his head in silence, and had forgotten to reply. Ridiculous!

"No, no- I, I would…"

He pauses, and swallows.

"...like that…"

He presses his forehead into Luo Binghe's neck, face hot.

What a clumsy way to express himself.

But Shen Qingqiu doesn't seem to mind, because he's leaning over Luo Binghe, long hair trailing across his chest, to press a kiss against the side of Liu Qingge's face, where it still hides in Luo Binghe's neck.

"Shidi," he says, and Liu Qingge turns his head towards him, slowly raising his eyes to look at him.

Shen Qingqiu, his handsome, refined face calm as ever, is…

The corners of his mouth turn up, and his eyes soften.

He's… smiling at Liu Qingge.

A quiet, understated smile, one that's aimed entirely at Liu Qingge, and no one else.

Liu Qingge's heart skips a beat.

"May I kiss you, Shidi?" he asks, as polite as ever, and Liu Qingge is helpless to do anything but nod, eyes fluttering closed as Shen Qingqiu leans in to cover his mouth with his.

Chapter End Notes

happy liushen week... it may come out a little late for the week, but the next chapter will be for u liushens ;)

Chapter 19

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Liu Qingge's heart hammers in his chest as Shen Qingqiu slowly kisses him, still leaning over Luo Binghe. He lets his lips part at the slow press of Shen Qingqiu's tongue, and Luo Binghe makes a pleased sound, fingers in Liu Qingge's hair drawing along his scalp as he leans forward to kiss Shen Qingqiu's neck.

Shen Qingqiu presses his tongue a little more firmly into Liu Qingge's, one hand coming up to cup the side of his face.

His elegant hand feels cool against the heat of Liu Qingge's cheek.

"Mm," Luo Binghe says, pleased, and the muscles of Liu Qingge's thighs press together, shivering.

Shen Qingqiu's tongue inside him, and Luo Binghe watching the both of them…

His heart feels like it's going to beat out of his chest.

"May I touch you, Shidi?" Shen Qingqiu says, tone as calm as always, and Liu Qingge slowly opens his eyes to meet Shen Qingqiu's.

They're watching him with a quiet… a quiet look, that seems like...

He doesn't want to assume that it's… fondness. That seems too presumptuous.

But whatever the emotion in them is, it feels good to see it.

He nods, slowly, and Shen Qingqiu's eyes turn up at the edges, almost imperceptibly. He leans back in to kiss Liu Qingge, and this time, his hand slides slowly down Liu Qingge's neck, fingers light as they travel his body.

Liu Qingge fights down a gasp, trying not to react too strongly.

Shen Qingqiu's fingers are leaving trails of fire, lighting up his skin wherever they touch.

They stroke over his collarbone, the dip between his pecs, under the edges of them, along the lines of his abs- gentle, not controlling, not forcing him into anything. Just slowly lighting him up until all his carefully maintained control has burned away, until his whole body feels like a single touch more could break him.

But even though it feels like one more touch will be the end of him, Shen Qingqiu keeps touching him, over and over. He touches him everywhere- his chest, his sides, his shoulders, his neck, his waist- and each new stroke of his fingers takes Liu Qingge almost to the edge of no return, so that he has to clench his hands in the sheet to keep himself from…

From…

From what?

What is the danger here?

With Luo Binghe, Liu Qingge has to be on his guard not to let himself push back too much, because he knows what it will lead to.

If he fights against Luo Binghe and Luo Binghe actually restrains him, against the full force of his strength…

If that happens, Liu Qingge would probably give it up completely for him. He wouldn't be able to restrain himself anymore, he wouldn't be able to keep any of his dignity, would let the noises spill out of him, body giving way to anything that Luo Binghe wanted, allowing him to take him however he will.

He can tell that Luo Binghe has the ability to work him up to that point, where he wouldn't be able to hold anything back. The most dangerous part of Luo Binghe is that he can tell exactly what Liu Qingge wants.

He knows that Luo Binghe has been wanting to- choke him, make him scream, make him beg- has been wanting to come in him, dirty him, to revel in how much Liu Qingge desires that humiliation-

And he knows that Luo Binghe imagines doing those things because he can see in Liu Qingge's face how he would react to them. Luo Binghe can tell how much it would wreck him, how willing he would be to- to ask for it, to writhe under him, to plead with his body and his words if it will get him what he wants, to give up anything, if Luo Binghe will just-

So. He has to be careful. Once he gives it up, he knows he'll never be

able to stop.

But with Shen Qingqiu…

If Shen Qingqiu keeps pushing him like this, with just the gentle brushes of his hands along his body…

This feels dangerous in a completely different way.

Liu Qingge's eyelashes flutter, brushing against Shen Qingqiu's face.

His eyes feel hot.

"Shidi," Shen Qingqiu murmurs against his lips, hand pressing slowly into Liu Qingge's back.

It pushes him up against Luo Binghe, who he'd been maintaining a careful, professional, finger's width distance from.

Liu Qingge's eyebrows tighten, trying to control his reaction when his cock brushes lightly along Luo Binghe's leg.

"What would you like, Shidi?" Shen Qingqiu says, and Liu Qingge shivers, lips parting against Shen Qingqiu's to inhale shakily.

"I… anything," he says, not thinking about whether his words sound as desperate as he feels.

Shen Qingqiu hesitates. “Would Shidi still like… Shixiong inside him?” he asks, voice pausing slightly in the middle of his sentence.

“Yes,” Liu Qingge says, voice catching, face hot where it presses against Luo Binghe’s chest, as he turns his face into it.

Luo Binghe makes another pleased sound beneath him, and Liu Qingge feels the heat in his face spread down his neck.

Luo Binghe… is pleased? Pleased, because he’s going to… to get to watch them…

Liu Qingge’s whole body is hot, now. He never thought that he- with Shen Qingqiu- and now, at the same time, Luo Binghe will be-

His breath is coming out slightly fast, into Luo Binghe’s skin. Shen Qingqiu’s hands are dipping lower on his body.

“How would Shidi like to… be prepared?” Shen Qingqiu asks.

“On his back, Shizun,” Luo Binghe contributes, lowly. “He likes it.”

Shen Qingqiu’s hand presses down lower, making slow circles on his waist, relaxing the tense muscles.

“Would Shidi like to be prepared by…” Shen Qingqiu trails off, and Luo Binghe intercedes again.

“By Shizun,” he says, and his hand is stroking Liu Qingge’s hair. Gentle.

“Shidi?” Shen Qingqiu says, and Liu Qingge draws in a breath, and nods, eyes still tightly closed.

“Very well,” Shen Qingqiu says, and he sits up, away from Luo Binghe and Liu Qingge, to reach for…

For the oil, most likely.

Liu Qingge shivers again, and he knows that Luo Binghe can feel it, because his chest shakes with an inaudible laugh, and he presses a light brush of lips against Liu Qingge’s forehead.

Liu Qingge’s eyelashes blink in surprise.

But his mind is immediately drawn away by Shen Qingqiu returning to the bed, somehow elegant even as he maneuvers his way over Luo Binghe, to sit by Liu Qingge’s knees.

He’s… he’s bare, Liu Qingge had known this.

But now, like this… sitting so directly, in front of him, body not blocked by Luo Binghe’s-

Liu Qingge knows he should avert his gaze, should not stare, but he

can’t help the way his eyes jump down to… to…

Shen Qingqiu is partly hard.

Liu Qingge immediately closes his eyes in a rush of heat.

Is he… Shen Qingqiu is going to…

His heart is hammering in his chest again.

“Lay on your back,” Luo Binghe says quietly, and pushes at him until he rolls to lay face-up.

His cock is… definitely harder than Shen Qingqiu’s.

Liu Qingge closes his eyes, the heat of mortification rolling through him.

It makes him even harder.

“If Shidi could spread his legs?” Shen Qingqiu says, and Liu Qingge…

He freezes.

His pulse is beating so strongly in his throat, he thinks it must be visible.

He- he can't-

He tries to take a breath to calm himself, but it sticks in his chest.

He's-

He darts a desperate gaze at Luo Binghe, who watches him with a look of curiosity, and then sits up to murmur something in Shen Qingqiu's ear.

Shen Qingqiu listens, eyes contemplative, then looks back at Liu Qingge, whose heart is beating a mile a minute.

Is he displeased? Is this-

Liu Qingge swallows, trying to force himself back into control.

His pulse is still racing.

But Shen Qingqiu just looks at him evenly, eyes warm.

"Or perhaps Shidi would be willing to do more of what we did before?" he asks, trailing a hand gently down Liu Qingge's chest in demonstration.

Liu Qingge swallows harshly, nodding.

Relief mixes with impatience with himself. He…

He does want that, wants Shen Qingqiu to slowly touch him.

Even just being touched was enough to almost overwhelm him before.

The idea of more right now is…

He just needs it… slow.

“Then allow Shixiong,” Shen Qingqiu says, and his hands- both, this time- resume tracing along the lines of Liu Qingge’s chest and stomach, fingers hot and gentle on him.

Liu Qingge feels himself start to calm down, his breath slowing.

And soon, he feels the fire spreading back through his chest again.

Shen Qingqiu is being a little firmer, this time; he takes his time, letting his palms brush Liu Qingge’s stomach, his waist, his… his thighs… before trailing back up to rest both hands on his shoulders, the heels of his palms brushing the tops of his pecs.

Like this, there’s a little weight behind it, as though… as though he could be convinced to hold Liu Qingge down…

Liu Qingge tries to ignore the thought, desperately trying to hold himself together.

Just this. Just touching.

He opens his eyes, and sees Shen Qingqiu watching him, eyes full of…

…Something.

It makes him want more.

“Shidi, may I… kiss you?” Shen Qingqiu asks, and Liu Qingge nods almost before he’s finished his sentence.

Shen Qingqiu, composed as always, takes his time, measuredly leaning down and taking Liu Qingge’s lips with his own.

His hair, cool like a spring rain, trails across Liu Qingge’s chest, still hot and sensitive from Shen Qingqiu’s touch.

His weight leans forward, a little, onto his hands on Liu Qingge’s shoulders.

Liu Qingge makes a small, helpless noise.

“Is this all right, Shidi?” Shen Qingqiu asks, drawing back.

“Yes,” Liu Qingge says immediately.

Shen Qingqiu’s eyes gentle, and he leans back in, kissing Liu Qingge again.

Liu Qingge shudders.

Shen Qingqiu is just… is just sitting beside him, but the way that he leans over Liu Qingge allows his side to press into him. If Shen Qingqiu relaxed his weight a little more, his chest would rest on top of Liu Qingge’s.

Liu Qingge moves slightly under Shen Qingqiu, restless.

He has no way to ask for that.

“Keep touching him, Shizun,” Luo Binghe says, and Liu Qingge feels one of Shen Qingqiu’s hands move, so that it slides back into touching his chest again. Firmer, this time, as though Luo Binghe is moving it.

Then the pressure decreases, as though Luo Binghe has released Shen Qingqiu’s hand, and a moment later, Liu Qingge feels his hand taken, his fingers gently disentangled from the sheets.

“Here,” Luo Binghe says lowly beside him, and Liu Qingge’s hand is moved, up towards his head, towards-

Towards- not his head, but… Shen Qingqiu’s head…

At the first brush of Shen Qingqiu's hair, Liu Qingge's fingers twitch back, as if trying not to impose, as if worried that this is too bold to be allowed. But Luo Binghe gently presses his hand further, until he has no choice but to let his palm, his thumb, the space between his fingers, each knuckle, be caressed by Shen Qingqiu's silky, unbound hair, as Luo Binghe slowly strokes his hand through it.

Liu Qingge makes a small noise into Shen Qingqiu's mouth, and Shen Qingqiu presses another kiss into him, lips gentle and strong, tongue working slowly against his mouth.

Liu Qingge's whole body relaxes.

At Luo Binghe's push, he lets his hand rest- lightly, gently- on the back of Shen Qingqiu's head, fingers daring to gently comb through his silky hair once or twice before gently- gently- cupping his head close.

Shen Qingqiu pushes his tongue into his mouth, and Liu Qingge jumps beneath him.

His traitorous hand, without any respect for Shen Qingqiu, tightens slightly on the back of his head, pulling him in closer.

Shen Qingqiu presses another open-mouthed kiss into him, deep and wet, and Liu Qingge is helpless to hold back, opening easily for him and giving him everything. Shen Qingqiu makes him feel desperate, the contrast between how in control he is, how dignified- even when sucking on Liu Qingge's lip, even when fucking his tongue in and out of his mouth- and how helpless and needy he makes Liu Qingge feel…

It's driving him wild.

Shen Qingqiu's hand on him has been moving lower and lower, tracing the lines of his stomach, pressing against his hips, slowly gripping his upper thighs. Now, it slowly circles its way to brush against the very top of Liu Qingge's hair, rubbing slow circles into him.

Liu Qingge's body is singing with the need to be-

"Shidi," Shen Qingqiu breaks their kiss to say, voice devastatingly soft. "May I touch you?"

Chapter End Notes

ahaha... did someone say "take it slow?"

Chapter 20

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Shen Qingqiu wants… to touch him.

Liu Qingge's legs spread involuntarily as he shivers.

His cock is fully hard.

He breathes in unsteadily, and his fingers gently, carefully, draw Shen Qingqiu's head closer, until his forehead leans against Liu Qingge's.

Eyes closed, he nods, the slightest movement of his head moving Shen Qingqiu's as well.

Shen Qingqiu doesn't move from where Liu Qingge guided him, letting his head rest against Liu Qingge's for a moment. The warmth spreads in Liu Qingge's chest at the intimacy of the gesture, even as the heat crawls in his lower body when Shen Qingqiu's hand starts to slowly make its way to…

His breath catches, as Shen Qingqiu's fingers trail along the line of his cock. It jumps under Shen Qingqiu's touch.

Shen Qingqiu makes a noise above him, and tilts his face to press a soft kiss against Liu Qingge's lips.

Liu Qingge...

Melts.

Shen Qingqiu does it again, fingers brushing gently but firmly along Liu Qingge's cock, and Liu Qingge shivers below him, hand twining in Shen Qingqiu's hair gingerly, selfishly enjoying the feel of his smooth, cool hair.

"Is this okay, Shidi?" Shen Qingqiu asks, and Liu Qingge can't keep from pressing up to kiss him, forward though it is. He lets himself nod as his chest grows warmer, his cock even more sensitive to Shen Qingqiu's light touches.

When Shen Qingqiu finally takes him in hand, after a few excruciating minutes of only soft, barely there caresses, Liu Qingge can't help the gasp that forces its way out of him. Shen Qingqiu's hand, calloused from sword and guqin, is finally holding him, moving slowly up and down. Shen Qingqiu brushes his thumb through the dripping precome at the tip-

Liu Qingge's head feels light, his breath coming fast.

This is so-

It's too good.

His pulse is hammering in his neck.

He feels like he needs to hide his face, but he doesn't want to turn away from the soft kisses that Shen Qingqiu is pressing into his mouth.

He's- he's-

"Shizun," Luo Binghe sighs, and Liu Qingge feels Shen Qingqiu shift as Luo Binghe strokes his hand down his back. "So beautiful."

Liu Qingge can feel his face getting hot. Luo Binghe really will- he'll really just say what he's thinking, just like that.

Liu Qingge can't imagine ever vocalizing the things that he thinks about- about…

Shen Qingqiu's hand slips on his cock in the wetness of his precome, and Liu Qingge can't help the small noise he lets out at how it tightens on him right after.

"Shizun," Luo Binghe says quietly from above, "Shishu might enjoy it if you were to get a little closer."

Shen Qingqiu makes an inquiring noise, drawing back from the kiss to look into Liu Qingge's eyes.

"He likes it when you get on top," Luo Binghe says, and Liu Qingge's whole face goes red.

It… Luo Binghe may be right, but does he have to say it so… so

shamelessly?!

“On top?” Shen Qingqiu murmurs, and he shifts to-

To swing a- a leg over-

Liu Qingge’s breath stutters to a halt, then starts back up again, in a sharp inhale, as Shen Qingqiu settles the leg between his, letting some of his weight rest on Liu Qingge.

His- his bare skin, pressing all along Liu Qingge’s-

His weight, holding him down-

Fire is slowly burning its way out of him everywhere that Shen Qingqiu is touching, the pressure on top of him making Liu Qingge’s whole body sing with want; and Shen Qingqiu...

Hasn’t stopped looking at him.

Liu Qingge is blushing so hard, he feels like his face is going to fall off.

“Like this, Shidi?” Shen Qingqiu says, hand working up and down his cock, and Liu Qingge makes an embarrassingly loud noise, and immediately tries to hide his head in Shen Qingqiu’s shoulder.

But when he darts his head away, Shen Qingqiu stops stroking him, starts leaning his weight back off his body. “Ah- sorry, is that too-”

Liu Qingge's hand jumps up, without his intent, to Shen Qingqiu's back, clutching at him.

"No, don't-"

He swallows.

"Don't... stop…" he says, quietly, face red.

"Oh," Shen Qingqiu says, and carefully lets his weight settle back down onto Liu Qingge.

Over the next few minutes, Shen Qingqiu's hand wrings various mortifying noises out of Liu Qingge. Embarrassingly, Shen Qingqiu seems to be listening intently to them. He even goes so far as to pause occasionally, or changes the angle, or the speed, depending on what sounds leak out of Liu Qingge's mouth despite all his best attempts to hold them in. It's as if Shen Qingqiu wants to know every single thing that will cause Liu Qingge to fall apart; as though he wants to mercilessly destroy every last bit of Liu Qingge's tenuous grasp on his self control.

"Shidi," Shen Qingqiu murmurs, and his lips ghost over Liu Qingge's neck, sending a wave of goosebumps over his skin and a wave of heat under it.

Liu Qingge makes a helpless noise, his hand twitching in Shen Qingqiu's hair.

“Would Shidi like to do anything else now, or just finish like this?” Shen Qingqiu asks, and Liu Qingge feels his face go hot.

Shen Qingqiu… must be able to tell how close he is. He must be able to feel… how Liu Qingge’s cock is leaking into his hand…

“I,” Liu Qingge says, and swallows.

It would be so, so easy to finish like this, with how his whole body reacts to Shen Qingqiu’s weight, his heat, his hand on him. It would feel so good, it would be… it would be…

It would be amazing.

But he’s greedy, he wants more than amazing, he wants…

“No,” he gasps, voice rough. “I… I want…”

“Shizun will need to prepare you, if he’s going to be inside you,” Luo Binghe says from beside him, voice low. Liu Qingge swallows, and the muscles of his thighs tremble.

He wants that so, so badly.

To feel Shen Qingqiu… to feel him press into him, fingers no doubt gentle and attentive… the wet slickness of the oil on him, the way it must be when he- when he touches Luo Binghe like that-

Liu Qingge feels himself twitching, as though clenching down on invisible fingers.

He wants it so badly, he, he needs it-

Shen Qingqiu's hand has slowed on his cock, as though waiting for him to come to a decision.

Liu Qingge's neck heats.

Can he really- can he really ask Shen Qingqiu to, to dirty his hands, to- inside him-

"Liu Shidi?" Shen Qingqiu says, solicitously, and Liu Qingge breaks.

"...Yes," he says, heart beating wildly.

He's so presumptuous, he's thrown away all his shame, to ask so directly, to ask the elegant, untouchable Shen Qingqiu to- to-

Luo Binghe makes a pleased sound next to him, and Liu Qingge closes his eyes, heart racing.

Shen Qingqiu's hand slows to a stop on Liu Qingge's cock, and starts to creep lower, rubbing firmly along the skin next to the juncture of his thighs, taking and slowly rolling in his hand Liu Qingge's… rolling his...

Liu Qingge swallows desperately, pressing his face into the bed, his pulse pounding in his neck, as he carefully… slightly… allows his legs to relax to the sides, stomach shivering.

He doesn't even part his legs, just stops holding them so rigidly; but even that is almost enough to make his face catch on fire- the, the wantonness of it, the…

"Shidi," Shen Qingqiu says, and Liu Qingge tears his hand out of Shen Qingqiu's hair, clutching at the sheets instead before he does something stupid, like pull him down tighter on top of him, like… like try to guide his head down into a kiss…

He knows that if he kisses Shen Qingqiu now, he wouldn't be able to be respectful, to hold himself back from panting and moaning into his mouth, trying to coax Shen Qingqiu closer and closer inside him, until he's fucking into Liu Qingge's mouth with his tongue, like soon he'll be with-

He's trying to keep his imagination from running wild, but it's, it's so hard-

"No, no, Shishu," Luo Binghe's deep voice comes, as Liu Qingge's fingers tighten in the sheets. "Be good," and he gently takes Liu Qingge's hand, and just as gently pries it free from its fierce grip on the bedding.

This time, instead of bringing it directly to Shen Qingqiu's head, Luo Binghe presses Liu Qingge's hand against the sweep of Shen Qingqiu's side, where he lays above him.

Liu Qingge's fingers try to jerk back, shocked at the audacity of touching Shen Qingqiu's waist without his permission, but Luo

Binghe's hand holds him firmly, rubbing his hand in slow, mind-meltingly intimate circles on Shen Qingqiu's skin.

Shen Qingqiu's fingers have made it below, to where- to where-

"Shidi?" Shen Qingqiu questions lowly, and Liu Qingge's hand trembles on his side. His head nods into the sheets in a quick motion.

Shen Qingqiu's fingers withdraw for a moment, and then return, now slick with oil.

They start to-

They're just circling Liu Qingge's opening on the outside, not pressing into him at all, slow and undemanding, but it's-

It's working him up so quickly, his breath is coming fast, he's- he's-

His breath catches, and he notices that the muscles throughout his body have all started trembling, without any control on his part.

His cock is leaking, even as his pulse thunders in his neck.

Shen Qingqiu's weight on him is helping to ground him, it's keeping him from vibrating out of his skin, the electric feeling mediated by the pressure, but he's still- he's still-

His hand is hot, sweating against Shen Qingqiu's side as it rests,

trembling, against the line of his muscles.

At some point, Luo Binghe had taken his hand off Liu Qingge's, but he hadn't noticed.

Liu Qingge's palm is still resting against Shen Qingqiu's side.

Surely this… is this okay…?

A low murmuring of voices makes its way through the haze of his arousal, and Luo Binghe's hand comes to rest on Liu Qingge's bicep, slowly rubbing up and down his arm.

It presses some of the wild energy back down, bringing Liu Qingge back a bit.

"Is he doing well, Shizun?" Luo Binghe says, voice calming.

Liu Qingge swallows, eyes fluttering open against his will, desperate to hear Shen Qingqiu's answer.

"He's doing very well," Shen Qingqiu says, and a small noise escapes Liu Qingge's lips, as he slams his eyes back shut.

"Good job, Shishu," Luo Binghe says, voice smoky. Shen Qingqiu's fingers are still working in slow, thrilling circles on the outside of him, the pad of one just teasing at the edge-

Liu Qingge’s body is shuddering again.

When did that start?

“Here, Shishu,” Luo Binghe says, and a warm, firm palm comes to cover Liu Qingge’s eyes, immediately leeching some of the tension from his muscles.

Liu Qingge’s shoulders press into the bed.

Without intending to, his legs fall further apart, hips opening.

“ *Very* good,” Luo Binghe says.

Chapter End Notes

who said???? slow??????? what's that you want it eveN MORE DRAWN OUT???? U GOT IT, if i have to suffer thru this glacial (heh, lbh joke) pace then so do the rest of u

Chapter 21

Chapter Notes

short update for u all~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Shen Qingqiu has had a lot of opportunities to observe Liu Qingge's reactions in bed, while he and Luo Binghe have been doing… whatever it is that they've been doing.

For some reason, Shen Qingqiu has been getting more and more unsure that his original estimate of the situation- rivals with benefits, only able to work through their difficult relationship through rough sex- was correct. The last few months, especially, he's been starting to feel like there might be more going on.

If Luo Binghe was really treating Liu Qingge as a rival, wouldn't it be weird for him to offer to let him touch Shen Qingqiu?

If Liu Qingge was really only interested in fucking his way through his feelings of annoyance, would he have showed up for so many uninvited visits, sitting down to eat Luo Binghe's cooking so many times, before heading back to Bai Zhan Peak- without even a single orgasm?

Shen Qingqiu will easily admit that it is scorchingly hot when the two most beautiful men in the world kiss in front of him, so he can see how it would be sexy for them, how the eroticism of it would lead them to not mind the intimacy of such a gesture. But if that's the case, then what's up with the- the other kisses, the ones that-

Well, the ones that mimic how he's kissing Liu Qingge right now.

His lips are working, soft, against Liu Qingge's, who trembles slightly under him. The way he kisses back feels... hesitant, almost? Shen Qingqiu wouldn't ever use the word 'shy' to describe the brash, overenthusiastically fighting-obsessed Bai Zhan Peak Lord, but he also doesn't know another word to describe how Liu Qingge is, like this.

Shen Qingqiu presses another coaxing, gentle kiss against his lips, and Liu Qingge makes a small noise under him. He's more expressive now, with Luo Binghe's hand still covering his eyes, and his muscles are less tightly clenched under Shen Qingqiu's fingers where they press between his legs, working in small, slick circles around his opening.

But because Shen Qingqiu has had so much time to observe Liu Qingge's reactions in- similar situations- it stands out to him all the more that Liu Qingge's reactions now are- are slightly different.

Every time Liu Qingge and Luo Binghe have sex, isn't Liu Qingge always desperate for more, faster, harder? Not that he ever says it out loud, but every time Luo Binghe manhandles him- lifts his hips off the bed to change the angle, drives his (frankly life-threatening) cock into him, holds him down by the hair- doesn't he start to pant louder, to clench his hands in the sheets, to fail to hold back his noises? Doesn't he come, untouched, from Luo Binghe's cock, faster than even Luo Binghe does when Shen Qingqiu acquiesces to tie him up and hit him a little?

But strangely, with Shen Qingqiu, Liu Qingge is-

Well, he's certainly still affected. Shen Qingqiu noticed how hard he was right from the beginning, felt his cock twitch when he first touched it. When he started jerking it for him, it barely took half a minute before Liu Qingge had started leaking all over his fingers, and Liu Qingge certainly seems unwilling to let go of the idea of Shen Qingqiu inside him. Even now, he's kissing Shen Qingqiu like- like-

Shen Qingqiu hums in bemusement, and deepens the kiss a little, pushes his tongue into Liu Qingge's mouth to press, wet, against his.

Liu Qingge's legs fall open beneath him.

Okay, maybe Liu Qingge just needs to work up to it.

Shen Qingqiu's fingers have continued to slowly circle Liu Qingge's opening, the slickness easing the way. Now, he lets his middle finger press lightly against the opening, feeling it flutter under his touch.

He pauses. A question.

Liu Qingge's hand tightens on his hip, and he makes a small noise into Shen Qingqiu's mouth. He's shivering again.

"May I, Shidi?" Shen Qingqiu asks, and Liu Qingge nods against him, eyes squeezed closed.

His lips part on a sharp inhale, as Shen Qingqiu slowly presses just the tip inside.

Unsurprisingly, Liu Qingge's body, that has become accustomed to taking Luo Binghe's monster cock, takes the tip of Shen Qingqiu's slender finger without difficulty.

Heck, Shen Qingqiu could probably stick two or three of them up

there at once, and Liu Qingge would probably just moan and take it.

But he wants to take his time, wants to make sure he's not pushing anything too far, with Liu Qingge reacting so strangely today.

"Okay?" he asks, slowly pushing the finger in and out.

He's watching Liu Qingge's face carefully- or what he can see of it, under Luo Binghe's hand- but he's still aware of how Luo Binghe's free hand reaches over the both of them, to do something to Liu Qingge's hand that's resting on the bed. After a moment, Shen Qingqiu feels that hand placed on his back, right under his shoulder blades.

Liu Qingge twitches around him.

"More on top of him, Shizun," Luo Binghe suggests quietly, his hand now stroking Shen Qingqiu's hair.

Shen Qingqiu huffs in false annoyance- his own disciple, bossing him around?- but shifts, bringing his weight up then laying back down so he's more centered on top of Liu Qingge's body.

Now that he's not just resting on Liu Qingge's side, his hard cock is pressing into his sculpted abs.

Sorry, Liu Shidi, your Shixiong is going to have to make a bit of a mess of you!

Liu Qingge is suddenly really tight around Shen Qingqiu's finger, but

when Shen Qingqiu pushes in experimentally, his body relaxes after only a few strokes, as if urging him on, trying to draw him in.

Is this what Luo Binghe has been working with this whole time? Shen Qingqiu thinks absently. No wonder he never seems to be able to get enough- the way that Liu Qingge opens, eager, coaxing, is- it's-

Shen Qingqiu has come a long way since his marriage to Luo Binghe. He can admit- to himself, at least- that he might not be completely straight.

But really, he's still a little disgruntled about it.

It's not fair! What man could be completely straight, in the face of Luo Binghe's perfect face- his exquisite hair- his, his masculine smell, his... body…!

With Luo Binghe around, there wouldn't be a straight man left in the world!

Case in point: Liu Qingge! How did this undeniable jock end up so into taking cock that he's letting Shen Qingqiu finger him in the middle of the morning?!

Luo Binghe's fault! Definitely!

But because it's all Luo Binghe's fault, Shen Qingqiu isn't necessarily distraught to realize that he's suddenly desperately horny to put it in Liu Qingge. To feel that same willingness, the wet heat, on his cock-

He makes an unanticipated noise into Liu Qingge's mouth, and Liu Qingge arches slightly under him, pushing his perfect, muscular chest up into Shen Qingqiu's.

God, that chest looked so good, all tied up in the red Immortal Binding Cable. It felt even better, under Shen Qingqiu's hands, this morning, even with the mottled purple bruising that still adorns it.

Remembering, Shen Qingqiu trails his free hand gently down Liu Qingge's chest.

"Does it hurt, Shidi?" he asks, and Liu Qingge shakes his head vigorously under Luo Binghe's hand.

"It's fine," he says, his clear voice deeper than usual. "You can add another one."

Shen Qingqiu blinks, then feels a slight flush rise to his face.

He- he'd been asking about the bruising, but.

Okay.

"All right, Shidi," he says, and withdraws his finger, to push back in with two.

Just like he thought, Liu Qingge opens for him easily, taking both fingers with no problem.

It’s indescribably hot.

“Nn-” Liu Qingge says beneath him, squirming slightly.

Another thing he hasn’t seen him do with Luo Binghe.

Why is he being so different with Shen Qingqiu?

He knows that he’s no Luo Binghe- he’s not a demonic lord with abs that could crush a soda can, if soda cans existed here; he doesn’t have the height, the oppressive energy, the… the swagger, to pin a man like Liu Qingge down and take what he wants from him.

Is Liu Qingge… is he reacting like this because- because Shen Qingqiu doesn’t have the rank of demon lord, like Luo Binghe?

Is he… embarassed, maybe, that he’s going to give it up for a normal man, and not a charismatic protag-level sex god?

Shen Qingqiu frowns a little, distractedly sliding his fingers in deeper.

He may not be Luo Binghe, but he’s still your Shixiong! Liu Qingge…

He’ll just have to do his best to live up to what Liu Qingge is used to.

Liu Qingge’s hands flex on his back and waist, and Shen Qingqiu finds

himself wondering whether Liu Qingge will do that when he's finally inside him. Whether he'll wrap his arms around Shen Qingqiu's shoulders and draw him in, holding him tight, as his willing body encourages Shen Qingqiu to fuck inside-

"Do you think you can take three?" Shen Qingqiu asks distractedly, and Liu Qingge's breath shudders.

"Yes," he says, voice cracking slightly in the middle.

Shen Qingqiu gives him three.

This time, there's a slight resistance, and Shen Qingqiu slows down, presses slowly and carefully, curls his fingers gently.

"Does it hurt, Shidi?" he asks, concerned, and Liu Qingge pants against his shoulder.

"It's good," he says, not answering Shen Qingqiu's question.

Shen Qingqiu makes a disgruntled noise, pulling back slightly, and sees Liu Qingge swallow, his throat working, eyes still covered by Luo Binghe's hand.

Luo Binghe leans down, whispering something in Liu Qingge's ear that makes the flush on his cheeks darken.

"I…" Liu Qingge trails off, as his blush darkens even further. "I… you can keep going."

Luo Binghe's thumb strokes his temple encouragingly.

Liu Qingge swallows again, as Shen Qingqiu waits.

"I…" Liu Qingge says, voice almost a whisper. "I… like it, so… you can keep going."

Shen Qingqiu stares.

Has Liu Qingge said anything like that before?

Doesn't he always refuse to tell Luo Binghe what he likes, just makes him guess at it and fuck him with only his protagonist halo to guide him?

Shen Qingqiu doesn't have one of those, so it's lucky that Liu Qingge is saying it out loud this time.

But wasn't he too proud, before, to do that?

He really is acting different today!

It calms Shen Qingqiu down a little, though, to know that Liu Qingge is willing to say it out loud for him.

He really isn't Luo Binghe, and he wouldn't have the first idea what to

do, if he tried to act like him. He'd much rather go slow, take his time, ask Liu Qingge what he likes.

And if that means that Liu Qingge keeps talking to him, in that low, erotic, voice, asking him to keep going, to give him more…

Well, Shen Qingqiu certainly won't deny him.

"Okay, Shidi," he says, leaning down to kiss him. "Okay."

Chapter End Notes

> Guys you have NO IDEA how hard it was in the early stages of this (i'm talking like chapter 5 or smthg) to see comments like "when will lqg get to put his dick in sqq" and not immediately blow the whole game like "what makes u so sure he's gonna be the one putting it in," so glad i can finally share this with you all hahahahahahHAHAHAHAHAHA I PROMISE IT'S COMING!!!!!!!!!! big shout out to everyone requesting sqq pov he's so fun to write

Chapter 22

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Liu Qingge doesn't think that he's going to survive this.

How long has Shen Qingqiu been touching him for? His hands, slow and deliberate, on his body, his chest, his stomach; then his grip around him, tight and wet with Liu Qingge leaking into his fist; and now his fingers, pushing inside, slowly and meticulously working him open, pressing in purposeful strokes against-

Against-

When Shen Qingqiu first reached the spot that makes Liu Qingge lose his mind each time, Liu Qingge had to fight the instinct to slam his legs closed.

Like this, he's so vulnerable. His fragile control over himself is so thin that Shen Qingqiu could rip through it with barely more pressure than he uses to press his fingers inside him.

If he does- if Shen Qingqiu takes him past that edge that Liu Qingge has never let himself fall over- he knows that he'll fall apart in a very different way than he would with Luo Binghe.

But he doesn't know if… that's allowed. He doesn't want to- to embarrass himself, or to make Shen Qingqiu feel uncomfortable, or- or-

Embarrass himself.

His cheeks are hot under Luo Binghe's hand, as he tries not to let himself imagine everything that he wants to beg Shen Qingqiu for.

He can't let himself get carried away, and that means that he has to be careful not to-

" *Ah* ," he says, as Shen Qingqiu presses against the spot again.

He can't help it, he's picturing it. Picturing Shen Qingqiu forcing his legs open, spreading him wide to shove his cock in in one smooth stroke, fucking Liu Qingge just as mercilessly as Luo Binghe. Maybe even… even striking him with his palm, like he struck Luo Binghe that time, but more; harder; faster-

"Does Shidi feel ready?" Shen Qingqiu's low voice comes, and Liu Qingge gasps out a high noise.

If Shen Qingqiu doesn't stop asking him that, he's going to…

He's not going to be able to keep holding out, hearing Shen Qingqiu's refined voice while all these dirty thoughts are running through his mind.

And is this- Shen Qingqiu, is he-

Is he finally going to do it?!

“Ready,” Liu Qingge says, voice trembling. “I’m ready, It’s fine, you- you can-”

Shen Qingqiu makes a quiet noise above him, and his fingers inside Liu Qingge slowly withdraw, leaving his body twitching to be filled again.

Liu Qingge’s fluttering eyelashes are suddenly exposed to the light, as Luo Binghe’s hand leaves his face.

His eyes blink open in confusion, and immediately light on Shen Qingqiu, where he kneels, poised between Liu Qingge’s legs, hand holding his cock in order to-

Liu Qingge’s face flushes bright red, and he twists his head away to the side, where he sees-

Luo Binghe, watching him, hungry eyes fixed on his face-

This side isn’t any better!!

Liu Qingge snaps his head back the other direction into the mattress and slams his eyes closed, chest moving up and down with his irregular breathing, heart pounding in his chest.

He’s not- he doesn’t think he can-

“Look at him, Shishu,” Luo Binghe’s voice comes, and a gentle hand takes his chin, turning him inexorably towards Shen Qingqiu.

Liu Qingge lets his eyes open, and they meet Shen Qingqiu’s calm, dark gaze, watching him evenly.

Shen Qingqiu’s long black eyelashes sweep down over his eyes once, as he gazes at Liu Qingge, his elegant face composed, his manner unhurried.

Liu Qingge’s cock feels like it would only take one brush of Shen Qingqiu’s graceful fingers before he would break apart into pieces. He can’t stop the muscles in his arms and legs from shivering slightly.

He, he doesn’t let himself glance down, at- at where Shen Qingqiu holds-

“Yes, Shidi?” Shen Qingqiu asks, and Liu Qingge’s throat works as he swallows hard.

“Yes,” he whispers.

Shen Qingqiu doesn’t look away as he guides himself to press against Liu Qingge’s opening, the hot, slick head of his cock stretching Liu Qingge’s relaxed hole open- slowly, slowly pressing inside-

Liu Qingge’s chest heaves, his eyelashes flutter, as he feels himself clench around him, feels his hands twist in the sheets, feels his eyes get hot-

Shen Qingqiu- he, he's really-

He has to keep looking at him, has to- to be good for him, even though it's overwhelming him. Shen Qingqiu's devastatingly handsome face- his beautiful lips- his dark, heavy-lidded eyes; the expression he's making, leaning over Liu Qingge...

Liu Qingge's emotions feel like they're going to pour out of his eyes, out of his mouth, run wild until he can't control what he's conveying and is just- crying, moaning, begging, whatever it is that he can feel building up inside him-

"Shidi," Shen Qingqiu says quietly above him, lips slightly parted, cock halfway in. "You feel good."

The breath hiccups in Liu Qingge's chest, and Shen Qingqiu's eyebrows press together, as Liu Qingge twitches helplessly around him, drawing him further in.

"Mn," Shen Qingqiu says, and draws slightly out before pushing in the rest of the way, cock hard and hot and so, so brain meltingly good inside Liu Qingge.

" *Ah* ," Liu Qingge says, eyelashes fluttering again without his permission. "Ah-"

His eyes are still fixed on Shen Qingqiu's face, watching him closely, meeting his eyes that watch him so calmly as he pushes in once more; but after the next thrust Shen Qingqiu's stately eyebrows draw together in a frown.

His hand comes up to cup Liu Qingge's face.

"Shidi," he murmurs, thumb brushing at the side of Liu Qingge's eye.

Liu Qingge feels the wetness that trails after Shen Qingqiu's thumb.

"Should I stop?" Shen Qingqiu murmurs, concern clear in his quiet voice.

"No," Liu Qingge gasps, hand coming up to grab Shen Qingqiu's and hold it against his face. "No, no, I-"

He swallows, heat raging in his body, cock leaking, desperate for Shen Qingqiu to move, to fill him, to take him-

He would do anything for it, he wants it, he wants- please, please, he needs-

"I," he says, and squeezes his eyes closed as more tears leak out of them, body trembling with need for Shen Qingqiu. "Don't stop, I- please-"

He feels Shen Qingqiu freeze on top of him, and faintly hears an intake of breath from Luo Binghe. But Liu Qingge doesn't freeze, doesn't wait, free hand going to Shen Qingqiu's hip to pull at him, encourage him to move, draw him forward between his legs to-

" *Ah* ," Liu Qingge says, as Shen Qingqiu thrusts into him once, testingly. "Ah- yes-"

Shen Qingqiu exhales shakily, and pulls out slowly, before pushing back in. In and out, slow and deliberate, the pace steady and relentless, driving Liu Qingge wild.

" *Yes* ," Liu Qingge says, his back arching helplessly, as his hips roll down onto the next stroke of Shen Qingqiu's cock.

His lips are parted, he can't control the way his breath is panting out of him, hot and unrestrained, mortifyingly loud-

He drops his hand from Shen Qingqiu's, fingers clenching in the sheet next to his head in lieu of bruising Shen Qingqiu's hand in his grip. His other hand trembles on Shen Qingqiu's waist, hot and sweaty, fingers twitching with the desire to-

"Here," Luo Binghe's deep voice comes, hot and low, smooth like a blade. He guides Shen Qingqiu's hands to-

To take Liu Qingge's wrists, pressing them into the sheets by his head-

" *Ahh,"* Liu Qingge moans loudly, legs falling apart. His thighs twitch against Shen Qingqiu's hips.

"Hn," Shen Qingqiu's voice comes, tight, and he thrusts forward again, harder this time.

Liu Qingge moans again and tosses his head, fingers twitching helplessly, wrists pinned under Shen Qingqiu's strong, calloused hands.

“Look at him,” Luo Binghe’s voice comes, low and even.

Liu Qingge’s cock twitches, leaking against his abs where Shen Qingqiu’s body presses it against him.

“Look at him, Shishu,” Luo Binghe’s voice says, low and smoky, and Liu Qingge bats his eyes open, shivering.

He gasps as he meets Shen Qingqiu’s gaze, sees his eyes dark with…

Shen Qingqiu is looking at him, eyes almost…

Heated…?

His lips are slightly parted, gaze half-lidded, a slight wash of color on his sharp cheekbones-

His fingers are tight on Liu Qingge’s wrists, holding him down-

Liu Qingge can hear himself making small noises with each thrust of Shen Qingqiu’s hips, but all of his attention is focused on the minute expressions on Shen Qingqiu’s face. How his eyes flicker to Liu Qingge’s lips, then back up to meet his gaze again- how his tongue wets his lips slightly on a particularly hard thrust- how a single line of sweat traces elegantly down the line of his temple, across his cheek to his chin-

How his eyes are looking at Liu Qingge, with such softness in them, such care-

Liu Qingge needs to look away, to break the heart-pounding eye contact between them before he loses himself to the sensation, to the pleasure, to how closely he's been watched by the man that he- that he-

Needs to look away, before he forgets himself, thinking about how he's being taken by Shen Qingqiu-

But he can't, he can't be so ungrateful as to avert his eyes, when Shen Qingqiu is allowing him this, is giving him everything he's ever wanted-

The noises he's making have been rising in pitch, as Shen Qingqiu's wet, hot cock pushes into him over and over, steadily driving against the spot that makes his skin light on fire and his hair stand up. Like this, he doesn't know if he can...

"Is this all right, Liu Shidi?" Shen Qingqiu asks, voice considerate, as he holds Liu Qingge down and fucks him, hard and wet and dirty, and Liu Qingge-

He starts coming.

He's never come like this before.

Somehow, he's lucid all the way through, his brain doesn't white out and give him that nice fuzzy screen between his desires and his actions.

This time, he can feel the rush of pleasure in excruciating detail, can feel the heat and fire spreading individually through part of his body- his groin, his abs, his waist, his rear, his thighs- into the long muscles of his legs, his knees and calves, down into the soles of his feet and his toes, running through him like slow, liquid lightning that makes his muscles tense as hard as they can but saps his strength, leaving him helpless, shaking-

His voice breaks on a sob as he rolls his hips up onto Shen Qingqiu's cock, tears running down his cheeks, still meeting his eyes, completely exposed.

"Shidi," Shen Qingqiu's voice says, rough, as Liu Qingge feels his body squeezing, fluttering around his cock inside him. He's still looking into his eyes, still seeing straight through him-

Liu Qingge's voice breaks on a moan, and he throws his head back, pulse beating fast in his throat as words slip out of his mouth without his permission.

"Shen Qingqiu," his voice says, breaking. "I- I-"

"That's it, Shidi," Shen Qingqiu says, still slowly fucking into him, taking him, claiming him. "You're doing so well."

Liu Qingge's eyes fall closed, tears still beading in his eyelashes, and his arms jerk in Shen Qingqiu's hold, as his cock releases. The rest of the sentence leaves his mouth, unbidden, in a momentary loss of sanity.

"Shen Qingqiu," he gasps, "I, I love you-"

Chapter End Notes

:o

Chapter 23

When Shen Qingqiu goes to put it in, Luo Binghe- the troublemaker- takes Liu Qingge's chin and turns it so that he's looking straight at Shen Qingqiu.

Shen Qingqiu doesn't necessarily mind having Liu Qingge's intense gaze on him- the man is just as eye-catching in bed as he is on the battlefield- but he feels for him. Isn't Liu Qingge kind of shy? This must be hard for him, having to watch as someone like Shen Qingqiu goes to put it in. Sure, Shen Qingqiu is a Peak Lord, but he's not a god-level cock monster, with the excuse of a protagonist halo to lend credence to the idea of topping this unconquerable beauty.

But regardless of Shen Qingqiu's running inner monologue- that has done nothing to reduce the hardness of his cock, go figure- Liu Qingge doesn't seem to have the same concerns. Obedient to Luo Binghe's flights of fancy, as usual, he keeps looking at Shen Qingqiu, even once Luo Binghe's hand leaves his chin and Shen Qingqiu lines himself up.

The way Liu Qingge's gaze is fixed on Shen Qingqiu allows Shen Qingqiu to take his time studying his expression.

He doesn't think he's ever seen Liu Qingge make this... particular face?

Liu Qingge's perfect, inky black eyebrows are raised high, pulled together, his lips slightly parted. His chest is heaving below Shen Qingqiu, as his eyelashes flutter under Shen Qingqiu's gaze.

His face is really…

...red.

The shade looks good on him, Shen Qingqiu thinks absently, placing a hand on Liu Qingge's thigh to reposition him slightly.

He feels Liu Qingge's leg trembling under his fingers, and he strokes his thigh soothingly.

"Yes, Shidi?" he asks, wanting to make sure.

"Yes," Liu Qingge says, almost in a whisper, and he doesn't close his eyes as Shen Qingqiu starts to push in, though his mouth opens on a gasp and his body ripples beneath Shen Qingqiu.

Liu Qingge is really…

Shen Qingqiu feels the heat climb up the back of his neck as Liu Qingge's body accepts him easily, slick and open and hot and tight and shivering around him.

He feels… just as good as Luo Binghe.

Shen Qingqiu almost didn't think that was possible.

He tells him so, and Liu Qingge shudders, his body urging Shen Qingqiu farther in, his legs opening wider, his hips twitching like they want to roll into Shen Qingqiu's careful push of his cock.

Shen Qingqiu groans, and starts slowly fucking into him.

It's only a few strokes, though, before Liu Qingge's eyes, fixed on him, are bright with…

..Tears?!

What-

What…!

What's happening?!!

Is he so bad in bed that all the men he has sex with start to cry about it?!

He reaches out helplessly for Liu Qingge's face, and Liu Qingge starts-

He starts-

He starts… pulling at Shen Qingqiu's body, eyes fluttering closed, chest heaving with shaky breaths, and- he says-

Shen Qingqiu's brain short circuits.

Liu Qingge, he's... *begging for Shen Qingqiu to fuck him?!*

What's happening!! What's happening, what's happening, what's happening!

Shen Qingqiu has watched Liu Qingge resist Luo Binghe's efforts to get him to beg- and Luo Binghe is, frankly, completely irresistible!- so why is Liu Qingge just now starting to-

" *Please* ," Liu Qingge is saying, in his scorchingly hot, throaty voice that only comes out in bed, and Shen Qingqiu-

Well, he's not completely immune. He doesn't have perfect self control.

Having this proud, drop-dead gorgeous Peak Lord writhing on the bed underneath him, body fluttering wetly around him, literally begging to be fucked-

It might do something for Shen Qingqiu.

A little.

Pieces of his restraint are falling away, as he slowly starts to roll his hips forward into Liu Qingge, and they fall further away when Luo Binghe takes his hands and places them on Liu Qingge's wrists, pressing them down into the bed forcefully.

Liu Qingge's loud moan, and the way that he wantonly rolls his hips into Shen Qingqiu's thrusts immediately after, knock his control down yet another notch.

He bites his lips, starts letting himself fuck forward into Liu Qingge the way his cock throbs for.

Liu Qingge feels so, so good, eager and slick, all his body's muscles outside hard and tensed and shivering, but so soft and giving inside, making way for Shen Qingqiu's cock like he was made for it. Like Luo Binghe has fucked him so many times for exactly this purpose, to get him ready to take Shen Qingqiu's cock perfectly on the first try, while he moans and writhes under him-

Shen Qingqiu drags his eyes up Liu Qingge's heaving chest, shiny with sweat, the bruising from yesterday already mostly faded. Thinks about what it would be like to add some small bruises to it. Red, gentle ones, the shape of his mouth, not like the deep purple ones that Luo Binghe likes to give him.

Well, maybe one or two of those, too.

Liu Qingge does always seem to enjoy when Luo Binghe bites marks into him.

Shen Qingqiu's breath is coming faster as his eyes keep traveling up, eyeing the strong line of Liu Qingge's neck, the way his black hair spreads so messily along the pillow, strands caught under his arms where Shen Qingqiu holds them tight against the mattress.

His gaze drags across Liu Qingge's face, where his eyes are tightly closed, teeth digging into his lip, tears leaking from the edge of his lashes to drip down his perfect face-

And when Luo Binghe makes him open his eyes, uses that smooth

voice to talk him into meeting Shen Qingqiu's gaze, Shen Qingqiu's cock throbs.

The- the eroticism, of having someone so strong submitting completely to him, so helpless beneath him, allowing Shen Qingqiu to fuck his cock into him however he wants. Taking it, and just parting his legs and letting the tears flow, body begging for more-

Shen Qingqiu may not be a Luo Binghe style stallion protagonist, getting his rocks off from dominating the strongest and most beautiful people, but he can certainly see what's been getting his husband hot about this.

And how Liu Qingge is meeting his eyes, refusing to look away, even as the color rises on his cheeks and his breath gets more and more uneven, body starting to tremble beneath Shen Qingqiu as though-

As though he's about to-

"Is this all right, Liu Shidi?" Shen Qingqiu asks, just to make sure, and Liu Qingge just-

Comes, untouched.

From Shen Qingqiu's cock inside him.

This is… certainly an ego boost, but it's also-

Well, he has to admit it.

It's mind-numbingly hot.

Shen Qingqiu doesn't look away from Liu Qingge's face, as his trembling eyelashes fail to mask the heat in his expression, as erotic noises spill out of his mouth, as that tempting mouth opens before Shen Qingqiu can dip his head to kiss it, and says his name.

Now *that's* an ego boost, too.

Shen Qingqiu praises him in return, feeling...

Flattered? Is this warmth in his chest because he's flattered?

Regardless, he fucks forward into Liu Qingge's wet, slick heat, enjoying the way that his body shivers and tightens and trembles around him, losing himself in the pleasure before Liu Qingge finishes and he has to stop. He grinds his cock into him over and over and over, and Liu Qingge never looks away from his eyes. Never breaks their gaze, right up until his cock jerks, scorchingly hot, between them, wetness spilling beneath Shen Qingqiu's body, as Liu Qingge's eyes close and his lips part, and what falls out is-

Is Shen Qingqiu's name, and…

And…

A confession.

Luo Binghe knows a little bit about what men like Liu Qingge want.

Well, that might be painting with a bit of a broader brush than he should.

Luo Binghe knows a little bit about what Liu Qingge, specifically, wants, because he chased the same thing for years and years.

Luo Binghe, of course, was more direct about it. He fought for Shen Qingqiu's regard, he held him against his chest and kissed him, he took him captive and pinned him down and told him all the things he wanted to do with him, he-

Well, at one point, he tried to destroy the world to prove himself.

That part was perhaps… a little too much.

Shen Qingqiu understood where he was coming from, though, Luo Binghe likes to think, glancing affectionately at his husband.

So he knows exactly what's going through Liu Qingge's head when he's looking up at Shen Qingqiu, poised elegantly above him, about to take him for the first time.

Disbelief, hunger, excitement- and, since it's Liu Qingge, probably a good deal of embarrassment.

But most of all, the deep desire to be seen.

That's why he makes Liu Qingge meet Shen Qingqiu's eyes, why he guides Shizun to get on top of him. He knows that Shen Qingqiu will accommodate Liu Qingge, will meet his eyes and hold him, even though he doesn't know why Liu Qingge needs it.

That's the type of man that Shen Qingqiu is.

It makes Luo Binghe's chest feel warm and full to watch it, to see the gentleness in Shen Qingqiu's face, as he slowly fucks the most incredible noises out of Liu Qingge, noises that Luo Binghe hasn't even tried to get him to make. Fucks him, slowly and with feeling, until finally, when Shen Qingqiu tries to slow things down further, Liu Qingge cracks, and what comes out is-

"Don't stop," his rough, trembling voice says, quiet and intimate, pleading.

"Don't stop," and his voice drops a notch, low enough that Luo Binghe almost can't hear it.

"P...please," Liu Qingge says, voice almost a whisper, and Luo Binghe's cock jumps, precome dripping messily into his clothing.

His whole body is hot, the blood rising in his veins, as he presses his palm against himself through his pants.

His cock jumps again, under his fingers, as Shen Qingqiu starts to

move.

Luo Binghe can't wait anymore. He undoes his pants and pushes his hand inside, taking himself in hand, already leaking, as he hears Shen Qingqiu's soft noises, mixed with the wet sound of his cock fucking into Liu Qingge, fill the room.

Luo Binghe bites his lip absentmindedly, watching the wetness trail down from Liu Qingge's eyes.

He wants to lick the tears off him, but Liu Qingge is being so good, not looking away from Shen Qingqiu.

Luo Binghe won't block his view.

What he imagines Liu Qingge would like even better than the view, though, is seeing the view while getting held down and fucked hard.

With that in mind, he guides Shen Qingqiu to take Liu Qingge's wrists, watches him reposition his weight until Liu Qingge's legs wrap helplessly around him, back arching inadvertently as Shen Qingqiu rolls his hips into him, moans falling from his lips-

Watches Shen Qingqiu fuck him harder, a little faster, thrusts deliberate and controlled, but devestatingly accurate, as Luo Binghe can attest from personal experience-

Watches Liu Qingge's body starting to shake, like he does when he's right on the edge of coming-

Luo Binghe's hand is moving faster on his cock, as he watches Liu Qingge throw his head back, panting, unable to hold Shen Qingqiu's gaze, his fingers flexing and clenching in Shen Qingqiu's grip, before he manages to drag his eyes back to Shen Qingqiu's face. Luo Binghe watches Shen Qingqiu never take his eyes off the other man, praising him gently. He's so benevolent, so-

"Shen Qingqiu," Liu Qingge gasps, handsome face flushed red, eyes locked on Shen Qingqiu's as his whole body starts to arch and tremble under him. Luo Binghe's hand grips himself tightly, moving fast; Liu Qingge is starting to come, and he knows exactly what that must feel like around Shen Qingqiu's cock. He can't get enough of how it feels when Liu Qingge flutters, tight and wet and hot, each time he finishes; how he squeezes around him like he's trying to milk the orgasm out-

It's getting him close, just watching, and imagining what Liu Qingge must be feeling- getting to come with Shen Qingqiu's cock inside him for the first time-

Luo Binghe is leaking all over his hand.

"Shen Qingqiu!" Liu Qingge gasps, voice devestatingly erotic. Luo Binghe can smell the precome he's been leaking, can almost taste in the air how much he's about to release.

"I," Liu Qingge gasps, "I- I-"

Luo Binghe's hand slows, as his attention slowly zeroes in on Liu Qingge.

His instincts are telling him that something is about to-

Liu Qingge is going over the edge, arms twitching against Shen Qingqiu's hold, as the rest of the sentence falls out of his lips. One that Luo Binghe has said many times before to Shen Qingqiu, but that he's never heard from Liu Qingge's mouth.

Liu Qingge…

He says it.

To Shen Qingqiu.

He tells him, head thrown back, lost in passion:

"I love you."

Chapter 24

Shen Qingqiu's hips keep moving, fucking forward on autopilot, while Liu Qingge shakes and cries his way through what looks like a mind-blowing orgasm.

It's a good thing that Shen Qinggqiu's body is still functioning, because his brain certainly no longer is.

Liu Qingge… he-

He said--

Shen Qingqiu's hips gradually slow, as Liu Qingge settles down, body still rocked with tremors beneath him.

Shen Qingqiu's mind is running a mile a minute, but it's not going anywhere. It's just racing back and forth on the same path, over and over, like his disciples forced to run laps around the peak.

The lap it's running is just four words, repeated over and over.

L-

Loves him?!

Liu Qingge loves him?!

…?!

Since when!!!

Shen Qingqiu thinks that he's a fairly observant guy. He's pretty good at reading people! Or, at least, he's pretty good at reading books, which have people in them. Which is basically the same thing.

And for a guy dropped unceremoniously into the world of a novel, he likes to think that he did a pretty okay job figuring out what people's motivations were. He hasn't overlooked too many important things! He definitely would have noticed if a guy like Liu Qingge was in love with him!

…

Well… okay, he may have overlooked one other person in a similar circumstance. But that was Luo Binghe! It was different! Shen Qingqiu had Airplane's shitty writing to base his assumptions off of with Luo Binghe, and horny and murderous look pretty much the same when you're terrified out of your wits!

But Liu Qingge…

Shen Qingqiu's mind slows, as his eyes track down Liu Qingge's face.

His strong neck and chest are still heaving under Shen Qingqiu, beads of sweat slowly sliding down his skin. Shen Qingqiu is hard still inside him, still holding his wrists pinned by his head.

Liu Qingge… he couldn't really be…

Liu Qingge's perfect face is slack with the last tremors of pleasure running through his body, and he slowly opens his eyes, meeting Shen Qingqiu's.

Gradually, all the relaxation slides off his face, as his brain seems to catch up to his mouth.

His face goes white.

Shen Qingqiu's mind catches onto where Liu Qingge's must be, and he immediately looks over to Luo Binghe, ready to talk him down from murder.

But Luo Binghe is just watching calmly.

His eyes rest, gentle, on Shen Qingqiu's face.

Why doesn't he look surprised?!

...Okay, this is definitely not fair.

Did Luo Binghe already know? How would he have known, when Shen Qingqiu had no idea?!

Liu Qingge shifts under him, and Shen Qingqiu's eyes go immediately back to him, taking in his furrowed brow and tightly closed eyes.

"I.. I didn't mean to say that," Liu Qingge says, mouth tightening. "I'm sorry. I should-"

He tries to sit up, and Shen Qingqiu immediately goes to loosen his grip on his wrists to let him. He's stopped, though, by Luo Binghe's hands closing over his. They press his fingers tight, keeping Liu Qingge's hands pinned to the bed.

Liu Qingge's eyes jump open, darting to Luo Binghe incredulously. His face looks betrayed.

"You haven't heard Shizun's answer yet," Luo Binghe says, voice low and smooth and devastating.

Liu Qingge swallows, his throat working right in front of Shen Qingqiu's teeth.

The flush is high on his cheeks; his eyelashes still glitter with the remnants of tears.

…

...Shen Qingqiu swears he's not into men crying in bed.

With Liu Qingge's head turned to face Luo Binghe, the way that his pulse beats rapidly in his throat is exposed to Shen Qingqiu's gaze.

…

Liu Qingge, he…

Shen Qingqiu stares, mind wandering.

Liu Qingge loves him?

Shen Qingqiu's head feels slightly dizzy. He already has one super OP mindblowingly gorgeous cultivation expert in love with him, what's he supposed to do with two?! He's not equipped to handle this type of thing, he's just a millennial with an eye for bad literary devices!

…Well.

He supposes he's not just that, anymore.

He's been here for quite a long time, now; almost as long as he lived in his original world. He's been Shen Qingqiu for almost half his life.

And, honestly, he's…

…Pretty good at it?

He'd be lying if he said he wasn't able to handle most of what came at him.

Case in point: Luo Binghe. He's good at both handling him, and handling him while he comes at him.

Shen Qingqiu laughs hysterically in his head.

But there's no way he can think about Liu Qingge that way!! The man is… is…

He watches Liu Qingge's throat work in a swallow again. He seems to have given up on trying to escape, and is lying, obedient, under Shen Qingqiu's grasp, eyes tightly closed, as though bracing himself for a blow.

His legs are still open. Shen Qingqiu's cock is stil inside him.

He wants to say that he couldn't think that way about Liu Qingge because the man is untouchable, incorruptible.

But, to be fair…

His cock *is* literally inside him right now.

That's got to count as touchable.

He also happens to be…

Shen Qingqiu leans back a little to confirm, and yes.

Yes. Liu Qingge is, in fact, completely covered in his own come.

From when he finished. From getting fucked by Shen Qingqiu's cock.

While moaning and panting and crying out that he- that he-

...Loves… him.

Shen Qingqiu's ears go warm.

His cock, inside Liu Qingge, is…

Well, it's not going soft. He is, it would be fair to say, still completely hard.

"You really feel that way?" he asks Liu Qingge, voice quiet.

Liu Qingge's face tightens, but he nods. Once.

"How do you feel about Binghe?" Shen Qingqiu asks, curious.

There's no way he would have missed Liu Qingge falling in love with Luo Binghe, is there?

“Annoying,” Liu Qingge says, half-heartedly. But there’s a slight flush of red on his cheeks.

Shen Qingqiu feels his chest warm.

Liu Qingge is… very Liu Qingge. There’s no other way to describe it.

He shifts his weight slightly, and Liu Qingge goes “ah,” then slams his mouth shut immediately.

Shen Qingqiu’s hard cock twitches inside him.

…

For some reason, Shen Qingqiu is feeling really turned on.

His thumbs rub absently at Liu Qingge’s wrists, where he holds them tight against the bed.

Liu Qingge’s fingers twitch in his hold.

Shen Qingqiu shifts his weight again, experimentally. Just a small shift of weight, one that could be passed off as unintentional.

Liu Qingge makes a small, exposed noise beneath him, thighs trembling where they still rest on Shen Qingqiu’s hips.

Oh, this… this is…

The amount of power that he has here is dangerous.

It's all going to his head.

Liu Qingge… loves him...?

He rocks his hips forward a little, testingly.

Liu Qingge twitches around him, the slickness and trembling heat encouraging his cock even further inside, even as his eyelashes flutter and he bites his lip as if to hold something back.

Shen Qingqiu has watched Liu Qingge let Luo Binghe fuck him straight through into a second orgasm.

He bets that right now, Liu Qingge would let him do… the same thing to him.

He'd probably let him do… anything he wanted, really.

He pushes his cock in, once more, careful and slow, watching his face carefully.

Liu Qingge's breath breaks on a sob, and his legs fall apart for Shen

Qingqiu, neck arching back appealingly.

Well.

Twenty minutes later, Liu Qingge is tossing his head from side to side helplessly, tears running down his face. He keeps jerking his wrists in Shen Qingqiu and Luo Binghe's grasp, as though trying to pull his arms to cover his face, even as his hips arch helplessly into Shen Qingqiu's steady thrusts.

Shen Qingqiu doesn't let his pace change, doesn't let Liu Qingge's desperate, wet shivers around him distract him from his goal.

He wants to get him to come again.

Just like this.

Luo Binghe has been watching this whole time, eyes heated, hands a comforting warmth over Shen Qingqiu's. Right now, he's staring at where Shen Qingqiu's cock pushes into Liu Qingge's body.

His gaze is red hot.

Shen Qingqiu is loathe to deny him the view, but he does have something else he wants to do, that he's been working up the nerve for. He lets himself lean down over Liu Qingge, his long hair trailing along the lines of his abs, his stomach, his chest. Admires the contrast

between his dark hair and the fading bruises on Liu Qingge's skin.

He leans down, and presses his lips gently to one of Liu Qingge's pecs.

The muscle jumps under his mouth.

Encouraged, Shen Qingqiu slowly opens his mouth, letting his tongue press, wet, against Liu Qingge's skin.

Liu Qingge shivers around him, legs trembling.

Shen Qingqiu lets his eyes fall closed, and drags his teeth- gently, gently- along Liu Qingge's chest, prompting a shocked noise from him.

He likes how it sounds.

"Shidi," he murmurs, and starts working his mouth over his skin. He presses open-mouthed kisses against his collarbone; gently bites at the muscle of his pecs.

Luo Binghe's hands slide off his, moving from Liu Qingge's wrists to his hands, and Shen Qingqiu glances up to see Liu Qingge immediately grab Luo Binghe's hands in his, tight, as though holding on for dear life.

Shen Qingqiu makes a small, satisfied noise, and licks wetly over a nipple.

Liu Qingge gasps, and arches his chest up, even as he turns his face into the covers as much as he can, as though trying to hide his expression.

This is getting Shen Qingqiu hot.

And, if Luo Binghe is holding his hands like that…

Shen Qingqiu slides one of his hands up Liu Qingge's wrist, until it meets Luo Binghe's, brushing gently along the back of it.

Luo Binghe looks at him from where he sits behind Liu Qingge's head, eyes warm, and nods.

Entrusting him with the hand, Shen Qingqiu releases Liu Qingge's wrist, and brings his hand down to Liu Qingge's chest.

He starts to work it, slowly, in circles around the nipple, never quite touching, while his tongue darts out to very lightly, at unpredictable intervals, slide over the sensitive tip of the nipple.

Liu Qingge's hand tightens on Luo Binghe's like he's trying to crush it into dust, and his voice breaks on a sob.

Unmoved- except for the massive amounts of precome that he's leaking inside of Liu Qingge as he keeps fucking him- Shen Qingqiu leisurely continues to lick at his chest, occasionally moving to bite lightly at other places. Once, he locates a particularly nice, purpled bruise- dark, next to the defined lines of Liu Qingge's shoulder- and sucks a small, red mark next to it, just like he'd imagined.

When he does, Liu Qingge goes completely still for just a moment, all his tense muscles suddenly relaxing. Shen Qingqiu's cock sinks in even deeper than before, the slickness of Liu Qingge's body welcoming him in completely.

Shen Qingqiu moans lowly, and sucks harder on his skin, deepening the color of the mark he's leaving.

Liu Qingge goes completely boneless under him, giving it up completely for Shen Qingqiu.

All this, just because he wants to be- to be marked, by Shen Qingqiu's mouth-

Okay, this is maybe working for him. A little.

Shen Qingqiu pulls his mouth off Liu Qingge's skin, and fucks into him, hard, just as he finally takes his cock in hand.

Liu Qingge jolts beneath him, body still open and wet and pliant, even as his legs tighten around Shen Qingqiu. His cock twitches and leaks in Shen Qingqiu's grip, cry muffled by his own shoulder as he bites himself, hard, in a futile effort to keep quiet.

Shen Qingqiu doesn't really feel like going easy on him.

He kind of wants to... see him lose it.

He starts stripping Liu Qingge's cock, fast and hard, as he picks up the pace of his thrusts, and bites him again. Gentle, but high up on his neck, where it would leave a visible bruise, if he increased the pressure.

Liu Qingge gasps under him, and his cock leaks even more in Shen Qingqiu's hand.

He's starting to shiver around him, like he's right on the edge again.

It felt so, so good when he came around him earlier, squeezing and fluttering around Shen Qingqiu's cock.

Fucked so well that that confession fell from his lips.

Shen Qingqiu wants him to do that again, to feel so good that he can't hide it. Helpless, exposed, in front of Shen Qingqiu and Luo Binghe both, unable to hold back-

"Shidi," Shen Qingqiu says again, lips brushing Liu Qingge's neck as he murmurs to him.

Liu Qingge swallows desperately under him, throat working under Shen Qingqiu's lips.

"Shidi really feels that way about this master?" Shen Qingqiu asks lowly, thumb rubbing excruciatingly slow circles into the tip of Liu Qingge's cock.

He asked it before, but he wants to hear it again.

Liu Qingge's breath breaks on a quiet sob, as he arches into Shen Qingqiu's thrusts.

"Tell me," Shen Qingqiu says softly into Liu Qingge's neck, as he licks the sweat out of the dip in his throat where it meets his collarbone.

"I- I'm not-" Liu Qingge's voice comes, low and throaty and trembling with emotion. "I can't-"

"Tell me," Shen Qingqiu repeats quietly, unmoved, hand starting to work fast on Liu Qingge's cock again.

"Ah- I-"

A sobbing breath.

"I-"

And Liu Qingge... breaks.

" *Yes* ," he says, hips arching up to meet Shen Qingqiu's thrusts. " *Yes,* Shen Qingqiu- I- yes, *yes*… ! Please-"

Shen Qingqiu bites his own lip, resting his forehead on Liu Qingge's shoulder as he fucks into him as hard and as fast as he wants, fully giving into his need to take him messy and deep and filthy.

He pulls back, bracing himself on his hands so that he can see Liu Qingge's face, flushed an attractive shade of pink, eyelashes trembling, tear marks still wet on his face, still mouthing voiceless pleas, even as his voice gives out.

He places his hand on Liu Qingge's jaw, thumb brushing his cheek to get him to open his eyes and meet his gaze.

Liu Qingge's eyes are half-lidded, his pupils dark and wanton, looking at Shen Qingqiu like he's the whole world.

Shen Qingqiu feels the corners of his mouth lift.

"Shixiong accepts your feelings," he says, warmth spreading through him.

And Liu Qingge slams his head back into the mattress so hard the bedboard cracks as he comes.

Chapter 25

Chapter Notes

> hello my favorites, housekeeping note: the response to this fic has made me so incredibly happy, i love u guys so much!!!! people leaving comments may have noticed that i have failed to respond to like, any of them for the last few chapters, which will probably be the pattern from now on- i read every single one and i love them to death, but i've been trying to use the time to write more chapters for u instead of respond to each one ;) THANK YOU ALL for being such a wonderful supportive community!!!!!

Luo Binghe holds Liu Qingge's hands, thumbs working distractedly in slow circles on the back of his knuckles, as Shen Qingqiu reaches the edge, hips jerking forward abruptly.

He loves getting to watch Shen Qingqiu like this, completely lost in pleasure, chasing his own climax. His Shizun's stamina is solid- at least in comparison to the only other person Luo Binghe is fucking, who seems to be able to come after only a few minutes of being talked down to- but it's not surprising that he's reaching the edge immediately after Liu Qingge.

That scene just now, with Liu Qingge finally giving in, asking for it, arching off the bed and panting Shen Qingqiu's name as he came; body begging for it, tone helpless and pleading...

Luo Binghe hasn't touched himself since he took Liu Qingge's hands to hold him down for Shen Qingqiu, but he thinks that if his hand had been on himself, he might have been able to come right then, just from watching that.

His gaze is fixed on Shen Qingqiu's face, hungry, imagining what it must have felt like for Shen Qingqiu to have Liu Qingge come around his cock.

He hopes that Shizun is enjoying himself.

Shen Qingqiu's brow furrows, as he bites his lip gracefully, refined even in the midst of pleasure.

Luo Binghe can tell he's right on the edge. Shen Qingqiu's face only gets that brain-meltingly attractive expression of intense focus when he's about to come.

Luo Binghe's breathing speeds up.

Is he going to-

"Shidi," Shen Qingqiu says, melodious voice low and sonorous and heated. "Shidi, would you like me to-"

Liu Qingge's legs are trembling hard enough that he doesn't seem to be able to fully control them, but he weakly draws his ankles together, as though trying to keep Shen Qingqiu pinned between his thighs.

Luo Binghe's fingers tighten on Liu Qingge's hands, as a rush of heat goes through him.

He knew it. He knew that Liu Qingge would want him to come inside him. He knew that like this- with Shen Qingqiu on top of him, strong body forcing his hips open, cock still fucking him fast and hard- Liu Qingge wouldn't be able to resist giving in, that his pride wouldn't hold out to say no.

But Luo Binghe didn't think he would ask for it so blatantly. That he would try to keep Shen Qingqiu from withdrawing, even when, shivering from two orgasms, he can't control his legs completely, thighs trembling as he tries to hold Shen Qingqiu inside himself. Even while his face is still wet with tears, and his hands are trembling in Luo Binghe's.

Shen Qingqiu opens his beautiful eyes and gazes at Liu Qingge's face, before his eyes dart to Luo Binghe. A small, warm smile dances in his eyes before they look back to Liu Qingge and flutter shut, eyebrows coming together in intense pleasure as he snaps his hips forward once, twice more.

"Liu Shidi," he says, voice going tight at the end, breathtakingly beautiful. "Ah-"

And, restrained and dignified, as he always is, Shen Qingqiu comes, grinding forward into Liu Qingge's needy body, cock filling him with warmth and wetness and claiming him, showing him whose he is once and for all.

Liu Qingge can't stop shivering, his whole body shaking minutely under Shen Qingqiu's weight.

Shen Qingqiu just-

He can't keep his fingers from twitching in Luo Binghe's grip, even as he grips harder, trying to get himself under control.

Shen Qingqiu makes a low, satisfied noise into Liu Qingge's hair, and grinds deep inside him once, twice more.

Liu Qingge's chest heaves, on a sharp, indrawn breath, and he realizes, to his dismay, that he can feel more tears rolling down his cheeks.

Oh no. Is he…

Is he… crying…?

Laid out on his back, completely vulnerable, Shen Qingqiu still deep inside him, hot come spreading slick within him- legs hiked onto Shen Qingqiu's waist, pinned under his weight- like this, there's very little he can do to hide anything.

Shen Qingqiu… said he would accept his feelings...

Liu Qingge doesn't know what to do with this. He never got this far, never even had to berate himself for daring to picture it.

He never thought it was possible.

The thought echoes in his head for a few moments, and he loses track of time a little.

"Shidi," Shen Qingqiu is saying into Liu Qingge's hair, and Liu Qingge realizes that this is not the first time he's said it. A hand is moving

soothingly on his head, fingers slowly working their way through to the scalp.

Liu Qingge's chest heaves again, and he closes his eyes tightly, turning his face into Shen Qingqiu's neck as Luo Binghe releases his tight grip on his fingers.

Luo Binghe's warm hands run down his arms, slowly pressing that warmth into his trembling muscles. The pressure is enough to make Liu Qingge's hands flex where they still lie, helpless, on the bed by his head, and it helps ground him a little bit.

It doesn't seem to stop the tears, though.

He feels Shen Qingqiu press a kiss into his hair, as he braces himself on the bed and slowly pulls out, leaving Liu Qingge's body empty and shivering.

He can feel himself twitch around the emptiness, as though his body is asking to be filled again.

He can also feel the… the aftermath, leaking out of him.

It makes him shiver, as though his body wants to get hard again, but the very idea of doing anything right now is overwhelming, when his eyes won't stop leaking like this.

He feels a gentle brush of lips on his cheeks, and closes his eyes tighter.

“I’m not crying,” he says, words belied by the way his voice shakes.

Shen Qingqiu hums agreeably, and gather Liu Qingge into his arms, gently maneuvering him onto his side, head near Shen Qingqiu’s chest.

Liu Qingge tentatively places his hands, still shaking, on the bed between them, squeezing his eyes yet more tightly closed.

Luo Binghe’s hands move to follow his arms, resting on him from behind to stroke along Liu Qingge’s biceps and forearms, down to his fingers where they lay between him and Shen Qingqiu. Luo Binghe slides in behind him, lying down close enough that he’s pressed against Liu Qingge all the way down their bodies.

His giant cock, still hard, is pressed against Liu Qingge’s lower back, but Liu Qingge can barely realize that it’s there.

The idea of moving ever again is overwhelming.

Why can’t he stop crying?

The way that Luo Binghe is pressed against his body, he’s sure he can feel the repressed shiveres that are shaking their way through his frame. He can’t even spare the energy to be embarrassed right now, though; it’s taking everything he has to not openly sob.

Luo Binghe’s hands are still stroking soothingly down his arms as Shen Qingqiu rests his chin on top of Liu Qingge’s head. Luo Binghe takes one of Liu Qingge’s arms and lays it across Shen Qingqiu’s waist, and Liu Qingge’s arm reflexively clutches at him.

Luo Binghe presses in closer behind him, so that he's tightly enclosed from behind, and Shen Qingqiu moves closer in response to Liu Qingge's arm tightening on his waist. Closer, until he's skin to skin all along Liu Qingge's front, just like when he was taking him.

Without his permission, Liu Qingge's arm locks, tight, around Shen Qingqiu's back, hand resting right below his shoulderblade, and he starts to cry, soundless, into Shen Qingqiu's chest.

Shen Qingqiu strokes his hair slowly for the next few minutes, as Luo Binghe's solid weight and heat, the steady breaths on the back of his neck, slowly warm his body from behind.

He doesn't know why he can't stop crying. He doesn't feel afraid, or upset. On the contrary, he feels… perhaps safer than he ever has.

He doesn't even feel bad, he just feels…

He just... feels. And he keeps on just feeling, for a few minutes more, until the slow movements of Shen Qingqiu's hand on his head and Luo Binghe's chest breathing behind him lessen the rush of whatever is happening inside him, enough that he can get his breathing under control again.

His eyelashes blink, wetly, against Shen Qingqiu's collarbone, as he tries to regain his equilibrium.

He stays still, just breathing slowly in and out for a few moments.

Finally, he attempts speech.

“You’re…” he says, and stops. Exhales slowly, breath still a little shaky.

He thinks he already knows the answer to his question, but he wants to ask it anyway. For his peace of mind.

“You’re not… upset?” he says into Shen Qingqiu’s chest, voice low.

Shen Qingqiu’s fingers still in his hair, and a gentle kiss is pressed into the top of his head.

“I’m not,” Shen Qingqiu says, voice affectionate.

Liu Qingge feels warmth bloom, small and delicate, in his chest.

Not upset.

That… that’s good.

Luo Binghe presses his nose into Liu Qingge’s hair, fingers gently combing his hair back, and places a soft press of lips behind Liu Qingge’s ear.

Liu Qingge feels the last bits of tension drain from his body.

All his limbs feel heavy, his muscles as unused to exertion as his peak's new recruits when they arrive. His arm rests against Shen Qingqiu's side like a dead weight, but he can't make himself move it. His eyelashes twitch against Shen Qingqiu's chest; he can't bring himself to open his eyes.

He lies there, quiet and boneless, in their arms. He's awake for only a few minutes more, but when he wakes up the next morning, neither Shen Qingqiu nor Luo Binghe has moved during the night, and their arms are still warm around him.

Chapter 26

Chapter Notes

> thank u @ my friend crissy for giving us such cute triplet names!! 玉叮丽, 玉当丽, 玉咚丽- Dingding, Dangdang, and Dongdong for short!

“I need to talk to you,” Liu Mingyan says. “I’m worried about my brother.”

“Can it wait? We’re both still naked,” Sha Hualing says, rolling over on the bed. “I mean, he’s hot- kinda looks like you- so I don’t mind, but I feel like that would be weird for you?”

“Stop that,” Liu Mingyan says, frowning. “I’m being serious. Have you seen him recently?”

Sha Hualing stretches luxuriously. “Yes, actually,” she says, relaxing back into the pillows and raising her eyebrows at Liu MIngyan. “I see him flying into the palace on that sword of his all the time.”

“You do?” Liu Mingyan asks. That wasn’t what she’d expected to hear. Usually, people report that they never saw her brother coming until their wall- or their face- was kicked in.

Well, Sha Hualing is sharper than most.

“Yeah, he’s always coming over to visit that other peak lord,” Sha Hualing says, rolling her eyes. “Sometimes he fights. I’ve watched one or two of those, they’re pretty good. My lord always ends up beating him around until his boyfriend comes out to break it up, though.”

Liu Mingyan wrinkles her eyebrows in thought.

That would explain some of the limping and the weird injuries she's seen recently, she supposes. There are very few threats that can hold a candle to her brother, and he was suspiciously tight-lipped around the subject; it makes more sense, if he was being prickly because he'd been beaten each time. And he has always been close with Shen Qingqiu, ever since he was begrudgingly conscripted for medical duty after that poisoning incident. He didn't even end up complaining about it much to Liu Mingyan, even though she'd fielded yards of complaints about Shen Qingqiu before that.

It makes sense that he would visit him. And that Luo Binghe would take offense, she supposes. Luo Binghe seems the jealous type.

"He stays over a lot, too," Sha Hualing says, putting her hands behind her head.

Liu Mingyan squints up at the ceiling. That... doesn't seem right.

She's certainly known her brother to knock out in a tree for a few hours in the middle of the night during the week-long joint field trainings Xian Shu and Bai Zhan peak do, but he doesn't usually… sleep inside? Not when he's away from Bai Zhan peak. And certainly not in a fancy residence like Luo Binghe's palace, which is decked out with luxurious vases and wall scrolls and decadently embroidered cushions everywhere.

...Well, that's what it looks like in her writing, at least. She's never actually seen it in real life.

“Stays overnight?” she mutters out loud, and Sha Hualing nods on the bed next to her.

“Probably fucking one of them,” she laughs, and Liu Mingyan freezes.

A voice in her head- that sounds suspiciously like one of the triplets- says AHAH, very loudly.

The blood drains out of her face.

“There’s absolutely no way!” she says, sitting bolt upright.

“Huh? I know, it was a joke,” Sha Hualing says, not moving from where she lies on the bed. “What are you doing?” she asks, as Liu Mingyan jumps to her feet.

“I have to go,” Liu Mingyan says, hastily securing her robes about her, then much more carefully fastening her veil.

“Oh, okay,” Sha Hualing says, rolling onto her back to hang her head off the edge of the bed and watch Liu Mingyan gather her things. “Come back tonight, I have something new for you to try.”

Liu Mingyan pauses in the doorway, then walks quickly over to lift her veil and plant a kiss on Sha Hualing’s upside down forehead.

“I’ll see you later,” she says, and rushes from the room.

“ *No,”* Yu Dingli says, delightedly.

“ *Yes,* ” Liu Mingyan mourns, into her tea. “ *Staying over.* ”

“This is gold,” Yu Dongli says, taking notes. “I’m going to get so many chapters out of this.”

“You absolutely may *not* write anything about my brother!” Liu Mingyan says, aghast, holding her hand up. “That’s terrible! Horrifying!”

“But look how many of the tropes fit,” Yu Dingli says, leaning in over the low table conspiratorially. “Remember how many times he fought Luo Binghe for him? And didn’t Shen Qingqiu save your brother’s life once?”

“We can change his name,” Yu Dangli opinions, elbowing Yu Dongli to edge her on. “This is prime NTR content. Dongdong, put a star next to that bit about both at once-”

“I can promise you I would be just as excited if it were anyone else,” Liu Mingyan says, putting her head down in her arms. “But Xiongzhang is… he’s…”

Ugh. Maybe she shouldn’t say that he’s a virgin? That would give them too much to work with.

Not that she knows for sure either way, but. Look at her brother.

…

"…I just don't want to think about it," she says, rolling her forehead on the table. Her mind is running through all the things she's written about Shen Qingqiu and Luo Binghe.

Oh god. What if they're actually like any of that in real life?

The stuff with the wine…

The stuff with the blood…

The stuff with the whips…

What has she done?!

"Oh, definitely keep that bit with the swords," Yu Dangli says. "Dingding, come take a look at this and give us a good pseudonym."

Liu Mingyan fake sobs into the table.

She's going to retire from writing.

It's been a long, long day, by the time that Shen Qingqiu arrives back at Luo Binghe's palace, dismounting from Xiu Ya with a heavy step.

Hell, forget a long day- it's been a long two weeks! The time he's spent away- dealing with this and that mundane, everyday crisis on behalf of Cang Qiong peak- dragged and dragged. There was more than one time when he wished he'd acceded to Liu Qingge's demands to accompany him- even though it was a task that hardly required two peak lords- or agreed to Luo Binghe's offers to push all his demonic responsibilities to the side in order to tag along with Shen Qingqiu.

Not that his responsibilities- routine oversight of various far-flung cultivators under Cang Qiong's protection- require any sort of additional assistance. But as the days dragged and the towns all began to look the same, Shen Qingqiu found himself thinking he wouldn't mind the company.

All in all, he's glad to be home.

His foot has barely touched the ground before the wards around the palace have notified Luo Binghe, and the door slams open, revealing…

Luo Binghe, and Liu Qingge, who are both slightly scuffed up. They press through the door at the same time, failing to shoulder each other out of the way, and come up to Shen Qingqiu, pace barely restrained enough to not be called a run.

"Shizun," Luo Binghe says, eyes shining with devotion, as he takes Shen Qingqiu's hand.

Liu Qingge stands slightly to the side, as though in his competition

with Luo Binghe to race to Shen Qingqiu, he didn't think through what he would do once he got to him.

Shen Qingqiu sighs, a note of fondness failing to hide itself, and offers Liu Qingge his other hand.

Liu Qingge takes it, hesitation barely visible.

If Shen Qingqiu wasn't so tired, he would take a moment to be endeared by how Liu Qingge is still acting shy, months after his confession; but as it is, he wants nothing more than to collapse into horizontal oblivion.

"Let's go inside," he says to them both.

They nod, and lead him inside by the hands.

At last.

Of course, Shen Qingqiu isn't quite able to collapse into unconsciousness immediately.

"A bath, Shizun," Luo Binghe says, reluctantly letting go of his hand after pressing a kiss to the back of his knuckles. "This disciple will run to get the water."

“It’s not necessary, Binghe,” Shen Qingqiu says, weary. “This master could fall asleep in a stable, at this point, and not notice the dirt.”

“Nonsense,” Liu Qingge says firmly, taking Shen Qingqiu’s other hand and nodding at Luo Binghe, as though confirming that he won’t let Shen Qingqiu fall asleep in the 1.5 seconds Luo Binghe will be gone. “A bath will be good.”

Ridiculous. The two of them, ganging up on him.

Luo Binghe seems reassured, though, and is gone in the blink of an eye. Shen Qingqiu is left standing with Liu Qingge, both of his hands held in his.

Liu Qingge, as if noticing what he’s holding, slowly colors, and goes to release Shen Qingqiu’s hands. Shen Qingqiu smiles tiredly, though, and keeps his fingers loosely gripping Liu Qingge’s, so that their hands stay intertwined.

Liu Qingge colors further, and lets his fingers slowly squeeze Shen Qingqiu’s.

Okay… Shen Qingqiu can still find this cute, even when he’s tired.

“How are you, Shidi,” he asks, leaning forward a little to gently rest his head against Liu Qingge’s shoulder.

He hears Liu Qingge swallow next to him, as he stands ramrod straight.

“…Fine,” he says, voice brusque.

“Mm,” Shen Qingqiu says, leaning forward a little more, so that the weight of his head rests on Liu Qingge’s shoulder. It feels good to rest his tired eyes, supported by Liu Qingge’s strong shoulder, his reliable, steady stance.

They stand like that for an amount of time that Shen Qingqiu can’t track, his mind drifting, before Luo Binghe returns with the heated water, making a few trips to fill the bath. The sound of the water spilling into the tub is very soothing, the feeling of Luo Binghe’s presence in the room even more so.

“Shizun,” Luo Binghe’s voice comes after a while, and Shen Qingqiu hums into the collar of Liu Qingge’s shirt. Liu Qingge hasn’t moved an inch, and he feels a little like he might fall asleep, standing up like this. “This disciple will help you undress now?”

Shen Qingqiu makes an indecipherable affirming noise, and Luo Binghe’s hands start to move with pleasant familiarity across the fabrics he wears: his belt, his lapels, his pants. Eventually, his skin.

“Help him with his hair, Shishu,” Luo Binghe is saying quietly, and Shen Qingqiu feels his hands gently released. Soon, Liu Qingge’s deft, strong hands are working their way through his hair, carefully removing his hairpiece and untangling the strands, and Shen Qingqiu rests his hands on Liu Qingge’s waist for somewhere to put them.

He feels him twitch a little under his hands, and smiles tiredly into his shoulder.

Jumpy.

Liu Qingge is only ever skittish when they're like this; Shen Qingqiu finds he kind of likes it.

The air is warm tonight, so he doesn't mind particularly as the last pieces of his clothing are gently removed by Luo Binghe. His mind is still drifting, as the fingers in his hair soothe him despite their strength, almost lulling him to sleep.

"It's ready," Luo Binghe's soft, devoted voice comes, and Shen Qingqiu makes a small noise of acknowledgement, before letting Luo Binghe gently guide him away from Liu Qingge's shoulder.

Hand still on Liu Qingge's waist, he lets Luo Binghe lead him to the bath, Liu Qingge hesitantly keeping pace with him. Shen Qingqiu's hand only leaves him as he sinks into the warm, almost hot water.

The water feels so good on his rough, aching body, that he immediately decides that he's never going to get out again.

Luo Binghe's hands work solicitously on the muscles of his shoulders, as Shen Qingqiu relaxes into the bath.

"Good, Shizun?" he asks, and Shen Qingqiu nods, wordlessly.

Luo Binghe's hands leave him, and return, a moment later, to gently scrub at his shoulders and back with a sponge, soap soft and ticklish against his skin.

Shen Qingqiu dozes for a few moments, and when he wakes up, Luo

Binghe is gently rinsing his hair, the shampoo carefully directed away from his face by one of his broad palms.

“Almost done,” he says quietly, and Shen Qingqiu smiles, letting his eyes fall back closed.

He raises a hand out of the water, and holds it out, palm up, on the rim of the tub.

After a moment, he flexes his fingers encouragingly, and eventually, Liu Qingge’s hand is hesitantly placed in his. He intertwines their fingers, rubbing his thumb slowly along the back of Liu Qingge’s defined knuckles, as the water running through his hair soothes his scalp.

“The towel, Shishu?” Luo Binghe says, after a few more minutes of gentle washing.

There’s a rustling from the side, and Luo Binghe’s hands come up to gently guide Shen Qingqiu upright.

“Let’s go to bed,” Luo Binghe says, and Shen Qingqiu makes a vague noise of agreement, letting Luo Binghe support him to stand and get out of the tub.

“Dry his hair,” Luo Binghe says, voice soft, as he starts to gently towel Shen Qingqiu’s body.

The hand Shen Qingqiu is holding hesitates, then releases him. His hair is taken in a quick, decisive hold, as a towel starts moving briskly along it, wrapping and rubbing and drying him like an overly efficient

dog groomer.

It should feel distracting, in his half-asleep state, but Shen Qingqiu finds that he actually enjoys it. It's almost amusing, compared to Luo Binghe's solicitousness, to be treated like his wet hair is a problem that should be solved in the most efficient and ruthless manner possible.

And for all the speed with which it's done, it doesn't hurt, or even pull at his scalp.

Liu Qingge… for all the way he comes off, he's actually quite careful, sometimes.

Shen Qingqiu makes a sleepy, contented noise, and after a few minutes of thorough drying by the two men, he feels Luo Binghe wrap an inner robe around him, guiding him onto the bed.

"Shizun should sleep now," Luo Binghe says lowly, hand stroking Shen Qingqiu's hair. "This disciple and… Shishu will be here in the morning, to welcome him home properly."

Shen Qingqiu breathes out in contentment, and that's all he remembers until the morning.

It's still early when Shen Qingqiu is awakened by a shifting in the bed with him.

His eyelashes blink, his eyebrows scrunching up, but he refuses to open his eyes. He can tell by the quality of the light that the sky outside barely qualifies as morning colored.

“Shizun,” a voice comes from beside him, warm and happy.

A soft kiss presses into his neck, gentle against the line of his muscle. It’s followed by another, higher up, under his jaw.

Shen Qingqiu makes a half asleep noise and turns on his side. If Luo Binghe is going to kiss all up and down his neck, he can at least spoon him while he does it. Shen Qingqiu doesn’t have the energy to be face to face, with those pleading eyes, those lips always asking him to look into them as he pushes into him, his huge cock stretching Shen Qingqiu’s body open.

Pushing into him, slowing rocking him back and forth with the sheer size of his dick, as his precome makes him wetter and wetter inside Shen Qingqiu, dragging slowly across his prostate until Shen Qingqiu is leaking just as much, without even being touched…

Okay, yes, Shen Qingqiu is horny. He didn’t get any for two weeks while he was traveling, of course he’s horny! But he doesn’t have the energy for anything super hardcore right now, so Luo Binghe is going to have to settle for just a handjob. Giving a handjob, not receiving; Shen Qingqiu is going to need at least another five hours of sleep before he’s willing to undertake that task.

“Shizun,” Luo Binghe’s voice comes again, his broad, warm hands stroking slowly down Shen Qingqiu’s side to his hip. They press around the front of his body to his stomach, up his chest.

Shen Qingqiu arches a little, muscles stretching pleasantly under Luo

Binghe's hand. Luo Binghe crowds in behind him, chest solid and heavy against him.

Yes, that's it. He missed this.

Luo Binghe's mouth is warm on his neck, the slow movements of his tongue ramping up the low-burning heat in Shen Qingqiu's body as he sighs under Luo Binghe's hands.

"Don't just lie there," Luo Binghe says lowly.

Huh? Luo Binghe loves it when he just lies there.

"Touch him," Luo Binghe says, and his hand leaves Shen Qingqiu's hip to press another hand to his chest.

Ah, Liu Qingge's hand. He's here too.

Shen Qingqiu arches forward into the hand, the warmth spreading a little deeper in his chest.

Both of them are here.

"Missed you," Luo Binghe says softly into his neck, hand sliding down to trace the line of Shen Qingqiu's hipbone. His fingers just graze under the fabric of Shen Qingqiu's pants, as Liu Qingge's hand cautiously presses against his chest.

A pleasant, electric sensation is slowly spreading through Shen Qingqiu's veins.

He loves this half-awake feeling, the drowsiness of sleep amplifying his arousal.

And being worked over so carefully, by two sets of hands… even Liu Qingge's slow pace is delightful in its hesitance, the soft sensations almost teasing.

Shen Qingqiu's cock is getting harder and harder, as Luo Binghe's hand circles closer and closer to it. He drags his fingers in the fabric of Shen Qingqiu's pants, so that it tugs slightly at the head of his cock.

Ah- an actual tease.

Luo Binghe's fingers trail down the outside of Shen Qingqiu's thigh, then up the front of his leg. Gently, temptingly.

Shen Qingqiu tilts his hips a little, to encourage him. Not too forward, but just enough that Luo Binghe will run with it.

Though to be fair, anything besides lying dead for five years will encourage Luo Binghe to run with it, so. He's not too worried.

And, as expected, Luo Binghe's hand slowly works closer and closer to his front, the small, teasing circles it traces growing more firm and more pointed as he approaches his goal.

“Shizun,” Luo Binghe breathes into his neck, pressing yet closer behind him.

And there’s the heavenly pillar.

Good thing Liu Qingge is here, and not just because his slow, almost shy strokes against Shen Qingqiu’s chest are getting Shen Qingqiu so worked up that he wants to grab him by the hair and force his face against his chest, hold him there until he mouths at him wet and lewd, the way Shen Qingqiu wants.

It’s also good he’s here, because Liu Qingge will be able to work out some of Luo Binghe’s energy. And hopefully, they’ll do it somewhere else after they get Shen Qingqiu off, so that he can go back to sleep.

Hey, Shen Qingqiu is a generous enough lover, when he’s not tired. He can afford to be a little selfish, now and then.

Liu Qingge’s hand traces gently across Shen Qingqiu’s collarbone, and Shen Qingqiu heroically musters the energy to flop one of his arms up and take the back of Liu Qingge’s wrist, guiding him to palm firmly over his nipple.

He hears a slight intake of breath from Liu Qingge, and the warmth in his chest spreads.

Liu Qingge is really easy.

It’s immensely gratifying.

Some day, he wants to take his time with him; experiment and see what gets him the hottest, what really knocks him out for the count. Spend a few hours making him wait, and wait, until he's squirming and asking for it, begging for Shen Qingqiu to let him come, instead of getting to come over and over like Luo Binghe always makes him.

Maybe tie something around the base of his cock, Shen Qingqiu thinks idly, so that he can't get off. Otherwise, he'll probably finish just from being kissed or something.

Well, that's hot too, so it's a win-win.

Liu Qingge's hand is now moving more firmly- though still sweetly slow, as though he won't let himself just grope at Shen Qingqiu's chest- and he seems to have found his courage to try brushing his thumb over Shen Qingqiu's nipple. Shen Qingqiu hums in appreciation, encouraging.

Keep doing that, Liu Shidi; Shixiong believes in you!

Meanwhile, Luo Binghe's hand is *still* not touching his cock.

Is this the universe punishing him for fantasizing about teasing Liu Qingge? Come on, Binghe, this master hasn't gotten any for two weeks!

"Shizun," Luo Binghe says hotly into Shen Qingqiu's neck, and licks his earlobe before gently biting it, nosing into his hair. "This disciple missed your scent."

Okay, weird, Binghe! Like, sure, Shen Qingqiu likes Luo Binghe's and

Liu Qingge's smells too- they definitely get him hot- but he doesn't say it out loud!

Unfortunately, his dick doesn't get the message, because it jumps in his pants when Luo Binghe says that.

Ugh. He'll pretend it was the bite on his ear that did it.

He knows that Luo Binghe noticed it, though, because the quality of his breathing changes and he crowds Shen Qingqiu even more from behind.

"May this disciple touch Shizun?" Luo Binghe asks, voice heated, as his hand trails lightly over the fabric right NEXT TO Shen Qingqiu's cock, without touching it.

Yes, obviously! Obviously you can touch! Why would Shizun be lying here letting you feel him up at ass o'clock in the morning until there's a wet spot on the front of his pants if he didn't want you to touch him?!

"Binghe," is all he says, complainingly. Luo Binghe has been getting more and more forward about trying to get Shen Qingqiu to ask for it, which he supposes is probably also the universe punishing him for what he's been doing to Liu Qingge.

But it takes pity on him this time, and Luo Binghe finally- finally!- presses his fingers lightly over Shen Qingqiu's cock.

" *Mn* ," Shen Qingqiu groans, hips rocking forward.

Luo Binghe smiles into his hair, fingers tracing lightly up and down the curve of his cock.

“Shizun feels so good under this disciple’s hands,” Luo Binghe says quietly, voice heated.

Shizun would feel better IN those hands! Hurry up, Binghe!

And Luo Binghe’s hand-

Lets go?

...Lets go?!

Shen Qingqiu barely swallows down his noise of complaint, still lying stubbornly still with his eyes closed, before he feels Luo Binghe’s arm move up his body to Liu Qingge’s neck.

“He likes your mouth,” Luo Binghe says, and Shen Qingqiu feels Liu Qingge’s face pressed to his chest, just as he’d imagined before.

Well, he thinks, indignation somewhat mollified. Luo Binghe does have some idea of how to treat him.

And once Liu Qingge is slowly working his lips and tongue against Shen Qingqiu’s skin, Luo Binghe’s hand returns to where it should be, slipping under Shen Qingqiu’s pants to finally, finally take his leaking

cock in hand.

Shen Qingqiu's whole body floods with heat as he drips into Luo Binghe's fingers, holding him just how he likes it.

Oh, he thinks, scalp prickling. This won't take long at all.

And in fact, it's only a few minutes of slow, heated pulls on his cock, of Liu Qingge's tongue daring to press against a nipple, of Luo Binghe's teeth gently dragging on the back of his neck, before he feels the muscles of his stomach tighten, his thighs start to twitch.

"Close," he mutters, eyes still closed. "I'm close."

Liu Qingge makes a small noise against his chest, teeth closing gently on the muscle of his pec.

Luo Binghe groans and shivers against Shen Qingqiu's back, as though restraining himself from grinding forward against his ass, and-

Takes-

His hand away-

Again!!

" *Binghe* ," Shen Qingqiu says, complainingly, wriggling a little.

“Shizun,” Luo Binghe moans, panting into his neck, and the hand that should be on Shen Qingqiu’s cock grabs Liu Qingge by the head and shoves him down. Down, and further down Shen Qingqiu’s body, all the way until-

Oh.

Well, this will do as well, he supposes.

He can feel Liu Qingge’s breath coming fast against his thighs, and he tilts his hips forward a little, encouragingly, as Liu Qingge pauses there.

And stays paused, with Luo Binghe’s hand heavy on the back of his head.

What, do these two need an engraved invitation? Has Shen Qingqiu ever turned down a blowjob from Cang Qiong sect’s most attractive demolition machine?! Read the room! He’s literally seconds away from reaching down and just finishing himself off. The only thing stopping him is that then he won’t get to hear Liu Qingge make those wet noises of surprised arousal as Shen Qingqiu comes down his throat.

God, he was thinking about Liu Qingge making those sounds the whole time he was traveling. Right now, though, he just really wants…

“Can I?” Liu Qingge asks, voice husky, and Shen Qingqiu clenches his teeth as he almost blows his load right there.

Can you not sound so erotic when asking to suck dick, Shidi?!

"Yes," Shen Qingqiu bites out, and his cock is immediately sucked into the tight, wet heat of Liu Qingge's mouth.

Fuck, Liu Qingge is already making those low noises that he makes when he's really into sucking dick. Shen Qingqiu is sure that he doesn't realize he's doing it, because he'd probably pull off immediately and forego ever sucking cock again if he knew how wanton he sounded.

Hah; as if he could. The man loves having his mouth filled.

But the way Liu Qingge sounds is only barely comparable to how he feels on Shen Qingqiu. It's been so long since he's had anything but his own hand, and feeling Liu Qingge's tongue work against his cock as he tries to take him deeper and deeper, feeling him fight back his instinct to gag, feeling him try to swallow around him-

If Shen Qingqiu had a little more energy, he'd fuck his hips forward a bit, just to hear Liu Qingge choke. He always gets louder after he chokes a little. Shen Qingqiu thinks it probably gets him going.

Explains why he was so keen to blow Luo Binghe, definitely.

Shen Qingqiu's mind wanders even as his body teeters right on the edge, remembering the first time that Liu Qingge put his mouth on Luo Binghe. Tied to the chair, Luo Binghe standing in front of him, huge cock threatening Liu Qingge's face; the hand in his hair only allowing him those small, dirty licks against the head of Luo Binghe's cock…

And the look on Luo Binghe's face as it happened: the intent stare, the parted lips, the way he glanced back at Shen Qingqiu as if to say 'look what he'll do for me, Shizun.' Teaching Liu Qingge to please him, not the way that Luo Binghe likes, but how Shen Qingqiu likes it...

Fuck, Shen Qingqiu is going to come.

"Shidi," he says tightly, as Luo Binghe's hand brushes over his chest, long fingers splayed to press against both nipples at once.

Fuck! Why are his hands so big?!

Shen Qingqiu presses his cheek against the pillow, body starting to twitch, listening to the wet sounds that Liu Qingge makes below him.

Luo Binghe's hand slides firmly down his side to his leg, and lifts it bodily, hiking it backwards to rest on Luo Binghe's thigh. Liu Qingge makes a desperate noise, and presses his head deeper between Shen Qingqiu's legs, placing his own hand, trembling, on Shen Qingqiu's thigh.

"That's it," Luo Binghe says. "Suck him."

And that's all it takes- Shen Qingqiu is coming. He makes a regretfully unrefined noise as his hips jerk forward into Liu Qingge's face, cock sliding deeper into his throat.

Liu Qingge chokes on it, fluttering and squeezing around Shen Qingqiu's cock.

Fuck, Shen Qingqiu thinks, trying to not pant into the bed like a beginner running their first marathon. Liu Qingge choking gets him so hot. And it gets him even hotter when Liu Qingge starts moaning while he's choking on it, like he is right now, as if there's nothing he likes better than being forced to gag on Shen Qingqiu's dick as he comes in him-

And just as Shen Qingqiu is at the peak of his orgasm, body shivering and tensing and flooding with electricity from his cock to the tips of his fingers and toes, Luo Binghe slowly sinks his teeth into his shoulder, right at the line that borders visible skin when he's clothed.

Luo Binghe-! Shen Qingqiu has told him a million times to not leave marks, but-

Fuck, he loves it.

" *Ah!* " Shen Qingqiu cries, and his hands clench involuntarily in the sheets.

He's coming like he hasn't in two weeks, and the two men in bed with him are both moaning like it's their dick getting sucked.

Chapter 27

Chapter Summary

short one~

And that's it for Shen Qingqiu- he is fully out for the count and ready to go back to sleep for another half a day. Bless these two for getting him off without his having to do any work, because he is definitely not in a fit state to manage doing anything.

…

And they better catch onto that, because he is not going to do *anything* for either of them right now.

That doesn't seem to have stopped Luo Binghe, though, from his goal of covering Shen Qingqiu's entire neck with kisses.

"Shizun," he says, lips pressing warm and wet against him, voice low and sexy.

Sexy is fine! Sexy is great! But save it for another time, because Shizun is going to sleep!

Liu Qingge hasn't pulled fully off his cock, still gently sucking at his dick through the very last edges of pleasure.

Okay, Shidi, you did a great job! Shixiong is going to pass out if you keep going!

Shen Qingqiu shifts onto his back- pulling his dick out of Liu Qingge's mouth as he goes- and kisses Luo Binghe briefly on the lips. With great effort, he flops one hand down to Liu Qingge's head, and pulls at him a little, until Liu Qingge gets the hint and comes up to receive his own kiss, the taste of come faintly spreading on Shen Qingqiu's lips.

Hot, if he was awake enough to appreciate it, but he's not.

"I'm going to sleep," he declares, eyes already closed.

He feels Luo Binghe jump slightly behind him, as Liu Qingge twitches next to him.

"Shizun," Luo Binghe says imploringly. "This disciple has missed you so much."

What, was it really so impossible for him, with only Liu Qingge here to slake his desires on for the past two weeks? This protagonist is too spoiled!

"Let him sleep," Liu Qingge says snappishly, but there's an edge of wistfulness to his tone.

Et tu, Shidi?

"Don't make such a fuss," Shen Qingqiu says, getting comfortable. "I wasn't gone for that long."

"This demon just can't handle two weeks without," Liu Qingge says,

judgmentally. “Insatiable.”

Liu Shidi, you’re acting just as bad!

…

Wait…

Without?

Without… Shen Qingqiu? Or without…?

Shen Qingqiu’s eyes open on their own, despite his exhaustion, and he glances back and forth between Luo Binghe and Liu Qingge, who are both watching him fixedly.

“Did you two not…?”

Liu Qingge scowls, and Luo Binghe shakes his head immediately. “Of course not, Shizun!”

These... fools...

“Really?” Shen Qingqiu says, staring.

For the protagonist to go so long without sex… it’s a miracle one of

Airplane's idiotic plot devices that can only be solved with boning didn't show up.

That explains why Liu Qingge is so snappish, though. And why he and Luo Binghe were scuffed up when Shen Qingqiu got in… they must have been fighting again.

Shen Qingqiu closes his eyes tiredly.

"You two know you can have sex when I'm not here, right?"

There's a resounding silence from both of them, but it has the quality of many exclamation points.

"Really, Shizun?" Luo Binghe says, shifting on the bed. He sounds… like he's listening very intently for Shen Qingqiu's answer.

Liu Qingge doesn't say anything, but Shen Qingqiu can hear his swallow, in the silence of the room.

"Yes," Shen Qingqiu says, briefly. As far as he's concerned, the matter is closed.

It's fine with him! They can do whatever they want! Permission granted for them to get out of here and go work out all their energy while he goes back to sleep!

Luo Binghe takes his hand gently, holding it. Shen Qingqiu grumbles tiredly, but musters the energy to squeeze back briefly, and flops his

head over to tiredly kiss what ends up being the side of Liu Qingge's cheekbone.

"Go ahead," he says. "This master will rest for a while."

He feels the skin on his cheek get lightly burned by the intensity of the look that crackles through the air over his head.

"Don't disturb him," Liu Qingge snaps preemptively, but it's him that reaches over Shen Qingqiu to shove at Luo Binghe, trying to push him off the bed.

"Okay… Shishu," Luo Binghe's voice comes, low and smoky, deliberately instigating, as he grabs Liu Qingge's arm and drags him forward. Liu Qingge has to scramble to not knock into Shen Qingqiu, where he's *trying to sleep* on the bed between them.

Shen Qingqiu stubbornly presses his head into the pillow.

They can sort it out themselves.

"If you think you won't be able to stay quiet enough to not disturb Shizun, we can go somewhere else," Luo Binghe says.

Shen Qingqiu can picture Luo BInghe's handsome smile, the needling, teasing edge of it lurking underneath, just enough to rile Liu Qingge up.

So energetic… He sighs.

“Shut your mouth,” Liu Qingge says, that breathless quality in his tone that he usually only gets when he’s really turned on coloring his rough words.

“Give me something to do with it,” Luo Binghe says, and there’s a sudden bouncing of the bed, as a scramble bordering on violent happens over Shen Qingqiu- miraculously, without touching him- for a few seconds, resolving itself in one pair of footsteps walking heavily away.

“Put! Me! Down!” Liu Qingge’s voice says loudly, and the door slams shut behind them.

Finally… blessed silence.

Until he hears Liu Qingge being slammed up against the doorpost, moans already working their way out of his mouth.

No silence. No rest.

Shen Qingqiu falls asleep anyway, the mingled cries an annoying lullaby in his ears.

“Bro,” Shang Qinghua tries, appeasingly. “I promise I didn’t know about this.”

“You didn’t know about it, and yet you always seem to have a copy of the latest editions,” Shen Qingqiu says icily, waving his fan sharply in front of his face.

“Yeah, well, I know where to *get* them,” Shang Qinghua says, apologetically. “But I didn’t realize what was in this one.”

“The Martial God's Flower Defeats the Twin Peaks of the Demon and Human Realm,” Shen Qingqiu reads off the cover, enunciating each word. “It’s subtle. I can see where your confusion lay.”

“Listen,” Shang Qinghua tries again, wiggling closer to the table, sitting form slapdash at best. “The, uh, the content, it’s artistic license. I have to show support for other practitioners of the art, of course I’m going to get a copy.”

“What art? Cheap porn that runs on for millions of words without a single sustained piece of characterization or semblance of a plot?” Shen Qingqiu says, fan tapping aggressively on the table.

“Yeah, well, when you put it that way,” Shang Qinghua says, shrugging.

Shen Qingqiu’s fan taps angrily at the table for a minute more. Shang Qinghua helps himself to the snacks.

If Cucumber bro is going to kill him, so be it; he’ll snag a last meal. He’s survived his wrath before, but if he doesn’t this time… he’ll enjoy the pastries while they last.

Eventually, Shen Qingqiu snaps at Shang Qinghua.

“Well?”

“Well what?” Shang Qinghua says, mouth full of crumbs.

Shen Qingqiu looks at him judgmentally.

“Oh, right,” Shang Qinghua says. “I’d say like… 3.5 out of 5 stars. The writing’s pretty on par with the other editions, but there’s some great NTR possibilities opened up by adding a third character. Kind of inspired, and this is coming from someone who’s read a lot of romance novels!”

“You wrote a harem novel,” Shen Qingqiu says derisively, snapping his fan shut. “Your opinion counts for nothing.”

He holds out his hand demandingly. “Give it here.”

Shang Qinghua hands the latest edition over, and Shen Qingqiu pockets it quickly.

“I’m not sure about the choice of character, though,” Shang Qinghua says, scrunching up his face. “Like how realistic is it for a demon lord to bag two peak lords in a go?”

“But you don’t seem to mind the choice of character when it’s just one peak lord,” Shen Qingqiu says with a sniff, snapping his fan back open.

“Yeah, well, it’s not like they’re far off the money, with that,” Shang Qinghua says, then immediately shuts his mouth at Shen Qingqiu’s glare. “Or, I mean. You know. He studied under him. There was potential for love and desire to blossom. But he doesn’t even know this other peak lord.”

“So where’d they get the idea?” Shen Qingqiu says, with a frown.

“Someone probably just saw him in real life and decided his face was good,” Shang Qinghua says, waving his hand dismissively. “These pretty boy types get all the attention.”

“You wrote him that way,” Shen Qingqiu says. “You can’t complain.”

“They must have seen him from far away, too,” Shang Qinghua says, “or else they’d be too scared to write about him.”

“That’s just you,” Shen Qingqiu says, unkindly. But accurately.

“Hey, the guy’s intimidating,” Shang Qinghua says, shifting on his cushion. “You should have seen him going at Luo Binghe during those years you were gone.”

Shen Qingqiu turns a strange look on him, then his face instantly clears. “Oh. Right. When he was fighting him?”

“What else would I mean?” Shang Qinghua says, rolling his eyes. “All those guys do is fight, we’re lucky the mountain is still standing whenever you come back.” He pauses a second, and waggles his

eyebrows. “Lucky the war god hasn’t demolished the peaks of the human realm, if you get my drift.”

“Don’t be foul,” Shen Qingqiu says, fan coming up to lightly smack at Shang Qinghua’s arm. But it’s a light smack, so Shang Qinghua knows he’s in a good mood today.

“I’ll get going,” Shang Qinghua says, deciding to get gone while the getting’s good. He stands up to brush the crumbs off his pants. “Leave you to your reading material.”

“I’m sure you can see yourself out,” Shen Qingqiu says, and when Shang Qinghua chances a glance back from the doorway, he already has the book out in his hands.

Chapter 28

“Ah,” Liu Qingge says, the sound barely making it past his lips before Shen Qingqiu hears his teeth close together audibly.

That latest edition of the novel that should not be named got one thing right, at least, which is that doing it from behind really seems to work for Liu Qingge. Right now, he’s bent over the bed, legs parted for Shen Qingqiu, who stands on the floor between his knees, thrusting forward into his wet, tight heat as slowly and measuredly as he likes, as Liu Qingge clenches around him and tries to muffle the noises that leak from his mouth.

Shen Qingqiu’s hands idly trace the lines of the red immortal binding cable where they snake along Liu Qingge’s arms, locking them tightly behind his back. It makes Liu Qingge twitch around him.

In the few months since Liu Qingge’s confession, he’s let Shen Qingqiu do all sorts of things to him, use his body in all sorts of ways. But no matter how he flushes and squirms and turns his head and pants into Shen Qingqiu and Luo BInghe’s necks, he hasn’t started crying and begging again like he did the first time.

Shen Qingqiu has the feeling that it’s coming soon, though. He’s been gradually adding in things here and there that he thinks Liu Qingge will like: like the rope, today, that has him shivering and trembling.

He’s shivering right now, in fact, as Shen Qingqiu slowly presses his cock into him. Liu Qingge’s thighs seem to be twitching with the effort of not pushing back into Shen Qingqiu’s controlled motions.

Shen Qingqiu smiles. For all the careless way he throws around his power in the rest of his life, Liu Qingge has certainly done a good job

being obedient in bed.

Shen Qingqiu strokes a hand along his side, praising him softly, and hears a harsh noise gasp its way out from between his clenched teeth.

Yes; he thinks Liu Qingge is getting closer to asking for it.

“Binghe,” he says quietly, hips still rocking forward evenly. “Do you still want to…?”

“Yes, Shizun,” Luo Binghe says from behind Shen Qingqiu’s neck, arms wrapped loosely around his waist. “I’ll have him once Shizun is done.”

Liu Qingge makes a small choking sound, and his head jerks down like he’s biting at the covers.

Doing so well, Shen Qingqiu thinks fondly, rocking his hips forward a little more firmly.

“Is this good, Shidi?” he asks, and Liu Qingge’s breath hitches once more. Shen Qingqiu can feel it move Liu Qingge’s chest from where his hand rests on the muscles of his back, above his bound arms.

He likes the feeling.

Liu Qingge shivers and doesn’t say anything, and Shen Qingqiu grinds forward a little more deeply, in a small circle, encouragingly.

He knows he can say it.

"...Yes," Liu Qingge says, voice very soft, still hiding his face in the covers.

"Good," Shen Qingqiu rewards him, feeling his body heat up a little more.

Liu Qingge is so obliging like this.

"Will you be good for Binghe, next?" he asks fondly, and Liu Qingge's fingers curl in their ties above his back as he makes a small, wounded noise.

Shen Qingqiu feels the tightness around his cock change silghtly, and his hips slide in another half-inch, to a new depth.

"Ah," he says, pulling out a little to push back in, deep. Liu Qingge really knows just how to relax to take cock; he must be imagining Luo Binghe's huge cock inside himself right now.

He'll just have to make do with Shen Qingqiu's until Shen Qingqiu finishes, though. Shen Qingqiu knows he doesn't mind; Liu Qingge has let him fuck him while completely soft from multiple orgasms and he's taken it like a champ, making small fucked-out noises as he lets Shen Qingqiu use him for his pleasure, long past the point of being able to come again himself.

He lets Shen Qingqiu finish inside him each time, too, which Shen Qingqiu finds excruciatingly hot. Liu Qingge is proud enough that he hasn't ever asked Luo Binghe to do the same thing, but Shen Qingqiu

can tell that he probably wants it, from how he gasps and squirms under Shen Qingqiu every time he fills him with his come, and the way he eagerly sucks at Luo Binghe when he has him in his mouth.

Shen Qingqiu has observed a few things about Liu Qingge since all this started. He likes ropes; he likes being held down; he likes to taste come. He bets that Liu Qingge would let Luo Binghe come inside him, if Shen Qingqiu asked him to.

He'll let them work that out themselves, though, he thinks, shoving his hips forward to hear Liu QIngge gasp. Though it does get him hot thinking about it; about Luo Binghe filling Liu Qingge up, the same way he does to Shen Qingqiu. There's always a huge amount of come when Luo Binghe finally finishes; enough that it would leak out of Liu Qingge for a while after…

Shen Qingqiu bites his own lip, eyes falling closed.

He'll just come in Liu Qingge, for now. Give him a taste.

"I'm close, Shidi," he says quietly, and Liu Qingge shudders.

Liu Qingge just came a few minutes ago, so he probably won't finish again before Shen Qingqiu does. That's good, though; he's in for a long ride next with Luo Binghe.

"Inside?" Shen Qingqiu questions softly, leaning forward so that his unbound hair trails along Liu Qingge's back, making his muscles shiver and his fingers twitch as the strands tickle them.

Liu Qingge buries his head further in the sheets, muffling the noise

that tries to escape.

It just brings Shen Qingqiu closer to the edge. He wants to hear it from him, first, though, before he lets himself finish.

“If you don’t want that, I won’t,” Shen Qingqiu says gently, fucking slowly into him, enjoying the tension in Liu Qingge’s arms as he fights against his sense of pride.

“...Do it,” Liu Qingge whispers, voice almost inaudible through the sheets. The back of his neck is red, where his long, unbound hair falls temptingly to the side, exposing skin for Shen Qingqiu to trace his fingers along.

“Very well,” Shen Qingqiu says amiably, grinding his hips a little deeper inside. “Binghe, will you hold him for me?”

Luo Binghe’s gentle arms leave Shen Qingqiu’s waist, and reach past him from behind to take Liu Qingge firmly by the hips, pinning him hard to the bed.

Liu Qingge makes a small, uncontrolled noise, shuddering. Shen Qingqiu is sure that his cock, still sensitive from the last orgasm, is pressed tightly between the bed and his body, ramping up the sensations of Shen Qingqiu’s cock in him and Luo Binghe’s hands, which tighten slowly as Liu Qingge’s shivers get more pronounced.

“I have him for you, Shizun,” Luo Binghe says lowly into Shen Qingqiu’s ear, and Shen Qingqiu turns to press a brief kiss to his face, before he starts fucking into Liu Qingge for real.

It takes less than a minute for the heat to build in his body to where he knows he'll be able to finish if he lets himself go. Shen Qingqiu keeps his breath slow, his strokes fast but controlled. Slides his hands down Luo Binghe's arms, until they're tracing the defined knuckles on the backs of his hands, the tendons that stand out from his hard grip on Liu Qingge's waist. Bites his lip as he feels his cock leak inside Liu Qingge, as Liu Qingge moans quietly into the covers, shivering around him.

He wants to come. He wants to come inside Liu Qingge, then watch Luo Binghe take his turn.

"Shidi," he says lowly, placing his hands on top of Luo Binghe's and starting to thrust harder. Liu Qingge takes it perfectly, the hard, fast pace building until Shen Qingqiu's hips makes a slapping noise with every thrust.

Embarrassing, but it feels so good that Shen Qingqiu can't bring himself to care. He's let Luo Binghe talk him into doing a lot worse to him, so using Liu Qingge like this is barely a blow to his dignity.

And the way he shivers for it, the way his hands flex in the ties, strong arms bound and helpless...

"Shizun," Luo Binghe says, slightly breathless, pressing his face into Shen Qingqiu's neck. "Shizun is going to come inside him? Indulge him with what he wants?"

"Binghe," Shen Qingqiu gasps out scoldingly, but his hands clench a little tighter on Luo Binghe's.

"Shizun gives it so well," Luo Binghe says hotly, breath shaky against Shen Qingqiu's neck. "Shizun, Shizun, please, please come in him-"

Shen Qingqiu, against his wishes, has been trained like a cat to a can opener by Luo Binghe's ridiculous, over-the-top begging. Somehow, Luo Binghe fluttering those long, dark lashes and asking for the most embarrassing things with a completely straight face has ended up being the thing that gets him hotter than almost anything else.

So it's not really his fault that he can't hold out, when Liu Qingge is arching under Luo Binghe's hands and Luo Binghe is gently biting his neck and moaning "please, Shizun, come inside-"

Like a stupid, trained idiot, Shen Qingqiu comes, a gasped moan making it past his lips.

Liu Qingge's body is completely immobilized, but he manages to toss his head to the side, going tight around Shen Qingqiu. The tightness amplifies the rush of orgasm in his body, and Shen Qingqiu jerks his hips forward a few times more for the feel of how he gives way, before he pushes all the way in, as deep as he can. He leaves his cock deep inside, panting, for a moment, then grinds into him slowly and indulgently as the aftershocks burn through him, leaving his fingers alight and his muscles singing.

"Mm," he hums, low and satisfied.

Liu Qingge clenches his teeth around the fabric in his mouth so as not to make too loud a noise.

He can feel Shen Qingqiu's come, wet and hot, being spread around inside him by the deep, slow grind of Shen Qingqiu's hips.

He bites tighter on the sheets, the heat in his body rushing all the way to his bound wrists and past to his fingers, from his hips down into his knees and the soles of his feet.

He never wants this to stop, wants Shen Qingqiu to keep fucking him, keep him filled while he's tied, helpless, facedown on the bed, forced still by Luo Binghe's hands.

But Shen Qingqiu has his limits; after a while, his cock starts to go soft inside Liu Qingge.

Liu Qingge lets himself indulge in the feeling for a few moments more, barely stopping himself from making a protesting sound when Shen Qingqiu pulls out.

"Mm," Shen Qingqiu's elegant voice hums, as he bestows a gentle, hot kiss on Liu Qingge's neck.

Liu Qingge aches for him, wants him back inside. He clenches his teeth tightly together, to keep from asking for it.

"Binghe will take care of you next," Shen Qingqiu says softly in his ear, a note of fondness in his voice. Liu Qingge's ears heat up.

It's so mortifying. Being told that he's going to… to be used, so easily, while he's still open and wet; Luo Binghe will probably just be able to line himself up and push in...

He rolls his forehead into the mattress, feeling the sweat roll down his

sides beneath where his arms are bound.

He's ready. Luo Binghe's thumbs are working in small circles on his hips, rubbing small flashes of pain where they left bruises earlier, while Shen Qingqiu was finishing.

He wants it.

He doesn't want Shen Qingqiu to step away from him, though. Even soft and not inside him, having Shen Qingqiu pressed up behind him is enough for the heat to keep rolling through his body. He doesn't want to give that up, even to get Luo Binghe close enough to give him-

He swallows, ears hot.

Selfish. Greedy. He wants too much. He can't have both things at once, his body shouldn't be clamoring for that.

His keen hearing, honed by his cultivation, picks up the faint sound of Luo Binghe pressing kisses onto Shen Qingqiu's shoulders, or perhaps the back of his neck.

He wants that too, wants them to pull him back by his bound arms, bend down and press their lips and teeth against his vulnerable neck, bite marks into his shoulders-

He shifts on the bed, barely able to stifle a moan at the feeling of Shen Qingqiu's thighs still pressed tight against his rear.

“This disciple is ready whenever Shizun would like him to,” Luo Binghe says, voice low and heated. “Or this disciple could do any other thing that Shizun would enjoy,” he says, and Liu Qingge feels Shen Qingqiu’s weight rock forward into him from behind.

That demon… no doubt grinding himself against Shen Qingqiu, and without even asking! So disrespectful, so…

“Shizun does like it between his thighs, sometimes,” Luo Binghe says, voice straddling the line between teasing and suggesting, as Shen Qingqiu’s weight is pushed to roll forward into Liu Qingge again.

“Binghe,” Shen Qingqiu says behind him, voice slightly breathless. He doesn’t agree or disagree, just makes a slight noise as his breath catches.

“Shizun is interested?” Luo BInghe says, tone tinged with excitement.

Liu Qingge swallows. He doesn’t know how often they do this; they’ve never done it with him present before.

Shen Qingqiu doesn’t respond, but after a moment, he shifts behind Liu Qingge, still standing. Liu QIngge feels Shen Qingqiu press his legs together, the tops of his strong thighs still tight against Liu Qingge. Feels him brace his hands on either side of Liu Qingge’s body, so that his weight leans more onto him. His hair trails, cool, along Liu Qingge’s bound arms and sides.

Another, heavier weight slowly joins his, forcing Liu Qingge deeper into the bed.

Liu Qingge swallows.

“Shizun,” Luo Binghe says, one of his hands leaving Liu Qingge’s hips. After a few seconds, his heavy weight presses Shen Qingqiu down against Liu Qingge’s body in a slow grind. “Ah-”

Liu Qingge can feel his ears going hot. He can feel his body clenching, aching for something inside him, as Shen Qingqiu’s hips press hard against his, over and over, in the same motion as when he took him, but without filling him the way he burns for.

He breathes out unsteadily, letting his cheek rest flat against the bed, pulse beating heavy in his neck. Like this is almost more humiliating, because he’s not even distracted by the pleasure; he can just feel his body rocking with each thrust, as Luo Binghe slowly grinds between Shen Qingqiu’s thighs, fucking forward into both of them.

When Luo Binghe thrusts all the way forward, he’s big enough that he passes fully through Shen Qingqiu’s thighs, and the tip of his cock brushes against Liu Qingge’s body. Liu Qingge can feel the wetness smearing onto him, Luo Binghe’s ridiculous amounts of precome already starting to leak everywhere.

It makes the back of his neck hot, and he digs his teeth into his lip to stay quiet, even as the fall of Shen Qingqiu’s cool hair against his bound arms draws his attention.

Luo Binghe leaking on the outside of him, Shen Qingqiu’s slickness still inside him…

His eyebrows furrow, and he bites harder.

In control.

“Would Shizun like me to come like this?” Luo Binghe’s voice asks, low and sultry.

Liu Qingge jerks under Shen Qingqiu before he thinks to control himself.

Like this?! Shen Qingqiu said he was going to..!

Luo Binghe, that crafty demon… misleading him..!

“Don’t tease your Shishu,” Shen Qingqiu says, mildly, reaching behind himself to lightly smack Luo Binghe’s hip in admonishment. “He’s been good today.”

Liu Qingge ruthlessly tries to suppress the shiver that goes through his body, but he’s completely unsuccessful. He’s sure that even Luo Binghe can feel it, the way it works its way down his shoulders to his waist to his thighs, tingling against Shen Qingqiu’s weight that prevents him from moving.

“Of course,” Luo Binghe says with fake magnanimity. “This disciple will be happy to give him what he wants.” He accompanies his statement with a harder push of his hips, so that Shen Qingqiu jerks a little and readjusts his hands next to Liu Qingge’s shoulders.

“Insolent,” Liu Qingge says into the covers, eyebrows drawing together tightly.

Luo Binghe laughs a little, and does it again. “This disciple can stop, if it’s not to Shishu’s liking, being underneath?”

“Treat him with respect,” Liu Qingge says, eyes still tightly closed. Luo Binghe shouldn’t- he shouldn’t just slam his hips forward into Shen Qingqiu, like he does with… with Liu Qingge. He should treat him with more decorum, more deference-

“Of course, this disciple should be more courteous,” Luo Binghe says, not stopping the motion of his hips. “Remember his manners. Be more gracious.” He speeds up slightly. “Ah- thank you, Shizun-”

The sound of a light slap from behind Liu Qingge, and Luo Binghe makes a low purring sound. “This disciple is honored to receive Shizun’s teachings.”

“Don’t say thank you,” Shen Qingqiu’s voice comes, slightly breathless, as Luo Binghe moves yet faster. There’s nothing like the repeated noise of skin slapping on skin from earlier, while Shen Qingqiu was inside Liu Qingge, but Liu Qingge’s ears burn imagining that there could be, if Luo Binghe moved a little faster.

“But this disciple is grateful,” Luo Binghe says, voice low and smoky. “Shizun’s body treats him so well-”

Another smacking sound.

“This disciple will take everything Shizun gives him,” Luo Binghe says with a low laugh.

“Ridiculous!” Shen Qingqiu’s voice says, but he sounds like he’s

smiling. He moves, legs leaving Liu Qingge's backside, and turns to face Luo Binghe behind him, a quick kissing noise causing Luo Binghe to hum in delight.

"You've kept your Shishu waiting," Shen Qingqiu says, tone fond, and one of his hands strokes gently through Liu Qingge's hair. Liu Qingge feels the heat rise in his neck, even as Luo Binghe hums in acknowledgement and takes Shen Qingqiu's place behind him.

Liu Qingge's whole body shivers, and he lets his eyes fall closed, fighting with himself to not spread his legs further.

Chapter 29

Liu Qingge's body goes tense with anticipation, the breath catching in his throat. He feels his cock twitch under him when Luo Binghe's fingers skim his skin.

"Mm, this disciple made a mess," Luo Binghe says, rubbing his fingers idly against the precome he left on Liu Qingge's skin. He purposefully doesn't touch the wetness that Liu Qingge can feel leaking down his legs, from when Shen Qingqiu…

He fights with himself not to move under Luo Binghe's hands. He doesn't have much leverage like this anyway, pressed tightly against the bed all along his front, the pressure of the immortal binding cable on his arms reminding him to stay still.

"Shizun might lie down?" Luo Binghe suggests, and Liu Qingge feels the bed in front of him shift, as Shen Qingqiu climbs onto it. He doesn't look up to see, but he knows that Shen Qingqiu must be reclining gracefully and elegantly, fully undressed, only his hair lending him any modesty. Still wet, no doubt, between his thighs from Luo Binghe, and on his front, from when… from when he finished, inside Liu Qingge.

Liu Qingge's body shivers; he can still feel the slickness inside him.

He wants more.

He steadies his breathing, trying not to let the rapid beating of his heart show. Luo Binghe's heat presses close, behind him.

“Liu Shishu,” he says, voice low and sensual. Liu Qingge’s cock pulses, too used to that timbre. “Shall this disciple take a turn next?” He traces a finger slowly along the lines of Liu Qingge’s bound hands, along his sensitive palms, the joints of his index finger. Slowly circles the nail beds of each finger, before trailing down to gently slide along the thin skin between his fingers.

Liu Qingge’s hands twitch; he can tell that they’re hot, probably sweating. Luo Binghe’s nails slide lightly, teasingly, along the skin of his palms. Liu Qingge is not ticklish, but he can barely force himself to keep still under this assault.

He ignores Luo Binghe’s question, concentrating on not squirming. “Stop playing around,” he says.

“But you have nice hands, Shishu,” Luo Binghe responds. Liu Qingge feels him shift behind him, and then one of his fingers is taken into smooth, soft wetness, a flicker of teeth teasing at him.

“Hey,” Liu Qingge says, failing to not squirm.

Luo Binghe doesn’t make a noise in response, but his tongue slides down Liu Qingge’s finger, his head drawing up a little as he starts to suck. Liu Qingge can feel Luo Binghe’s soft hair trailing on his arms, as Luo Binghe bobs his head up and down slightly, working his mouth along the single finger. His presses his tongue down it the exact same way he does on Liu Qingge’s cock when he sucks him.

Liu Qingge is just as helpless against it here, like this. He shivers.

“Stop that,” he says, ears hot, and Luo Binghe pulls off his finger, dipping his head to lick a wet stripe along Liu Qingge’s sensitive palm. “Of course, Shishu,” he says. “What would Shishu like instead?”

Liu Qingge shakes his head where it presses against the sheets. “Stop fooling around,” he says, voice slightly hoarse.

“So impatient,” Luo Binghe says, sounding almost… fond.

The heat in Liu Qingge’s ears rises even higher.

“Don’t worry, Shishu,” Luo Binghe continues. “Shizun says you’ve been good for him, so I’ll give you my cock. As a reward.”

“You-” Liu Qingge says, but he can’t muster any anger, any indignation, to color the single word. All he can think is that he...

He wants that. He wants to be filled with that massive cock, he wants Luo Binghe to fuck him ruthlessly.

He wants to have earned it. He wants it to be a… a reward. For behaving for Shen Qingqiu.

Luo Binghe leans back a little. “So wet,” he says, though he’s not touching Liu Qingge. He must just be… looking. “I bet you can take my cock just like this.”

Heat pulses in Liu Qingge’s body, hearing Luo Binghe say the same thing he was thinking. He’s never taken Luo Binghe without prep, he’s too large; but the idea of just being held down and pushed into like this, raw and wet, like his body has been left loose, just waiting to be filled by Luo Binghe’s cock-

Luo Binghe's hands come to rest on his- his rear, thumbs digging in as he pushes the muscle to the sides, exposing how ready Liu Qingge is.

Liu Qingge buries his head deeper in the covers, trembling slightly. He wishes that Luo Binghe would just- do it, already, cover him with his body and push in, fill him so he's not so exposed, so his desire isn't so obvious. It's humiliating like this, when he's not being touched; no physical sensations to blame for the way that his body reacts.

He can feel himself twitching, body imagining being filled.

Luo Binghe must be able to see it.

The sweat is dripping down Liu Qingge's face, as he breathes heavily into the covers.

He wants it.

"Shishu is such a mess," Luo Binghe murmurs, one finger trailing to Liu Qingge's opening. Liu Qingge muffles a gasp as it traces a small circle around him, smearing Shen Qingqiu's release where it's dripping out of him. "For Shizun to have done this for him, isn't he grateful?"

Liu Qingge's heart thumps in his chest.

"Shishu should really say thank you," Luo Binghe says, smile audible in his words.

Liu Qingge bites the sheets again, to keep himself from responding, and Luo Binghe chuckles behind him, finger moving away.

To say thank you, like… like Luo Binghe did earlier, when he pressed between Shen QIngqiu's thighs; to thank Shen Qingqiu for the pleasure he was allowing them, that he was giving them with his body...

Liu Qingge is jolted from his thoughts by the sound of the cap of the oil jar, and a moment later, he feels the broad pressure of the head of Luo Binghe's cock pressed up against his entrance, slick and hot and huge.

He barely stops himself from shifting back against it, even as the muscles of his thighs and back jump.

"You don't want my fingers first, Shishu?" Luo Binghe says, smile audible in his voice.

"No," Liu Qingge bites out. No, he just wants him to hurry up.

"You're sure?" Luo Binghe says, dragging the head of his cock back and forth over Liu Qingge's entrance a few times. Teasingly.

Liu Qingge bites back an impatient noise, fingers closing tightly into fists to keep his control.

Don't press back, don't press back-

“So wet,” Luo Binghe says, and his voice has dropped, now quiet and intimate. “Even on the outside, it’s all slick.” He makes a low noise of satisfaction, cock rubbing against Liu Qingge’s entrance in a slow circle, and says “Shizun’s come feels so good on my cock.”

“Binghe!” Shen Qingqiu scolds, sounding vaguely scandalized.

“Shizun,” Luo Binghe groans in response, and lining himself up, the thick head of his cock slowly starts to push into Liu Qingge. “Ah, Shizun, you’ve made him so wet-”

“ *Binghe* ,” Shen Qingqiu says again, and Liu Qingge moans into the sheets as Luo Binghe fucks in a few inches, then back out, pressing in only slightly further with each stroke. Liu Qingge’s arms flex helplessly in the immortal binding cable, the tight ropes digging into his muscles with each movement.

He wants him in- further in, all the way, until the pain of the huge stretch mingles with the overwhelming pressure against the spot inside him, making his body shake with the need for Luo Binghe to move, harder, faster, more-

If he would just- if he would just-

Liu Qingge makes an irritated noise into the sheets, as Luo Binghe rocks shallowly into him, refusing to give him what he wants. He can feel the smugness radiating from him as he keeps fucking slowly into him from behind.

“You-” Liu Qingge grits.

“Me,” Luo Binghe agrees cheerfully. It’s even more irritating, because

even just the small amount that he's giving Liu Qingge feels overwhelmingly good, the stretch of the fat head of his cock making Liu Qingge's body strain to take it. Now if only he'd hurry up and just give- just give Liu Qingge what he wants-

"What do you want, Shishu?" Luo Binghe murmurs, hand stroking along Liu Qingge's shoulders. It's as if he read Liu Qingge's mind and decided to be as irritating as possible, by asking him about it instead of just giving it to him.

Liu Qingge's mouth opens, about to tell him to just hurry up, but he snaps it closed.

No. No no no, he has his pride, he won't do it. He won't ask for it, he won't… he won't *beg,* of all things, not for...

The back of his neck feels hot. He's probably blushing again. He desperately hopes that Luo Binghe can't tell.

"It seems that Shishu is too shy to say," Luo Binghe says cheerfully. "What do you think he'd like me to do, Shizun?"

Liu Qingge, whose breath caught in anger at 'shy,' almost chokes.

Luo Binghe is… is asking Shen Qingqiu? Asking him… what he should do to Liu Qingge?

That's- that's-

His whole face is heating, as he imagines Shen Qingqiu directing Luo Binghe. Telling him where to touch, what to do, how fast to go...

Shen Qingqiu sighs, with the air of someone long-suffering. “Binghe knows already what Liu Shidi would like. Choosing to withhold it, isn’t that unkind?”

“Shizun,” Luo Binghe says with a smile, not sounding chastised in the slightest. “How can this disciple make sure he’s doing the best job possible, if he doesn’t know exactly what Shishu would like?”

“Playing around again,” Liu Qingge says tightly into the bedding, annoyance audible, and Luo Binghe shifts to press an amused kiss against the back of his neck.

“Would Shishu like it slow and light, like this?” he asks into Liu Qingge’s skin. Liu Qingge can feel the smile on the back of his neck.

“ *No,* ” he says, resentfully. His body hasn’t caught up to his mind, and is not acting resentful at all; he can feel himself slowly tensing and untensing around Luo Binghe, as if coaxing him further inside. It’s mortifying.

“A little deeper?” Luo Binghe says, pressing in a half-inch more, as if in demonstration.

Liu Qingge breathes out harshly, legs spreading without his consent, making room for Luo Binghe.

“Yes,” Luo Binghe says, self-satisfied. “That’s good.”

Shen Qingqiu makes a small, pleased noise as well, and Liu Qingge feels warmth spread all through his chest, even as his embarrassment ratchets up another notch.

"What else would Shishu like?" Luo Binghe wonders out loud, hands tracing gently along Liu Qingge's sides. "He liked how Shizun took him, this disciple could tell. Maybe this disciple should take him the same way?"

Liu Qingge's irritation builds as Luo Binghe keeps pushing into him only shallowly, not even deep enough to brush against the spot he wants. But even his impatience doesn't stop the meaning of Luo Binghe's words from slowly sinking in, the implications from hitting Liu Qingge all at once.

Luo Binghe- he said the same way that Shen Qingqiu-

Shen Qingqiu had fucked Liu Qingge hard and fast, like he wanted it, towards the end. But he also-

Shen Qingqiu does one thing to Liu Qingge that Luo Binghe doesn't.

The evidence of that is inside Liu Qingge, right now.

Does Luo Binghe- could he mean that-

Liu Qingge realizes he's stopped breathing, and makes his lungs start again, but his exhales are shaky.

He wants that.

He wants it, he wants it, he wants it-

“Shizun,” Luo Binghe says, hips pushing in a little farther as Liu Qingge gets tight around him. “Should this disciple enjoy him the same way Shizun does?”

Liu Qingge can’t keep himself from shifting under Luo Binghe; his thighs want to rub together. They’re too far apart to manage it, but his weight moves under Luo Binghe, shaky; Luo Binghe pushes slightly further in, in reward.

Liu Qingge hears a small noise make its way from his mouth, and doubles down on his teeth’s grip in the sheets.

“You should ask your Shishu, Binghe,” Shen Qingqiu’s voice declares, steady and clear, and Liu Qingge’s brow furrows as he bites the covers.

No. No no no, he can’t say that. He can’t ask for it, it’s too-

“Shishu?” Luo Binghe’s voice says, silky and persuading. He leans forward, gently takes Liu Qingge’s face and turns him so that his cheek rests on the bed, face exposed. Though Liu Qingge keeps his eyes closed, he’s sure that the flush on his cheeks is now completely visible to both the men; but he doesn’t resist the motion.

Luo Binghe presses a kiss into the side of his mouth, smiling. “You can

just nod," he murmurs, low and sweet, into Liu Qingge's ear. This silver-tongued little… he thinks he can convince Liu Qingge to…!

Liu Qingge's pulse beats hard in his throat, but he-

He swallows hard.

His body pulses with heat, his cock leaking beneath him.

Finally, he nods.

Chapter 30

Chapter Notes

double update, to make up for the week i skipped ;D enjoy~

Liu Qingge can barely hold it together over the next long stretch of time, as Luo Binghe fucks him slow and deep, then hard and fast, then grinds loosely in circles inside him. He can't stop thinking about Luo Binghe- about how he-

He's never let him finish inside him since the first time they did this, all those months ago. Luo Binghe had been overwhelmed by the demonic influences around him, had been barely able to keep himself in check. He'd been… rough, hard, fast; had given Liu Qingge everything all at once.

He's never done that for Liu Qingge again since. Always been slightly teasing, withholding, keeping things just out of Liu Qingge's reach.

Liu Qingge wants Luo Binghe to just hurry up and throw him on the ground like he did before. Murmur threats into his ear, put his hand on his throat, bite him bloody. He bites Liu Qingge sometimes now, leaves bruises, but the sense of looming danger isn't there, just the pleasureable ache of the pain.

Liu Qingge wants the danger. He wants Luo Binghe to force him to take what he thinks he can't, to push him past that edge-

To hurt him.

He wants it.

And even more mortifying, he knows- he *knows*- that Luo Binghe can tell he does. Luo Binghe looks at him sometimes, when Liu Qingge is trembling for it. His eyes, framed by those long eyelashes, go dark; his tone drops as he murmurs nothingness to Liu Qingge, as if he can see straight into his head and knows exactly what his dark fantasies are but refuses to say it. And then he just teases him with it, gives him only small tastes- fingers brushing his throat, hand just a little too tight on his thigh, teeth right on the edge of breaking the skin- before smiling with heavy-lidded eyes and leaving him high and dry. Instead, he just fucks him until Liu Qingge can't help but come, body alight with pleasure all down his spine, mouth slack and wet as Luo Binghe's fingers dip inside, choked-off moans leaking their way out of his throat.

Luo Binghe won't *do it* . He won't give Liu Qingge what he wants, won't make him bleed, won't drive his heart to racing with fear mixed with arousal-

Luo Binghe hasn't even come inside him since the first time. Liu Qingge feels his body shiver with anticipation, where he's pinned face-down under Luo Binghe's thrusts, legs spread over the side of the bed.

He didn't even fully come inside him that first time, either- he pulled out at first, then pushed back in when Liu Qingge objected. Finished coming inside him, but had some left on his fingers, that he used to- to-

It had been too much, being fucked like that and then feeling those broad, warm fingers pressing come into his mouth. Liu Qingge hadn't been able to hold out, had immediately orgasmed, cock untouched, for the second time. The sensation of Luo Binghe's hot come spreading, wet, inside him, both in his mouth and below…

Luo Binghe presses deep inside him, and Liu Qingge fights back a moan.

This time, he'll give Liu Qingge all of it, won't pull out.

He'd better, anyway.

"Shishu is close," Luo Binghe says, smile audible. He rocks his hips back and forth a small amount, indulgently.

Liu Qingge's neck feels hot. Luo Binghe can always somehow tell when he's… when he's…

"But he wanted this disciple to finish inside," Luo Binghe says, and Liu Qingge hides his face in the covers.

That's not…! He doesn't have to say it out loud!

"If Shishu comes now, this disciple wouldn't want to keep going; it might get overwhelming for Shishu, so soon after he's finished," Luo Binghe says, cheerfully lying with a straight face. What 'wouldn't want to keep going?!' Luo Binghe has fucked him until he can't get it up anymore, through orgasm after orgasm, with no pause for respite! Is he trying to mess with him?! "Can Shishu be patient, I wonder?" Luo Binghe says, and his hands suddenly bodily lift Liu Qingge off his cock by the hips, setting him on his knees on the bed and climbing up behind him.

Liu Qingge's upper body, bound in the red ropes, falls forward unsteadily, unable to balance with his arms tied behind him. Luo Binghe redirects his uncontrolled descent with a single hand, pulling him back up to rest against Luo Binghe's chest behind him. His other hand rubs possessively along Liu Qingge's hip, holding him tightly.

Liu Qingge finally opens his eyes, and feels his heartbeat pick up. Shen Qingqiu is lying on the bed in front of him, exactly as elegantly as he'd pictured, exactly as nude as he thought.

"Don't come, Shishu," Luo Binghe murmurs in his ears, as he lines himself up and pushes back into Liu Qingge, broad head of his cock stretching Liu Qingge and making him bite back a noise.

Luo Binghe's voice falls to a whisper. "If you come like this, you'll dirty Shizun."

Liu Qingge's thoughts jolt to a halt. Luo Binghe pushes in in one smooth stroke, almost forcing Liu Qingge to fall over, hands scrambling in their ties behind him. Luo Binghe hauls him back up by the harness around his chest, making a satisfied noise as he starts to thrust.

Liu Qingge's mind is still not working.

How-

How can-

There's heat climbing all through his body; his skin feels electric.

How can he-

A small, helpless noise escapes his throat, as Luo Binghe pulls him back by the ropes, seating him fully on his cock.

Liu Qingge's cock leaks in the open air, bobbing in front of him with each thrust of Luo Binghe's.

Shen Qingqiu's eyes, usually so decorous, are…

They slowly track down to it, and don't leave.

The pulse races in Liu Qingge's wrists, his throat, his cock. He can feel his heartbeat pounding, can feel Luo Binghe's inside him. Luo Binghe's cock roughly stretches him, pushing wetly even deeper into him, and Liu Qingge's body starts to shiver. It feels so good, he-

Oh no. Oh no, no, no. He can't- he can't let himself come, not like this- not like-

Luo Binghe was taunting him, but he was also right. If Liu Qingge comes like this, held from behind, arms bound, bent slightly forward to take Luo Binghe's cock, there's no way he'll avoid getting some on Shen Qingqiu.

He can't- he can't do that.

His body is trembling, now. His throat works as he swallows, looking down at Shen Qingqiu, poised and perfect on the bed. He immediately has to close his eyes, as the heat in his body climbs another notch, his thighs tightening.

He can't! Shen Qingqiu is so beautiful, so pristine… the idea of, of defacing him, dirtying him with-

His breath is coming fast; he's gasping in time with Luo Binghe's thrusts. The pressure in his cock is building and building, the slow, steady grind of hot pleasure from inside him making his cock leak. He feels warm all over; he's sweating. Luo Binghe's hand tightens in the ropes, pulling them until they bite into his chest, and Liu Qingge's brow furrows, unable to bite back a moan of pleasure.

He's so, so close.

But he can't let himself- he has to hold back-

"You want it inside?" Luo Binghe says lowly into his ear, and Liu Qingge's eyes open wide, a gasp leaving his lips, as he inadvertently clenches around him.

Luo Binghe is- is-

He can't talk to him like that, not when Liu Qingge is already so-

"You've been wanting this for a while, haven't you," Luo Binghe says, breath hot against Liu Qingge's ear. He bites, lightly, at Liu Qingge's earlobe, and Liu Qingge's shivers start building up- his thighs, the muscles of his chest, his bound arms are all flexing in time with Luo Binghe's thrusts, as if his whole body is working to ask Luo Binghe to- to give it to him, to dirty him, to make a mess of him inside-

Luo Binghe makes a low, satisfied noise, and Liu Qingge realizes, in a shock of clarity, that he's not going to be able to stop himself from

coming.

But if he can- if he can hold out, can let Luo Binghe come inside him first, maybe then he'll-

But even the thought of that is almost too much, the heat that crackles through him at the idea almost pushing him over the edge. Luo Binghe's cock is moving fast and wet inside him, his precome and Shen Qingqiu's come slicking the way, and it feels so- overwhelmingly good-

The ropes around Liu Qingge are tight, just crossing the line into pain where they dig into his skin with Luo Binghe's grip, and it's so much, it's so-

"You want it?" Luo Binghe says into Liu Qingge's ear. "Tell me to come, and I will." His voice has lost the amused edge it usually has, and now just sounds… hungry.

Possessive.

Liu Qingge's cock almost hurts with how badly he wants to come. Each thrust of Luo Binghe inside him jolts through him in a rush of pleasure; he's not going to be able to hold out.

If Luo Binghe finishes, he'll let him move, so that he can come without dirtying Shen Qingqiu. Liu Qingge will be able to let himself go, to let the crackling heat in him beat its way out of him like it's clamoring to, be able to feel the orgasm rush through him while he's wet with both Luo Binghe and Shen Qingqiu's-

He makes a loud, unrestrained noise at the thought, fingers trying to clutch onto Luo Binghe's chest in their ties behind him, biting his lip bloody to resist.

He wants that, he needs Luo Binghe to finish, he needs-

But he can't ask for it, he can't tell him to come, like Shen Qingqiu does. What would that be, for him to command him to come, while Luo Binghe is buried deep inside him- to spit out that single word, 'come,' like Shen Qingqiu does, but mean 'come in me-'

His body is shivering, hard, the muscles of his thighs clenched as he feels the peak of pleasure starting to roll through him, unstoppable. "I-I-" he says, lips parting. "I can't-" He can't hold out, he's going to-

"Don't," Luo Binghe murmurs, low and deep, from right next to his ear, and his hand closes, tight, around the base of Liu Qingge's cock. "Tell me what you want, first."

Liu Qingge gasps, as the peaking pleasure finds nowhere to go, and jerks his shoulders back against Luo Binghe, shuddering. The pleasure is so intense it's approaching pain; he needs to come, he needs it, he needs it-

He opens his eyes, lashes blurred with unshed tears, and see Shen Qingqiu, looking directly at him.

Liu Qingge gasps, and the tears start dripping down his face.

The pleasure is swelling and swelling, he can't stand it- he wants Luo Binghe to finish, needs him to fill him with heat and wetness and

slickness. He knows how much there will be, even more than Shen Qingqiu gave him; he knows how good it will feel, if he'll just- if he'll just-

He's crying openly now, as Luo Binghe fucks him fast and hard, hand so tight around the base of his cock it hurts. Shen Qingqiu is watching him, lips slightly parted, breathing slightly fast.

"Shidi," Shen Qingqiu says, and Liu Qingge throws his head back to rest on Luo Binghe's shoulder, a moan wrenching its way out of him.

"Tell him what you want," Shen Qingqiu says, voice steady.

Liu Qingge swallows, his throat working hard.

Says, very softly: "I…"

Luo Binghe's next thrust presses against the spot inside him that makes him see stars, and his voice breaks.

"I…" His eyes fall closed.

His heart is beating so hard he thinks it might break through his ribs.

He can't hold out anymore.

"…Please," he whispers, and Luo Binghe's arm on his cock pulls him back tight against him, seating him fully on his cock, as he shoves

inside him in a fast, brutal thrust, drawing out only slightly to do it again, fast and wet and merciless.

“Please what,” Luo Binghe says breathlessly behind him, hips speeding up even further, precome spreading inside him.

“Come,” Liu Qingge says, and it sounds not like an oder, but an entreaty.

Luo Binghe groans, hand not leaving Liu Qingge’s cock, and shoves him forward so that he’s bent over on his knees over Shen Qingqiu, only held up by Luo Binghe’s hand on the immortal binding cable, for the last few strokes. The position sets Liu Qingge’s nerves on fire with humiliation and arousal, and he feels his tears drip onto Shen Qingqiu while Luo Binghe refuses to let him finish. Shen Qingqiu idly trails a hand through Liu Qingge’s falling hair, tugging gently on it; Liu Qingge feels his body try to come, only to be stopped by the hand on his cock.

Luo Binghe makes a low, possessive noise behind him as Liu Qingge shudders around him, and pushes in deep, deep, deep. With a final shove of his hips, there’s a rush of wet heat inside Liu Qingge.

Liu Qingge thrashes in his bonds, tossing his head back and forth above Shen Qingqiu, a cry forcing its way past his lips, as Luo Binghe keeps coming, fucking him through his long, messy orgasm, filling him more and more and more with slickness and heat.

Liu Qingge can feel the waves of pleasure pulsing through his whole body, as tears drip from his lashes, wet like Luo Binghe inside him.

He’s desperate to come.

But Luo Binghe just keeps going, his cock so big and his come still pulsing out with each push, and all Liu Qingge can do is let himself be taken, ridden, fucked so thoroughly and claimed, filled inside because he asked for it, because he *begged* for it-

The stimulation is so much, it's almost painful.

He doesn't want it to stop.

"Fuck," Luo Binghe bites out, and snaps his hips inside once more, grinding inside him, before pulling out, come flowing freely as his cock withdraws from Liu Qingge's entrance. He flips Liu Qingge bodily onto his back, and immediately presses his fingers inside him, wrapping his mouth around the head of his cock.

Liu Qingge comes on the spot.

He loses track of what's happening. He knows he must be saying something- he thinks he might be shouting- because when Shen Qingqiu's mouth covers his, the noises he's hearing become muffled. All he knows is that his hips are working themselves up completely outside of his control, fucking onto the fingers inside him, as the pleasure in him finally, finally releases, the slick wet heat around his cock pressing against him so tight and hot that he almost blacks out.

When he comes back to himself, a number of minutes later, Shen Qingqiu has mostly untied him, hands still working gently on his front. Luo Binghe is lying on his side next to him, fingers still lazily rubbing small circles in the wetness inside him. He's watching his face, a small smile on his lips.

When he sees Liu Qingge looking at him, he leans across and draws Shen Qingqiu into a gentle kiss with those lips, still red and wet from…

Liu Qingge watches Shen Qingqiu kiss back smoothly, unable to look away.

When Luo Binghe draws back, Shen Qingqiu glances down at Liu Qingge, and a barely-there smile dances across his lips.

He bends down, and kisses Liu Qingge, lightly, gently.

His lips taste like Liu Qingge's come, and Liu Qingge can't help the small sound that escapes from his mouth.

Chapter 31

Chapter Notes

short short update~ enjoy~

Luo Binghe has waited a long time for this.

He gently presses his fingers in small circles inside Liu Qingge's body, feeling the slide of his come mixed with Shen Qingqiu's, the taste of Liu Qingge's still strong in his mouth. Liu Qingge is almost completely unresponsive, the arousingly defenseless state that he only reaches when he's been fucked so well and hard that his usual prickliness has given way to complete, helpless trust, his senses turned off while he comes down.

He's got a lot to come down from; he begged so nicely today, Luo Binghe is hot just remembering it.

Luo Binghe has done a lot with Liu Qingge, since this all started. He's fucked him, he's choked him, he's blown him, he's ridden him, he's kissed him, he's held him while he cried. But he hasn't gotten him to ask for what he wants.

Until today.

The last time he'd fucked him, Luo Binghe had decided that enough was enough. After two weeks of no sex, Liu Qingge was worked up enough that Luo Binghe could have gotten anything out of him, if he'd pushed for it. The way that Liu Qingge looked at him when he slammed him up against the door of Shen Qingqiu's room, Luo Binghe knew he could make him ask for it. Make him beg. Beg to be taken, beg to be hurt, beg to be forced to accept anything Luo Binghe was willing to give him.

It had been tempting; oh so tempting. Luo Binghe had been worked up too, had wanted to just give Liu Qingge everything he wanted. Humiliate him; hold back on him until he cried to be choked, to be allowed to suck him, to take his come.

But as nice as it was to think about that, Luo Binghe wanted all those firsts to come with Shen Qingqiu there to enjoy them. He wanted Shen Qingqiu to hear Liu Qingge beg.

So he held back, and just took Liu Qingge as hard and fast as he wanted. Lifted him off the ground easily by his waist and pinned him to the wall with his thighs around Luo Binghe's ears whlie he blew him; then, once Liu QIngge's legs were shaky with orgasm, let him slide down a few feet and pressed him against the frame of Shen Qingqiu's door to fuck him hard against the wall, hand covering his mouth so his cries wouldn't wake Shen Qingqiu.

But he had decided, while listening to Liu Qingge's muffled noises, feeling him give way slickly for Luo Binghe's cock, feeling Liu Qingge's heart hammering against his chest as he pressed him against the wall, that the next time-

The next time, he'd have him beg for it.

He fucked Liu Qingge through to orgasm, leaving bruises all down his chest and throat, until Liu Qingge was moaning and his hands were clutching weakly at Luo Binghe's back, trembling against him. Finally, Luo Binghe pulled out, right on the edge of coming, and removed his hand from Liu Qingge's mouth to jack himself roughly to completion, finishing all over Liu Qingge's stomach.

The way Liu Qingge shuddered at that was…

Luo Binghe's plan solidified.

He knew that Liu Qingge wanted to be come in; next time, he was going to make him ask for it.

After Luo Binghe took him next door and fucked him into a bed for a few more rounds, finally stopping only when Liu QIngge's voice gave out and they were both filthy with come and sweat smeared all over their bodies, he flopped onto his back to make his plan.

Liu Qingge was going to earn Luo Binghe finishing inside him, and Shen Qingqiu was going to watch.

Back in the present, he rubs his fingers slowly through the mixed slick inside Liu Qingge. HIs, and Shen Qingqiu's, indistinguishable and wet inside Liu Qingge's soft body, still so open and relaxed for his fingers.

It went like he wanted it to- but better, even, because Shen Qingqiu took him first. Fucked him long and soft and smooth until Liu Qingge came the first time, then kept going. Shen Qingqiu even came inside him, slicking the way for Luo Binghe's cock.

And after, when Luo Binghe took his turn, Shen Qingqiu laid back, and let Luo Binghe fuck Liu Qingge into crying onto him, Liu Qingge's body trembling as he tried so hard not to come, helpless in the cords of the immortal binding cable. Luo Binghe had taken pity on him, put his hand tight around the base of his cock to stop him, when it seemed like he wasn't able to hold out anymore. The noise that Liu Qingge made at that...

Shen Qingqiu is methodically untying Liu Qingge now, freeing his

torso from the restraints, slowly revealing the attractive, reddened lines that the rope left along his body when Luo Binghe pulled it tight and hard against his skin.

Shen Qingqiu's eyes are slow as they drag across Liu Qingge's chest; lingering on the rope burns, no doubt.

Luo Binghe often chooses not to heal the marks that Shen Qingqiu leaves on his skin, because he's seen Shen Qingqiu's eyes linger on him the same way. He likes watching it from this side, too, likes seeing Shen Qingqiu's gaze slowly track up and down Liu Qingge's chest and arms as he unties him, his fingers now and again brushing gently along the lines left behind.

After a few minutes of quiet, relaxed contemplation, he notices Liu Qingge's eyes slowly flutter open, glancing at Shen Qingqiu's hands, still moving deliberately along his chest. After watching him for a while, they slide to Luo Binghe, who smiles slowly at him, fingers still tracing small circles inside him.

Liu Qingge's cheeks go slightly red; charming, that he still has the wherewithal to blush, after all that.

Luo Binghe leans forward across him, towards Shen Qingqiu, who turns his exquisite face obligingly and lets Luo Binghe kiss him. Luo Binghe means to hold Liu Qingge's eyes, but once Shen Qingqiu is on his lips, his lashes fall closed without his intent, his heart fluttering.

Shizun welcomes him no matter what. Come on his lips or not, fingers inside another man or not, Shen Qingqiu kisses him without hesitation.

As he thinks this, Shen Qingqiu draws back, smiling, and kisses Liu

Qingge once, as well.

Luo Binghe looks at the star-struck look in Liu Qingge's eyes, and feels like he finally has an idea of what he must look like, when Shen Qingqiu kisses him.

It's not a bad look.

Chapter 32

Chapter Notes

cw: lqg has a short fantasy about noncon play

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“You-” Liu Qingge breathes out, shakily. Luo Binghe makes a pleased noise against the back of his neck, thumb still slowly working circles around his nipple.

This is torture. What feels like hours ago, Luo Binghe pulled Liu Qingge to bed fully clothed, put him on his side, and got behind him. He wrapped his arm around Liu Qingge’s waist; took his hair down and moved it off his neck; pressed against him; and refused to do anything but slowly kiss the back of his neck and trace his fingers teasingly around his nipples. Even when he opened Liu Qingge’s robes, he just pulled them to the side, exposing his chest further, and still used that same light, circular motion to taunt him.

Liu Qingge bites his lip. He’s using all his willpower to not push his chest forward into Luo Binghe’s hand; his nipples are so sensitive right now it feels like he might come just from this. Every time his body betrays him and he shivers, Luo Binghe kisses the back of his neck again and presses his nipple gently between a finger and thumb, slowly increasing the pressure until he’s pulling at it, until it’s right on the edge of hurting. And then he releases it and switches lightly touching the other one, repeating the same process over, and over, until Liu Qingge feels like he’s going to lose it if Luo Binghe doesn’t touch him right this instant. Or at least let him touch himself!

“Let me-” Liu Qingge says, breathlessly, and Luo Binghe grabs his wrist- for the third time- preventing him from reaching down to take himself in hand.

“Be good,” he says, and Liu Qingge’s ears go hot. He lets Luo Binghe

put his arm back on the bed, and Luo Binghe resumes touching his chest.

His cock is leaking so much in his pants that he can feel the precome dripping down his stomach.

What is he supposed to do?! It feels so good, like he never wants it to stop. What is Luo Binghe trying to do, taunt him to death?

“Do you think you could come like this?” Luo Binghe says, low and amused, into the back of his neck.

Come like this?! No way! Luo Binghe better not just keep doing this for however long it takes and not touch him at all, Liu Qingge would die of impatience. And then die again, of embarrassment, when he came just from having his nipples played with.

He shakes his head against the mattress, finally letting himself squirm a bit. He doesn’t press his chest forward into Luo BInghe’s teasing thumb, but it’s a close thing. He also doesn’t press back into Luo Binghe’s hips, but that’s even closer; he settles for pressing his thighs together, the fabric of his pants rubbing soft between them, and makes a low noise of impatience.

“Are you going to or not?” he says, mortifyingly close to asking for it.

“Going to? Going to what?” Luo Binghe says, a completely fake air of innocence coloring his tone.

“You…” Liu Qingge breathes out shakily, as Luo Binghe traces the smooth nail of his index finger around the nipple he’s currently

tormenting. It makes him shudder helplessly.

"Here, sit up," Luo Binghe says, and pulls Liu Qingge into a sitting posture, sliding behind him so that he's leaning back against Luo Binghe's chest. He puts his hands on Liu Qingge's waist, and slides them both until Luo Binghe's back rests against the headboard.

Liu Qingge's mouth goes a little dry. The reminder that Luo Binghe can handle him so easily… He barely used an effort at all to move Liu Qingge's muscled frame across the bed.

Luo Binghe's arms wrap around him from behind again, and his hands come up past Liu Qingge's chest, pulling his robes to drape off his shoulders and exposing his reddened, abused nipples. This time, both his thumbs come up to trace circles around them in tandem, eliciting a low hiss of breath from Liu Qingge.

Luo Binghe rests his chin on Liu Qingge's shoulder, pressing his lips against his jugular. "There you go; now I can take care of both sides of you at once. Look at how nice you look like this."

Liu Qingge can't help but glance down at- at-

Luo Binghe's hands are both pulling at his flushed, swollen nipples, playing with him like he's some kind of toy for Luo Binghe's amusement. Below, extremely obvious through the fabric of his white pants, his dick is completely hard; there's a large wet spot on the fabric. There's no way to pretend that he doesn't like how Luo Binghe plays with him; he knows that Luo Binghe is looking at the same thing, next to him. Liu Qingge's face and neck are heating, but he finds he can't rip his eyes away.

"So obedient for me," Luo Binghe says, low and satisfied, and Liu

Qingge, mortifyingly, shivers and leans back harder into him. When he presses his shoulders back into Luo Binghe's muscular frame, it arches his chest forward the slightest bit; Luo Binghe pinches both nipples, in reward.

Liu Qingge can't help the low noise that comes out of him, at that.

"Ah, of course," Luo Binghe says. "You always like it harder. How silly of me. Spread your legs a little more, and I'll do that again."

Liu Qingge obeys him without thinking, spreading his knees farther apart and hissing at the way that it stretches the fabric across his straining cock.

" *Very* good," Luo Binghe says, and pinches both nipples, hard enough that it hurts.

Liu Qingge makes a startled noise, and his cock jumps in his pants, as his chest arches forward, chasing the sensation.

Luo Binghe has already let go, though, three fingers now tracing lightly, soothingly, around each of his nipples. "So obliging…," he says, pressing an open-mouthed kiss into the side of Liu Qingge's throat. Liu Qingge swallows against the hot press of his lips; when Luo Binghe draws back, he only goes far enough to bite gently at the lobe of Liu Qingge's ear. Liu Qingge's cock twitches in his pants again.

There's no way he could actually come from just this, right?

"Keep being good like this, and maybe I'll give you what you wanted," Luo Binghe says, low into his ear, heedless of the rush of heat that it

sends through Liu Qingge's body.

Maybe?! What maybe?! Luo Binghe had better- If he gets Liu Qingge all worked up like this then leaves him high and dry, there's going to be a fight!

"Hurry up!" Liu Qingge snaps, though it comes out much less impatient and more… breathy… than he would have liked.

"Why don't you ask nicely?" Luo Binghe says amusedly.

Liu Qingge shakes his head and refuses to say anything else, and Luo Binghe's damned fingers keep playing with him, slowly and teasingly.

"It's just us here, you know," Luo Binghe says into his hair. "You can call Shizun's name as much as you want, if you like. I won't tell him."

"What are you talking about," Liu Qingge says, breath catching at the motion of Luo Binghe's fingers on his chest. "I don't want to call his name."

"I know you like him," Luo Binghe says into his neck, pressing his lips against the sensitive spot under the line of his jaw. "You can pretend it's him, if you want."

"I don't want to pretend," Liu Qingge says, brow wrinkling in a frown. "I know it's you."

Luo Binghe's hands pause for a brief moment, then slowly smooth

down Liu Qingge's whole front, making him shudder. Luo Binghe hasn't touched any part of him except for his nipples and his neck; the sudden contact on all his neglected muscles makes heat simmer under his skin.

"Willing to have sex with a demon to get to him," Luo Binghe says teasingly, hand pressing lower over Liu Qingge's abs. "Shishu is certainly dedicated."

Liu Qingge huffs a breath in annoyance, even as his cock throbs in his pants at how slowly Luo Binghe's fingers trail towards him. "You think I would just allow this to get to Shen Qingqiu?" he says, irritated. His pride flares up- does Luo Binghe really think he would actually agree to all… all this, just to convince Shen Qingqiu to-

Luo Binghe's hand pauses, and he shifts closer behind Liu Qingge, the mood in the room subtly changing. His hand stops moving toward where Liu Qingge wants it, and his arm wraps tightly around his waist instead, possessive. His teeth nip at the junction of Liu Qingge's neck and shoulder, and then bite a little harder. And then he bites harder still, teeth clamping down and starting to suck a mark into the skin; the sting makes Liu Qingge shift a little, the strong arm around his waist not loosening at all. Being restrained like this is distracting in its own way, making his cock leak even though the hands on his chest are gone.

"Take off your pants," Luo Binghe says, and uses the single arm around Liu Qingge's waist to lift him slightly off the bed. Liu Qingge huffs out an annoyed breath, but shifts to slide out of his pants and underthings anyway, leaning back to brace himself against Luo Binghe as he does. "Up on your knees," Luo Binghe says, not letting slide back to the bed after he's stripped.

"Stop telling me what to do," Liu Qingge grumps, rearranging his legs until his knees are under him. Like this, he's almost straddling Luo Binghe's lap, back still pressed against Luo Binghe's chest.

“But I like it when you listen,” Luo Binghe says hotly into the other side of his neck, moving to lick a wet stripe up the line of muscle. His free hand moves to rub a thumb, warm and rough, around Liu Qingge’s entrance.

“Hey,” Liu Qingge says in surprise, body twitching. There’s no- Luo Binghe’s thumb is dry-

“Don’t worry, I have some,” Luo Binghe says, not releasing Liu Qingge’s waist as he withdraws his hand and reaches into his sleeve.

“It’s right there-” Liu Qingge says, trying to lean towards the bedside table, where the vial of oil always sits, but Luo Binghe’s arm locks him tighter against his body, making Liu Qingge shiver.

“Stay here, I’ll take care of you,” Luo Binghe says, and the heat rises in the back of Liu Qingge’s neck. Luo Binghe won’t even let go of him for a moment so he can grab the oil? He’s not usually so...

Luo Binghe takes something out of his sleeve, and after a few seconds, Liu Qingge feels the fingers return to his entrance, slick and wet against him. He makes a small, unrestrained noise at the sensation.

His cock is leaking, still so hard from how long Luo Binghe teased him. The fingers against him now, on yet another sensitive part of his body, work him up even more, though he thought he was already at his limit.

“You already know how to take me,” Luo Binghe says hotly into his neck, slipping two oiled fingers inside him at once. There’s a slight stretch, but Liu Qingge’s body relaxes, soft and pliant for him, letting

him inside easily. “Let me have you like this. I want you now.”

Liu Qingge’s whole body lights on fire, his face immediately turning red. Luo Binghe isn’t usually so… rushed. Maybe the slow teasing before was… affecting him, too?

“Fine,” he says, ignoring the way his face heats further. He might not last long; he’s right on the edge. Luo Binghe will probably get him to finish more than once, though-

Luo Binghe makes a pleased noise into the back of his neck, and a moment later, his slick, round cock head is pressing against Liu Qingge’s opening.

When he said ‘like this,’ he really meant… like this…? He’s not even going to have Liu Qingge lie down or- or support himself with his hands…?

“Come on,” Luo Binghe says hotly, and bodily lifts Liu Qingge by the waist, positioning him over his cock. Liu Qingge’s untouched cock twitches against his abs, another thin trail of precome leaking down it. Why is Luo Binghe so effortlessly strong? He bites his lips, letting his eyes fall closed and his head tilt back, as Luo Binghe slowly guides him down onto his cock.

Fuck- it feels big every time, no matter how often they do it. And like this, with no fingering before, the way it stretches him is- is-

And the angle, just right to force the broad head of Luo Binghe’s cock against that place inside where-

“Ah!” Liu Qingge gasps out, as Luo Binghe grinds his hips up a little. Luo Binghe makes a possessive noise against the back of his neck and does it again, dragging Liu Qingge down further by his hips at the same time, so that he’s taking him almost all the way to the base. Liu Qingge has never taken it this fast before; it’s like Luo Binghe just decided he wanted him and was going to shove it in, oil him and use him for his own pleasure-

Luo Binghe lifts him by the hips and forces him to drop down again, pushing him all the way down until he’s seated fully on his lap. Liu Qingge has no way to muffle the groan that escapes from his mouth, at that. Luo Binghe feels so deep like this- it feels like his body is completely filled, taken over, like it’s out of his control.

“You take it so easily,” Luo Binghe says breathlessly, leaning forward to press his lips against the back of Liu Qingge’s ear, mindless of the way that the motion shifts his cock inside of Liu Qingge’s helplessly stretched body and sets him gasping. “So open for me. Can I move? Are you ready?”

He grinds his hips in a quick circle without waiting for Liu Qingge’s answer, and Liu Qingge’s spine arches, as Luo Binghe’s cock presses against the place inside him that makes his muscles go liquid and his cock leak.

“ *Yes* ,” Luo Binghe says lowly, and does it again, pulling Liu Qingge down, hard, onto his cock by the hips. It hurts a little, and Liu Qingge has to fight to keep himself from begging Luo Binghe to go harder; to make him really hurt, make him so sore that he can’t walk, so overwhelmed that he has to beg Luo Binghe to stop-

He wants Luo Binghe to fuck him even while he’s pleading with him. Wants Luo Binghe to hold him down and keep going, even as Liu Qingge writhes under him, the mix of pain and pleasure combining into something he can’t resist, fucked out beyond all reason until he can’t tell if he’s begging for Luo Binghe to finish or to keep going-

Fuck, he wants that. He wants-

“That’s it, give it up for me,” Luo Binghe says, hot into his ear, and wraps one arm tightly around Liu Qingge’s waist and forearm, the other coming up to brace around his chest and bicep, fingers latching onto his red, sore nipple. He holds Liu Qingge completely immobile against himself, arms pinned to his sides, and starts fucking up into him at a brutal pace, thick cock sliding in and out, and back in, harder, wetter, deeper each time-

Liu Qingge tries to move his arms, to see if he can twist free, but Luo Binghe just groans and tightens his grip, crushing them harder against Liu Qingge’s sides. He slams Liu Qingge down on his cock, and Liu Qingge hears a loud, helpless noise make its way out of his throat.

“Yes-” Luo Binghe pants into his neck, voice tight. “Yes, you take it so well-”

The combination of the hour of teasing, the relentless motion of Luo Binghe’s cock, and his deep voice in Liu Qingge’s ears all suddenly coalesce into an immediate, urgent need to come.

Liu Qingge gasps, thoughts falling away as the pleasure in his body builds, and builds.

Luo Binghe hasn’t made him come untouched like this in a long time- he forgot how intense the buildup is, how desperately it makes him want to touch himself-

One of his hands is free, he could do it- if Luo Binghe would allow him to-

“Let me-” Liu Qingge says, hand moving towards himself a half inch, body hot and shaking.

“No,” Luo Binghe says, hot against his jaw, and Liu Qingge twitches around him, but puts his hand back where it was. His face flames, at the thought that Luo Binghe has him trained to- to wait, until it’s just his cock that gets him to-

He’s almost on the edge anyway, he just needs- needs-

“Come for me,” Luo Binghe says in his ear. “I like to feel it,” and Liu Qingge’s embarrassingly obliging body flares with heat, lasting only a few more strokes before it tenses up and shivers all along the length of Luo Binghe’s cock, huge and hard and wet and still moving relentlessly inside him, as he-

“ *Ah* ,” Liu Qingge says, “ *ah-”*

He comes all over himself, the muscles of his thighs, his ass, his back, his shoulders all tensing and shivering, head falling back onto Luo Binghe’s shoulder helplessly.

“Yeah, let me hear it,” Luo Binghe’s deep voice says, and Liu Qingge’s whole body flexes with the size and pleasure of his cock, still driving inside him, pace not slowing, as he moans loudly for him.

Chapter End Notes

hello all!! dcod is wrapping up in the next few chapters; updates will be sporadic until then. if you want some more liubingqiu, check out Laid to Rest that i'm writing now- it's currently rated T but there's 14k of sex already written, just waiting to be posted, hehehe ;D thank you all for being such an incredibly wonderful

audience- this fic is the most fun i've ever had writing in any fandom ever <33333333

Chapter 33

Chapter Notes

> It's here guys... the final chapter!! Thank you all for reading with me this whole time! <3 it's been MAGNIFICENT and i love u all!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After that, Luo Binghe puts Liu Qingge on his back and fucks him slow and hot. For no reason that Liu Qingge can discern, Luo Binghe has decided to take his time and do it the way that always makes Liu Qingge slowly fall apart; the way that they almost never do, because it takes too long. Luo Binghe just pushes into him, shallow and even, over and over, until he's shivering with it; then he gives him one slow, deep stroke, lingering hot and thick inside him long enough to make Liu Qingge arch his back involuntarily, despite his best efforts to hold still. Then he repeats it. Over, and over, and over.

After what feels like hours of this slow, inexorable pattern, Liu Qingge's legs are splayed helplessly, his head thrown back. It feels like it's taking every ounce of self-control he has to not rock his hips up and just take the pleasure he wants from Luo Binghe's- from his-

The passing thought sends a sudden fire through his veins; he doesn't know whether Luo Binghe would hold him down and keep him still, trapped and unable to do anything but take the wicked, relentlessly slow pace; or if Luo Binghe would laugh and let Liu Qingge fuck himself on his cock. Whisper dirty filth into Liu Qingge's ears about what he looks like, so wanton and uncontrolled, so greedy to be fucked-

Liu Qingge makes a small noise, and draws Luo Binghe closer to himself, arms wrapping themselves around his neck involuntarily.

"You feel so good," Luo Binghe sighs into his jaw on the next deep

thrust, and Liu Qingge ignores the heat that creeps into his ears. Luo Binghe starts to kiss at his throat, tongue hot and wet and thrilling, and Liu Qingge pulls him closer, encouraging. Luo Binghe makes a soft, pleased noise, and…

…Slows his thrusts down further.

Liu Qingge makes a small noise of protest, even as Luo Binghe hums into his neck. He starts to suck a mark into the place where Liu Qingge's shoulder meets his neck, biting idly, heedless of Liu Qingge's displeasure at the reduced pace.

"You're so good under me like this," he says quietly, caressing a hand through Liu Qingge's hair in a manner that's almost-

Liu Qingge swallows.

Surely it's not…

The motion of Luo Binghe's hand in his hair, the tone of his voice; they make him think of how he's heard Luo Binghe speak to Shen Qingqiu before.

He's not sure why Luo Binghe would be touching him, would be speaking to him, as though he's…

It makes his face and chest heat to even consider it, but it reminds him of how Luo Binghe treats Shen Qingqiu like something… precious.

Surely, though, that's not what he intends, even though he holds Liu Qingge so gently beneath himself, the slow, inexorable press of his hips filling Liu Qingge's body with a steadily spreading pleasure and warmth, the press of his hands against his head, his side, so grounding and yet electric…

Liu Qingge's whole face feels hot.

Strangely, right now it doesn't feel like the two of them are racing to completion, like they're in pursuit of the most intense, powerful orgasm. Like this, it feels like… like…

It feels like Luo Binghe is just… taking pleasure in being close to him. Like the way that they're moving is secondary to the slow-building, intangible warmth between them. Not the heat of arousal, but the warmth of... of...

He doesn't… quite know what to do with this.

This is another man's husband. Isn't this type of situation more…

"Come on," he says softly, encouraging Luo Binghe's body forward, to move faster. He should try to break this weird mood; if he can get Luo Binghe to move like he usually does, maybe-

Luo Binghe hums in pleased agreement, and finally starts to move a little faster. His thick cock slides further in on each thrust, now; it makes Liu Qingge's eyes want to roll back in his head. It feels so, so good; like all Liu Qingge needs is for him to never stop.

Luo Binghe presses another kiss to his throat; the side of his neck; his

cheek; his mouth. Liu Qingge can't quite stop the small noise that comes out of him as he kisses back, lips parting for Luo Binghe's tongue.

When Luo Binghe pulls back, he pauses, close to Liu Qingge's face, watching him for a few strokes. Liu Qingge can feel his ears heating.

"What?" he says, glaring as best he can, and Luo Binghe smiles. The smile transforms his already gorgeous face into something irresistible; Liu Qingge feels a sudden urge to look away, or else risk…

Risk…

He's not sure what the danger is, here, but he knows there is one.

Luo Binghe's lips part, and he pushes a brief press of lips into Liu Qingge's cheekbone, right above the beauty mark.

"You'll protect Shizun," he says, apropos of nothing. His voice is… remarkably soft. It… it probably sounds so tender because he's... speaking about Shen Qingqiu. That's why.

"Of course," Liu Qingge says, a small frown creasing his forehead. Hasn't he been protecting him all this time?

"And I will protect the both of you," Luo Binghe says, sliding in with a deep thrust that knocks the breath from Liu Qingge's lungs.

"I can protect myself," Liu Qingge says, voice a little unsteady.

“Mm,” Luo Binghe hums in hot, pleased agreement, his eyes darkening with some unknown emotion. “I know you can.” His strokes are speeding up, becoming deeper; the way that his cock drives into Liu Qingge, so forceful after so long with such slow, gentle buildup…

It’s becoming overwhelming good so quickly. Liu Qingge feels like he can’t quite concentrate on what- what-

“ *Ah* ,” he says, as Luo Binghe hitches his legs up further on his waist. Luo Binghe’s hands don’t stop moving, pressing warm and hot and big all over his body, almost- almost possessive in their motions, as though-

Liu Qingge’s whole body feels like it’s slowly melting, under the steady, building heat that Luo Binghe fucks into him. All of his muscles are going soft, his whole body pliant, open and easy for Luo Binghe’s whims. He’s forgetting to control the noises coming out of his mouth, little fucked-out sounds escaping him without his notice, as he presses desperately up into the kiss that Luo Binghe licks into his mouth.

“Are you going to come for me?” Luo Binghe murmurs into his mouth, fingers tracing up Liu Qingge’s cock. The slow drag sends a storm of electricity through Liu Qingge’s veins, lighting him up from the inside; he hadn’t realized how close he was to falling over the edge.

At the drag of a finger along the head of his cock he realizes, suddenly and irrevocably, that if Luo Binghe keeps touching him, he’s going to come in the next few seconds.

“I-” he says, trying to get the words out; but Luo Binghe is leaning forward, filling Liu Qingge’s mouth with his tongue again, cutting him

off until the only thing for him to concentrate on is the hot, wet feelings of being filled, above and below, by Luo Binghe's thick, dominating-

" *Mnn!"* he grunts into Luo Binghe's mouth, as the thumb on his cock circles the tip, embarrassing amounts of precome easing the way. He's so close- so, so close- if Luo Binghe doesn't stop touching him, he's going to-

"I know you want to come," Luo Binghe murmurs, barely taking his mouth from Liu Qingge's to speak. His hand won't stop moving-

"Do it," he says, those dirty words whispered intimately into Liu Qingge's lips. "I want to feel it."

Liu Qingge…

Liu Qingge is a strong, strong man, but his self-control only goes so far. This strange, oddly... gentle way of doing- doing- whatever this is, has been sorely testing his restraint. And hearing Luo Binghe's deep, smooth voice telling him so plainly that he wants to feel him come, wants to feel it on his cock-

There's only so much he can hold back.

Fucked so slowly, so carefully, he's helpless to resist coming on Luo Binghe's command. Though his face flares with heat, he can't help but let his mouth fall open, the embarrassing noises dripping from him like honey as his cock jumps in Luo Binghe's grasp, come spilling wet and thick all over Luo Binghe's fingers.

“Ah, you’re coming a lot,” Luo Binghe says, biting gently onto Liu Qingge’s earlobe. Liu Qingge tries not to toss his head, not to turn away to feel the pull of Luo Binghe’s teeth on his ear, but he can’t help the way his chest jerks up in an arch, forcing his hips onto Luo Binghe’s cock at just the right angle to-

“Ah- ah- *ah* -” he’s gasping, body starting to shake, and when Luo Binghe grinds his hips in the tight, hard circle that always pushes him over the edge, his orgasm intensifies, drawing out into a slow, devastating wave of heat.

He feels like he’s been turned into a liquid; his whole body is melting, out of his control, loose and soft and docile for Luo Binghe as he fucks his cock into him a while longer, the wet, filthy noises of it an inescapable counterpoint to Liu Qingge’s soft, helpless noises and the tight, hot grunts that Luo Binghe makes.

Liu Qingge feels like everything is pleasantly hazy; he loves this part, when his body has been brought to its limit and can’t handle anything else, when he can’t do anything but let his partner chase their pleasure in his willing body, too far gone to be anything but a hot, wet place for them to fuck-

Like this, mind floating, he is barely even scandalized by his own embarrassing thoughts.

He’s just- calm. Warm. He feels safe.

Luo Binghe’s breaths are speeding up, his hips slapping hard into Liu Qingge’s ass; Liu Qingge likes this too, when Luo Binghe gets a little rough at the end. Sometimes he’ll bite, leaving teeth marks as he comes; sometimes he’ll force Liu Qingge down into the bed, restraining him with his hands, his arms, the weight of his muscled body. As though there was any chance of Liu Qingge getting up to

leave, when he's being fucked so hard that he can't close his legs, can't even think to try. All that's left is to let Luo Binghe use him, fuck him while he's loose and helpless and wet, until Luo Binghe is satisfied, thinks that Liu Qingge has done a good enough job, is willing to give him-

As if on cue, Luo Binghe's breath hitches, the sign that he's about to come. Liu Qingge's body starts to tingle all over, as it anticipates the heavy, fierce flood of wet heat inside him. His spine arches slightly, as if trying to welcome Luo Binghe in despite his best efforts to save face.

" *Yes* ," Luo Binghe says lowly, hips shoving forward once, twice, three times, cock huge and irresistible inside Liu Qingge-

"Yes- yes, you're-" Luo Binghe bites out, and as he starts to come, he leans forward to sink his teeth into Liu Qingge's neck.

He growls something into the muscle of Liu Qingge's neck that's drowned out by the beating of Liu Qingge's pulse in his ears. It must have been drowned out, because there's no way that Luo Binghe would have said…

Liu Qingge must have misheard.

As Luo Binghe pants into his neck, riding him hard through his orgasm, Liu Qingge tries to calm his suddenly racing heart.

There are many words that sound like 'mine.'

Liu Qingge stares, contemplative, at the tea cup gently steaming on the table in front of him.

The steam suddenly wafts to the side; he glances over to Shen Qingqiu, who has already returned to fanning himself instead of Liu Qingge's cup, eyes only slightly mischievous.

"Something on your mind, shidi?" he asks, a small smile crossing his face. "It's rare for shidi to be so distracted."

Liu Qingge looks at Shen Qingqiu's handsome, scholarly face, and his eyebrows twist together. There's something on his mind, indeed.

"Is Luo Binghe ever…"

He trails off, unsure how to phrase it. Shen Qingqiu is watching him, fanning the air idly, waiting for him to speak.

"With you," Liu Qingge tries again, "is he ever…"

The words dry up in his mouth.

How on earth does he ask the man he loves if his husband is ever oddly intense in bed with him? But in- in a different way than he usually is, with less- less forcefulness, less swagger, more- more-

There is no possible way to phrase this.

“Does he ever say things to you?” he asks instead. “During-”

…

He can’t say it. His whole face is hot.

Shen Qingqiu is watching him with a particular set of his mouth that Liu Qingge has come to understand is hidden amusement.

“Shidi will need to be more specific,” he says. “Binghe says many things.”

Liu Qingge feels his face go even more red. Shen Qingqiu thinks- Shen Qingqiu probably thinks that he’s asking about-

He can’t let Shen Qingqiu think that he’s trying to find out how Luo Binghe dirty talks him. That was absolutely not his intention!

“Like that he’ll…” he tries to clarify, tripping over his words slightly. “For example, that he would…” He swallows. His eyes fall closed in embarrassment.

“That he would… protect you…”

He feels like he should get up and walk out of the room. Why does Luo Binghe have to pick such awkward things to say? He doesn’t know what the demon is getting at, with all his… his…!

“Oh,” Shen Qingqiu says, voice surprised and interested. “Yes, he said that to me back when he was still my disciple.”

Liu Qingge blinks his eyes open, looking at Shen Qingqiu in confusion.

“Shidi,” Shen Qingqiu says, face softening into a rare, open smile, “he likes you.”

Liu Qingge hasn’t stopped looking at Shen Qingqiu in confusion when Shen Qingqiu leans forward to plant a quick, chaste kiss on his lips. Liu Qingge is left staring at him, lips slightly parted, wet with the fragrance of the tea that Shen Qingqiu was drinking.

“What?” he says, dumbly, cheeks warming with the easiness of the kiss.

Shen Qingqiu just smiles again, raising his fan to cover his face.

“He likes you.”

Liu Qingge is not the kind of man to back down from a confrontation, so the next time he sees Luo Binghe, he speaks to him directly.

He doesn’t know what to make of Shen Qingqiu’s outlandish idea- Luo

Binghe, liking him? That seems...

The man is- well, they get along... well enough, now. They've exchanged a few pleasantries each time they've seen each other; Luo Binghe willingly cooks for him when he visits Shen Qingqiu, and he's used many of the kills that Liu Qingge has brought him for the dishes. They spar, which lights Liu Qingge's blood on fire like nothing else. When they spend time together being… intimate, Liu Qingge certainly feels like Luo Binghe is... solicitous. Of his… Well. He and Luo Binghe seem compatible enough, for… whatever it is that they've been doing.

But the idea that Luo Binghe could like him… Him, himself...

Not for- for mutually satisfying physical activities, but for… for…

The thought is confusing. It seems unlikely.

Regardless, he is not one to run from a challenge. He's going to confront Luo Binghe about it directly; and this hunt is the first time they've been alone since then.

It's now or never; the Bai Zhan Peak Lord has no time to mess around with backhanded strategies.

A slight pause, that he uses to clear his throat, and then he speaks.

"Shen Qingqiu said that…" he starts.

Luo Binghe glances up at him through his long eyelashes from where

he sits on a boulder, cleaning Xin Mo. His hands move, strong and distracting, along the length of the blade; the monsters that he and Liu Qingge butchered have been left behind long since, and the small creek they sit by is sheltered and quiet, a perfect chance to tend to their weapons.

Cheng Luan is clean; Liu Qingge sheathes it with a *shk* .

Luo Binghe is watching him, patient, finishing the last few strokes of the cleaning cloth along Xin Mo's blade. The sword shines, a brilliant silver, in the midday sun.

Liu Qingge swallows, and commits himself.

"Do you… like me?" he asks, voice skeptical.

Luo Binghe looks at him contemplatively, and finishes wiping the blade. He sheathes Xin Mo, and stands, walking unhurriedly the few paces to Liu Qingge. He stops only a half step from Liu Qingge; Liu Qingge feels his traitorous cheeks flush slightly with the proximity, almost close enough to feel the heat from Luo Binghe's body.

Luo Binghe raises a hand, trailing his knuckles down Liu Qingge's cheek; his other hand comes to rest, warm and flat, on Liu Qingge's lower back.

He's a little taller than Liu Qingge; but only a little. Liu Qingge can look directly into his eyes when they stand face to face.

Luo Binghe's dark hair flashes with deep brown highlights in the direct light of the sun, curling down over his shoulders to frame his

face and neck. Those eyes are dark, dark black, set off by the red of the demon mark between his stately brows. His bright skin catches the light like the sun was invented just to shine on it, his cheekbones so defined as to be distracting.

He really is...

He really is devastatingly handsome.

The hand on Liu Qingge's back pulls him in closer, until he's almost flush with Luo Binghe's chest.

Liu Qingge has been pressed against Luo Binghe's body in almost every way imaginable, but he's still…

For some reason, this time he feels flustered. Why is the demon getting so… so close? He asked him a simple question, he just wants to know if- if Luo Binghe l-likes-

Luo Binghe's knuckles are still tracing along his cheek; he's smiling at him, those long eyelashes highlighting his beautiful eyes. His hand dips to Liu Qingge's chin; tilts it up slightly.

He leans in, and kisses Liu Qingge- once. Softly, gently.

"Yes," he says, drawing back, smile not leaving his face.

Liu Qingge's jaw doesn't drop open, but it's a close thing. He feels his face flame red.

Luo Binghe's smile grows. "How does Qingge feel about me?" he asks, tone playful and slightly teasing, and Liu Qingge jerks his head out of Luo Binghe's hand, going impossibly redder.

"I- you-" he says, heart pounding in his chest, mouth actually falling open.

What- what 'Qingge,' that- that's so-

He's never felt that Luo Binghe was genuine about the 'shishu,' but isn't this too big of a jump?!

Luo Binghe is watching him, eyes crinkling up in the corners.

"I do like you," he says, and Liu Qingge's whole head and neck and- actually just his whole body feels too hot. He turns his head to the side, averting his eyes. "How do you feel about me?"

Liu Qingge's face grows even more red. He opens his mouth a few times, then closes it. Tries again.

"You're not… terrible," he manages, after a few moments, which just makes Luo Binghe smile more broadly. He moves in a half step closer, pulling Liu Qingge flush against his front again. Liu Qingge doesn't resist when Luo Binghe gently turns his face back to face him, though he can't quite bring himself to meet his eyes.

When Luo Binghe tilts his head up again, the hand on his chin gentle, Liu Qingge throws his dignity to the wind, and is the first one to lean

in for the kiss.

Qi Qingqi sighs commiseratingly, and pours Yue Qingyuan another cup of wine. “Another Peak Lord,” she says. “Will no one think of the Sect’s reputation?”

“I don’t pretend to understand it, shimei,” Yue Qingyuan says. He’s a few cups in, so his tone comes out a little more… forlorn, than it usually does. “If three of our sect siblings think it’s important to openly wear demonic tokens on their person then… what else can the sect do, but support them?”

Qi Qingqi slaps the table, causing a bit of alcohol to slosh out of their cups.

“If they must take lovers, can they not at least not be so brazen about it?!” she says, fuming. “Liu Mingyan is distraught! What must she think about how her brother is being treated? She even says she will swear off writing!”

“She writes?” Yue Qingyuan says, staring hazily at the table. He looks slightly... lost. “Qingqiu shidi used to write. I haven’t seen any of his poetry in a long time, though.” Unspoken, the phrase: since he married his husband.

“Here, drink, drink,” Qi Qingqiu says, hurriedly topping off his still-full cup. No need to get too maudlin when they’ve gathered to trash talk the other peak lords! Let’s get drunk and angry, Zhangmen-shixiong!

“I just don’t understand,” Yue Qingyuan says again, still at a loss. “Of all the people who might fall under the sway of someone like Luo Binghe…”

Qi Qingqi tsks. “Luo Binghe has always liked them tall, handsome, and stern,” she says, and Yue Qingyuan puts his head down on the table with a soft, despondent thump.

Qi Qingqi sighs. That’s enough wine, then.

She pats Yue Qingyuan’s back, and he groans disconsolately.

~Time passes~ lol

“Shizun,” Luo Binghe moans, the muscles of his powerful back flexing as he drives his hips forward to push forward into Shen Qingqiu, who lies, legs spread, underneath him. Shen Qingqiu is fully undressed and overwhelmingly beautiful, tantalizingly exposed to Liu Qingge’s gaze in stages by the movements of Luo Binghe’s body, his hands, his dark hair swaying above and around him.

Shen Qingqiu makes a small, cut off noise, neck arching under Luo Binghe’s tongue. His cultured, musician’s fingers dig into the smooth skin of Luo Binghe’s shoulders, as his hips work back to meet Luo Binghe’s thrusts.

It’s taken years, but Shen Qingqiu has stopped putting on airs when Liu Qingge is there. It was a slow process, that left both of them excruciatingly embarrassed and mortifyingly turned on; the first time

that Shen Qingqiu pushed down Luo Binghe and rode him in front of Liu Qingge, Liu Qingge almost had a heart attack. But now, with him and Shen Qingqiu more accustomed to each other, it's more comfortable; more open.

When the results of that openness are scenes like this, when Liu Qingge can watch Shen Qingqiu candidly taking his pleasure in the same way that Liu Qingge enjoys, it's really…

Really…

"Binghe," Shen Qingqiu sighs in pleasure, as Luo Binghe presses his hands slowly upward along his thighs. "Mm- like that-"

"Shizun," Luo Binghe breathes out, hitching his hips forward again. "Shizun, please-"

Shen Qingqiu makes a low sound of acknowledgement, and the fingers on Luo Binghe's shoulders slide to the middle of his back, where they dig in deeper, dragging down his skin to leave reddened lines.

"Mm- harder-" Luo Binghe purrs, and Shen Qingqiu digs his nails in until he draws blood, provoking a low moan from Luo Binghe.

Liu Qingge's cock leaks, watching it. Luo Binghe has encouraged him- repeatedly, embarrassingly- to ask Shen Qingqiu for things that he wants, but he doesn't think he could ever be so shamelessly open about things like that. Wanting Shen Qingqiu to- to-

When Luo Binghe whispers in Liu Qingge's ear about those things- teases him about wanting Shen Qingqiu to do to him what he does to

Luo Binghe- he hasn't been able to help picturing it. Picturing Shen Qingqiu h- hitting him, the way that he sometimes hits Luo Binghe. Picturing himself kneeling, proper, at Shen Qingqiu's feet like Luo Binghe does, as Shen Qingqiu dresses him down, then makes him kneel on the bed to receive punishment, that elegant fan tapping his hand as he decides what kind of marks he wants to leave. Picturing him marking him with those same red lines that he's digging into Luo Binghe right now-

He can't help but get harder, every time he thinks about it. And seeing it happen in front of him...

Luo Binghe is obviously enjoying it. He's making low, heartfelt noises into Shen Qingqiu's neck, thighs starting to tremble as Shen Qingqiu's voice rises in pitch.

" *Husband* ," Luo Binghe pants out, and it's only a few minutes more before Shen Qingqiu is reaching out to grab Liu Qingge's hand, his other hand resting on the back of Luo Binghe's neck, holding him to himself as he starts to make the noises that mean he's close.

"Binghe," he pants, "come," and Luo Binghe moans, surging forward to kiss Shen Qingqiu.

"I love you," he breathes into Shen Qingqiu's mouth, voice catching as his hips start to jerk. "Husband- Shizun- ah-"

Shen Qingqiu's hand is gripping Liu Qingge's hard enough that it feels like he's trying to break it, the fingers interlaced with his digging into his knuckles like they want to leave marks to match the ones on Luo Binghe's back.

"Qingge-" Luo Binghe pants, and he's turning his head to draw Liu

Qingge into a kiss, Shen Qingqiu's hand on the back of his neck encouraging them closer. As Shen Qingqiu throws his head back, voice breaking on a moan as he starts to come, Luo Binghe makes a low noise into Liu Qingge's mouth and kisses him deeply. His hips shudder as he grinds forward into Shen Qingqiu's body, and his hot, clever mouth goes soft and vulnerable under Liu Qingge's as he starts to shake, hips jerking forward. With his mouth still working gently against Liu Qingge's, he comes, hard, inside his husband, Shen Qingqiu's hand gently guiding on the back of his neck.

"I love you," Luo Binghe breathes against Liu Qingge's lips, and for the first time, Liu Qingge knows, with no question in his heart, that Luo Binghe intends those words for both Shen Qingqiu and himself.

Chapter End Notes

THANK YOU FOR READING!!!!!!! Extras still possible, but the main storyline is now officially wrapped up. My faithful fans, if u want to read more... please write it so the rest of us can read it too >:) WORKS INSPIRED BY THIS ONE GREATLY ENCOURAGED!!!!!!! thank you all for being so supportive and wonderful <3333333333

End Notes

come say hi! acernor.tumblr.com, twitter.com/acernor_acernor

now including: a masterlist of all the glorious art you incredibly talented humans have drawn for this!

Dual Cultivation or Die: lbh choking out lqg with the smuggest face you've ever seen
cargoenvy.tumblr.com/post/183761389783

chapter 2: lqg tied up shirtless and looking HANDSOME
twitter.com/solusbane/status/1115382008614617090

chapter 3: lqg tied up listening to sqq get railed by lbh
twitter.com/laji_tong/status/1116013908970496001

chapter 3: lqg enjoying sucking dick so much he cries for it
twitter.com/ineffablebfs/status/1116849889676341253

chapter 3: lqg annoyed by how much he wants to suck demon cock
twitter.com/SeparateHalf/status/1125620603065520128

chapter 4: lqg getting fingered and riding lbh while blushing and sweaty
twitter.com/wgwaifu/status/1118703812796133376

chapter 5: lbh has two tiddies
twitter.com/Kelaruj/status/1132143302952804354

chapter 6: lqg gets sqq's fingers in his mouth
twitter.com/SeparateHalf/status/1121991675763548161

chapter 7: sqq getting his dick sucked with lbh feeling him up
twitter.com/Kelaruj/status/1123401701963304961

chapter 8: lqg getting kisses from sqq while lbh is inside him
twitter.com/Kelaruj/status/1125581959370092546

BingLiu kiss (INSPIRATION FOR CHAPTER 9, THANK U ARTIST GOD)
twitter.com/SeparateHalf/status/1121257352370352128

chapter 12: SHIZUN TOP RIGHTS
twitter.com/wgwaifu/status/1127196476193554433

chapter 18: lqg gets his dick sucked while tied up, sqq kisses him
twitter.com/Kelaruj/status/1134879306696540161

chapter 20: sqq touching lqg while he falls apart
twitter.com/Kelaruj/status/1137791025131511808

Lqg taking it with his head in sqq's lap (ANIMATED?!!!! I'M DECEASED)
twitter.com/picklddd/status/1121973869399568384

Lbh GIVING IT with his head in sqq's lap ft. tied up lqg
twitter.com/lyridsca/status/1122549112140746753

sqq in lbh in lqg, GET IT YOU THREE YEAHHHH
twitter.com/Kelaruj/status/1133565456747507713

look at his blush...
twitter.com/kittlespice/status/1156182805744721920

WE GOT 69 PPL
twitter.com/kittlespice/status/1155841360924221440

lesbians...!!!!
twitter.com/xxyukai/status/1153850653342687234

lqg gets double cuddled
twitter.com/Kelaruj/status/1146254285585506307

i can't stand this it's too good, it's like a title card for the dating game version of dcod that i desperately want to play
twitter.com/duskmangoes/status/1145156192727183360

HHHNNGGGGGHHHHHHHHH
twitter.com/Kelaruj/status/1144837115743801344

kisses...!
twitter.com/Kelaruj/status/1144425929617227776

GYAHHHHHHHH
twitter.com/Kelaruj/status/1140061809732411392

Y E A H !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
twitter.com/StealthyNat/status/1179480049218707456

HNNNGGGHHHHH
twitter.com/sinayasinaya/status/1253140869072502789

SCREAM look at lqg's face as he gets tied up aaaaAAAAAA
twitter.com/sinayasinaya/status/1254231519939497985

bingliu ppp!!!! WITH SEX TEARS
https://twitter.com/VannHellion/status/1296907891731988482

STUNNINGLY gorgeous OODLES of beautiful bingliushen smoochies and cuddles AA AAAAAAAA I CAN'T, HELP
https://twitter.com/lai_lapse/status/1327724430622076930

lqg getting railed with his head in sqq lap? it's what we all deserve <3
https://twitter.com/hokaguteatime/status/1364942142041382913

lqg GETTING IT
https://twitter.com/obeni15/status/1414739463289380864

lqg getting choked out at sqq feet
https://twitter.com/_cauliflora/status/1576054915645857792

blowjob scene:
https://twitter.com/holominx/status/1595180580966387714

lqg butt out about to give head:
https://twitter.com/BitchBara/status/1656507229648953344

LQG DAKIMURA HAS LANDED WAHAHHAH CHECK OUT THAT FAN
https://twitter.com/regen_herbst/status/1745467988667453632

lqg TAKING IT FROM BEHINDDDDD
https://twitter.com/shrimpchipsss/status/1780602302778540083

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ficbook.net/readfic/8289273

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https://www.wattpad.com/story/258116642

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[Fanart] Dual Cultivation or Date by thunderwear

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